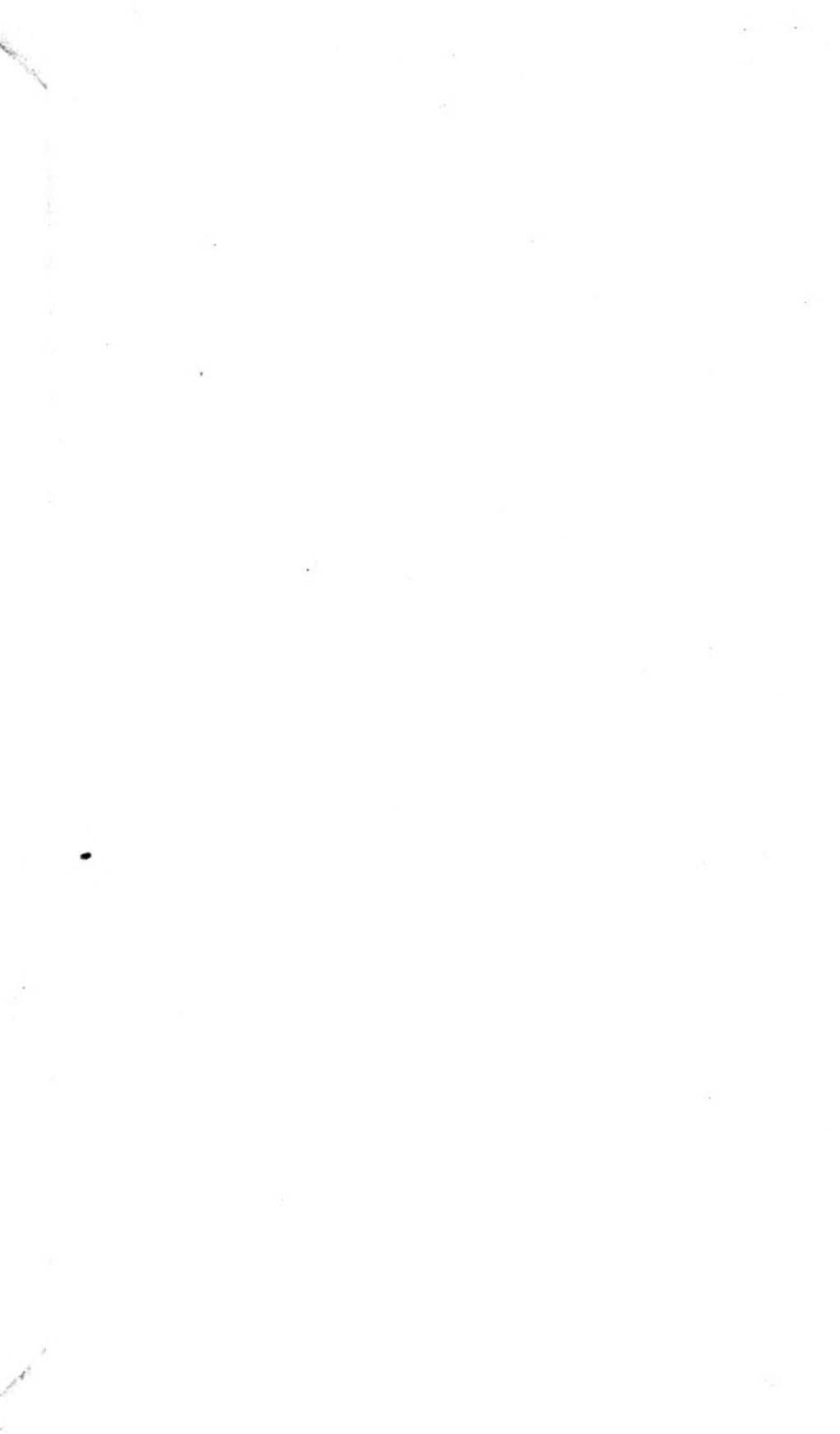


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THE COMPLETE WORKS AND  
LIFE OF  
**LAURENCE STERNE**  
VOLUME FOUR



THE LETTERS OF  
LAURENCE STERNE TO HIS MOST  
INTIMATE FRIENDS

VOLS. II AND III

THE CLONMEL SOCIETY  
NEW YORK AND LONDON

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# CONTENTS

## VOLUME II.

LETTER	PAGE
LXXIV. To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq. . . . .	3
LXXV. To Mr. Foley, at Paris . . . . .	7
LXXVI. To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq. . . . .	11
LXXVII. To Mr. Foley, at Paris . . . . .	17
LXXVIII. To the Same . . . . .	18
LXXIX. To the Same . . . . .	19
LXXX. To Mr. Becket . . . . .	21
LXXXI. To Mr. Foley, at Paris . . . . .	23
LXXXII. To the Same . . . . .	24
LXXXIII. To the Same . . . . .	26
LXXXIV. To Robert Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York	28
LXXXV. To Mr. Foley, at Paris . . . . .	30
LXXXVI. To the Same . . . . .	33
LXXXVII. To the Same . . . . .	33
LXXXVIII. To Mr. Becket . . . . .	35
LXXXIX. To the Earl of Fauconberg . . . . .	37
XC. To Mr. Foley at Paris . . . . .	41
XCI. To the Same . . . . .	43
XCII. To the Same . . . . .	45
XCIII. To Mrs. F[erguson] . . . . .	47
XCIV. To Mr. Becket . . . . .	49
XCV. To Miss Sterne . . . . .	50
XCVI. To John Hall Stevenson, Esq. . . . .	52
XCVII. To Mr. Foley, at Paris . . . . .	56
XCVIII. To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq. . . . .	58
XCIX. To the Same . . . . .	60
C. To Mr. Foley, at Paris . . . . .	61
CI. To Robert Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York	64

## CONTENTS

LETTER	PAGE
CLXIX. Mr. Sterne's Answer . . . . .	215
CLXX. To L. S[elwi]n, Esq. . . . .	217
CLXXI. To Miss Sterne . . . . .	220
CLXXII. To Mrs. J[ames] . . . . .	222
MISCELLANIES	
The History of a Good Warm Watch-Coat . . . . .	227
The Fragment . . . . .	255
An Impromptu . . . . .	263
A Dream . . . . .	268
The Unknown — Verses occasioned by hearing a Pass-Bell	282
NOTES ON STERNE'S CORRESPONDENTS . . . . .	287

**LETTERS  
OF THE  
LATE REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE  
TO HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS**



## LETTER LXXIV

*To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.*

TOULOUSE, August 12, 1762.

MY DEAR H[ALL], — By the time you have got to the end of this long letter you will perceive that I have not been able to answer your last 'till now — I have had the intention of doing it almost as often as my prayers in my head — 'tis thus we use our best friends — what an infamous story is that you have told me! — After some little remarks on it the rest of my letter will go on like silk. \*\*\*\* — is a goodnatured old easy fool and has been deceived by the most artful of her sex, and she must have abundance of impudence and charlatanery to have carried on such a farce. I pity the old man for being taken in for so much money — a man of sense I should have laughed at — My wife saw her when in town, and she had not the appearance of poverty, but when she wants to melt \*\*\*\* heart, she puts her gold watch and diamond rings in her drawer. — But he might have been aware of her. I could not

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

have been mistaken in her character — and 'tis odd she should talk of her wealth to one, and tell another the reverse — so good night to her — About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris I had the same accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a vessel in my lungs. It happen'd in the night, and I bled the bed full, and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I sent immediately for a surgeon to bleed me at both arms — this saved me, and with lying speechless three days, I recovered upon my back in bed ; the breach healed, and in a week after I got out — This with my weakness and hurrying about made me think it high time to haste to Toulouse. — We have had four months of such heats that the oldest Frenchman never remembers the like — 'twas as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar's oven*, and never has relaxed one hour — in the height of this, 'twas our destiny (or rather destruction) to set out by way of Lyons, Montpellier, &c. to shorten, I trow, our sufferings — Good God ! — but 'tis over — and here I am in my own house, quite settled by M[ackarty]'s aid, and good-natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can express or know how to pay at present. — 'Tis in the

## LETTERS

prettiest situation in Toulouse, with near two acres of garden—the house too good by half for us—well furnished, for which I pay thirty pounds a year.—I have got a good cook—my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good-looking *laquais*.—The Abbé has planned our expences, and set us in such a train, we cannot easily go wrong—tho' by the bye, the D—I is seldom found sleeping under a hedge. Mr. Trotter dined with me the day before I left Paris—I took care to see all executed according to your directions—but Trotter, I dare say, by this has wrote you—I made him happy beyond expression with your crazy tales, and more so with its frontispiece.—I am in spirits, writing a crazy chapter—with my face turned towards thy turret—'Tis now I wish all warmer climates, countries, and everything else, at——, that separates me from our paternal seat—*ce sera là où reposera ma cendre—et ce sera là où mon cousin viendra repandre les pleurs dues à notre amitié.*—I am taking asses milk three times a day, and cows milk as often—I long to see thy face again once more—Greet the Colonel kindly in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

Madame and Mademoiselle Shandy at York,  
who send all due acknowledgments. The hu-  
mour is over for France and Frenchmen, but  
that is not enough for your affectionate cousin,

L. S.

(A year will tire us all out I trow) but thank  
heaven the post brings me a letter from my  
Anthony—I felicitate you upon what Messrs.  
the Reviewers allow you—they have too  
much judgment themselves not to allow you  
what you are actually possess'd of, “talents,  
wit and humour.”—Well, write on my dear  
cousin, and be guided by thy own fancy.—  
Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Castle!—I  
could like to spend a month with you——and  
should return back again for the vintage.—I  
honour the man that has given the world an  
idea of our parental seat——’tis well done—  
I look at it ten times a day with a *quando te  
aspiciam?*—Now farewell—remember me to  
my beloved Colonel—greet Panty most lov-  
ingly on my behalf, and if Mrs. C——and  
Miss C——, &c. are at G[uisborough], greet  
them likewise with a holy kiss—So God bless  
you.

## LETTERS

### LETTER LXXV

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, August 14, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY, — After many turnings (*alias* digressions) to say nothing of downright overthrows, stops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouse, and are now settled in our houses with servants, &c. about us, and look as composed as if we had been here seven years. — In our journey we suffered so much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it — I never saw a cloud from Paris to Nismes half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece. — Good God ! we were toasted, roasted, grill'd, stew'd and carbonaded on one side or other all the way — and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were ate up at night by bugs, and other unswept out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at. — Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig leaves — that we should break a hind wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be obliged in consequence to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility of getting any — To mend the matter, my two postillions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying. — Nothing was to be done ! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waist-coat, something shall be done, for I'll thrash you both within an inch of your lives — and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves — Our luggage weighed ten quintals — 'twas the fair of Baucaire — all the world was going, or returning — we were ask'd by every soul who pass'd by us, if we going to the fair of Baucaire — no wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough ! *vous avez raison, mes amis.*

Well ! here we are after all, my dear friend — and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house well furnish'd and elegant beyond anything I look'd for — 'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town — and behind, the best gardens in Toulouse, laid out in ser-

## LETTERS

pentine walks, and so large that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent — “the more the merrier.” The house consists of a good *salle à manger* above stairs joining to the very great *salle à compagnie* as large as the Baron d’Holbach’s; three handsome bed-chambers with dressing rooms to them — below stairs two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company. — I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices — Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than take our hats and remove from the one to the other — My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order — and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or less than thirty pounds a year — all things are cheap in proportion — so we shall live for very very little. — I dined yesterday with Mr. H [ewit]; he is most pleasantly situated, and they are all well. — As for the books you have received for D[odsley], the bookseller was a fool not to send the bill along with them — I will write to him about it. — I wish you was with me for two

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

months : it would cure you of all evils ghostly and bodily — but this, like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere — Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for

I am most truly yours,

L. STERNE.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you — my best respects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that society — remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

## LETTERS

### LETTER LXXVI

*To J[ohn] H [all] S[tevenson], Esq.*

Toulouse, Oct. 19, 1762.

MY DEAR H[ALL], — I received your letter yesterday — so it has been travelling from Crazy Castle to Toulouse full eighteen days. — If I had nothing to stop me I would engage to set out this morning, and knock at Crazy Castle gates in three days less time — by which time I should find you and the colonel, Panty, &c. all alone — the season I most wish and like to be with you — I rejoice from my heart, down to my reins, that you have snatch'd so many happy and sunshiny days out of the hands of the blue devils. — If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore we will give these gentry a drubbing — and turn them for ever out of their usurped citadel — some legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this last campaign — and I hope to have a hand in dispersing the remainder the first time my dear cousin sets up his banners

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

again under the same tower —— But what art thou meditating with axes and hammers? — “*I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart,*” and thou lovest the sweet visions of architraves, friezes and pediments with their tympanums, and thou has found out a pretence, *à raison de cinq cent livres sterling* to be laid out in four years, &c. &c. (so as not to be felt, which is always added by the D—— as a bait) to justify thyself unto thyself — It may be very wise to do this — but 'tis wiser to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilst there are wars without and rumours of wars within. St. —— advises his disciples to sell both coat and waistcoat — and go rather without shirt or sword, than leave no money in their scrip to go to Jerusalem with — Now those *quatre ans consécutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the most precious morsels of thy *life to come* (in this world) and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morsel without cares, calculations, and curses, and damns, and debts — for as sure as stone is stone, and mortar is mortar, &c. 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance — But after all, if the Fates have decreed it, as you and I have some time supposed it on account of your generosity, “*that you are never to be a monied*

## LETTERS

*man,*" the decree will be fulfilled whether you adorn your castle and line it with cedar, and paint it withinside and withoutside with vermillion, or not — *et cela étant* (having a bottle of Frontiniac and glass at my right hand) I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happiness, and to the final accomplishment of all thy lunary and sublunary projects. — For six weeks together, after I wrote my last letter to you, my projects were many storeys higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world. — I fell ill of an epidemic vile fever which killed hundreds about me. — The physicians here are the errantest charlatans in Europe, or the most ignorant of all pretending fools — I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature — She (dear goddess) has saved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthusiasm now in her favour, and in my own, That one or two more escapes will make me believe I shall leave you all at last by translation, and not by fair death. I am now stout and foolish again as a happy man can wish to be — and am busy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, whom I have got soused over head and ears in love. —

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

I have many hints and projects for other works ; all will go on I trust as I wish in this matter. — When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouse — I cannot see I have anything more to do with it ; therefore after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnières, I shall return from whence I came. — Now my wife wants to stay another year to save money, and this opposition of wishes, tho' it will not be as sour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as sweet as sugar candy. — I wish T [ollot] would lead Sir Charles [Danvers] to Toulouse ; 'tis as good as any town in the South of France — for my own part, — 'tis not to my taste — but I believe, the ground work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal platitude of the French characters — little variety, no originality in it at all — than to any other cause — for they are very civil — but civility itself, in that uniform, wearies and bodders one to death — If I do not mind, I shall grow most stupid and sententious — Miss Shandy is hard at it with music, dancing, and French speaking, in the last of which she does à *merveille*, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practises it within sight of the Pyrenean Mountains. — If the snows will suffer me, I propose to spend

## LETTERS

two or three months at Barège, or Bagnières, but my dear wife is against all schemes of additional expences — which wicked propensity (tho' not of despotic power) yet I cannot suffer — though by the bye laudable enough — But she may talk — I will do my own way, and she will acquiesce without a word of debate on the subject. — Who can say so much in praise of his wife ? Few, I trow. M[ackarty] is out of town vintaging — so write to me, *Monsieur Sterne gentilhomme Anglois* — 'twill find me — We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here as at the Cape of Good Hope — so write a long nonsensical letter like this, now and then to me — in which say nothing but what may be shewn, (tho' I love every paragraph and spirited stroke of your pen, others might not) for you must know, a letter no sooner arrives from England, but curiosity is upon her knees to know the contents. — Adieu dear H. — believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here these fourteen days — which has obliged us to sit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

noses — 'tis a dear article — but everything else being extreme cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good house, with *soupe*, *bouilli*, *roti* — &c. &c. for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

## LETTERS

### LETTER LXXVII

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, November 9, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY,— I have had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not answering it sooner — and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M——'s. I would not omit one post more acknowledging the favour — In a few posts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love — Thank you for having done what I desired you — and for the future direct to me under cover at Monsieur Brousse's — I receive all letters through him, more punctual and sooner than when left at the post-house —

H[ewit]'s family greet you with mine — we are much together and never forget you — forget me not to the Baron [D'Holbach] and all the circle — nor to your domestic circle —

I am got pretty well, and sport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world — for

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers — so God help them. — I shall hear from you in a post or two at least after you receive this — in the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wishes or esteems you more than your

L. STERNE.

### LETTER LXXVIII

*To the Same*

TOULOUSE, Wednesday, December 8,\* 1762.

DEAR FOLEY, — I have for this last fortnight every post-day gone to Messrs. B[rousse] and sons, in expectation of the pleasure of a letter from you, with the remittance I desired you to send me here. — When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket — and a thousand miles from home — and in a country, where he can as soon raise the d——l, as a six livres piece to go to market with, in case he has changed his last guinea — you will not envy my situation. — God bless you — remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this. — We are all at H[ewit]'s, practising a play we are to act here this Christmas holidays — all the **Dramatis Personæ** are of the English, of

\* [“Dec. 3” in 1775; “Dec. 4” in 1780.]

## LETTERS

which we have a happy society living together like brothers and sisters — Your banker here has just sent me word the tea Mr. H[ewit] wrote for is to be delivered into my hands — 'tis all one into whose hands the treasure falls — we shall pay Brousse for it the day we get it — We join in our most friendly respects, and believe me, dear Foley, truly yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTER LXXIX

*To the Same*

TOULOUSE, Dec. 17, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY,— The post after I wrote last—I received yours with the enclosed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks — I have received this day likewise the box and tea all safe and sound — so we shall all of us be in our cups this Christmas, and drink without fear or stint — We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night — fiddling, laughing and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarce believe the news I tell you — There is a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas, and are now busy in

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

making dresses and preparing some of our best comedies — Your wonder will cease, when I inform you these strollers are your friends with the rest of our society, to whom I proposed this scheme *soulagement* — and I assure you we do well. — The next week, with a grand orchestra — we play the Busy Body — and the Journey to London the week after, but I have some thoughts of adapting it to our situation — and making it the Journey to Toulouse, which, with the change of half a dozen scenes, — may be easily done. — Thus my dear F. for want of something better we have recourse to ourselves and strike out the best amusements we can from such materials. — My kind love and friendship to all my true friends — My service to the rest. H[ewit]'s family have just left me, having been this last week with us — they will be with me all the holidays. — In summer we shall visit them, and so balance hospitalities. — Adieu, yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER LXXX

*To Mr. Becket \**

TOULOUSE, March 12th, 1763.

IT is some time, and indeed a long time, that I have neglected answering y<sup>rs</sup>, I was some time in doubt whether I sh<sup>d</sup> not defer writing and bring the acknowledgment myself, having thought I sh<sup>d</sup> get back to England by April. I cannot accomplish this so soon, nor shall I defer it so long as to make it needful to send over before me the continuation of Shandy. You tell me you scarce sell any of them. I should be extreamly glad to know the exact account of what you have left upon y<sup>r</sup> hands. I have no doubt upon my mind of the edition selling off, & I hope by this time you will have more hopes yourself. But be so good, dear Sir, as to write me a line in answer to

\* [The letter is endorsed : Mr. Stern. Ans<sup>d</sup> April 7th, 1763.  
The state of Shandy, viz. :—

Sold . . . . .	182
Remnant . . . . .	991
Acc <sup>d</sup> for before . . . . .	2824
N <sup>o</sup> Printed . . . . .	4000]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

this. My sermons are ready with a month's labour, when I see a seasonable occasion for their appearance. I shd much sooner chuse you shd publish them, or what else I write, than any other.

[L. STERNE.]

## LETTERS

### LETTER LXXXI

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, March 29, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY,—Tho' that's a mistake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H[ewit]'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week—how does Tristram do? you say in yours to him—faith but so-so—the worst of human maladies is poverty—though that is a second lye—for poverty of spirit is worse than poverty of purse, by ten thousand per cent.—I inclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return—or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d——l.—I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshy banquet all this Lent.—you will make an excellent *grillé*—P——they can make nothing of him, but *bouillon*—I mean my other two friends no ill—so shall send them a reprieve, as they acted out of necessity—not choice—My kind respects to Baron D'Hol-

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

bach and all his household — Say all that 's kind for me to my other friends — you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs — My wife's compliments.

## LETTER LXXXII

*To the Same*

TOULOUSE, April 18, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY, — I thank you for your punctuality in sending me the rescription, and for your box by the courier, which came safe by last post. — I was not surprised much with your account of Lord \*\*\*\*\* being obliged to give way — and for the rest, all follows in course. — I suppose you will endeavour to fish and catch something for yourself in these troubled waters — at least I wish you all a reasonable man can wish for himself — which is wishing enough for you — all the rest is in the brain — Mr. Woodhouse (who you know) is also here — he is a most amiable worthy man, and I have the pleasure

## LETTERS

of having him much with me — in a short time he proceeds to Italy. — The first week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole household, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills, at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amusement from the concourse of adventurers from all corners of the earth. — Mrs. M — sets out at the same time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills, at Court-ray — from whence to Italy — This is the general plan of operation here — except that I have some thoughts of spending the winter at Florence, and crossing over with my family to Leghorn by water — and in April of returning by way of Paris home — but this is a sketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumstances — so that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwise on Saturday — On all days of the week believe me yours, with unfeigned truth,

L. STERNE.

*P. S.* — All compliments to my Parisian friends.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER LXXXIII

*To the Same*

TOULOUSE, April 29, 1763.

MY DEAR FOLEY,— Last post my agent wrote me word he would send up from York a bill for fourscore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This he said he would expedite immediately, so 'tis possible you may have had advice of it—and 'tis possible also the money may not be paid this fortnight; therefore, as I set out for Bagnieres in that time, be so good as to give me credit for the money for a few posts or so, and send me either a rescription for the money, or a draught for it—at the receipt of which we shall decamp for ten or twelve weeks — You will receive twenty pounds more on my account, which send also—So much for that — as for pleasure — you have it all amongst you at Paris — we have nothing here which deserves the name — I shall scarce be tempted to sojourn another winter in Toulouse — for I cannot say it suits my health, as I hoped — 'tis too moist — and I cannot keep clear of

## LETTERS

agues here — so that if I stay the next winter on this side of the water — 'twill be either at Nice or Florence — and I shall return to England in April — Wherever I am, believe me, dear Foley, that I am, yours faithfully,

L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiselle present their best compliments — Remember me to all I regard, particularly Messrs. Panchaud, and the rest of your *houshold*.

## LETTER LXXXIV

*To Robert Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York*

TOULOUSE, May 7, 1763.

MY LORD,— Though there is little in this part of the world worth giving you an account of, and of myself, perhaps, the least of anything in it, yet bad as the subject is, it is my duty to say something about it, and your Grace, for that reason, I am sure, will bear with the trouble.

It was this time twelve months that I thought myself so far recovered, that I was preparing to return home, when the attention to my daughter's health, who had had an increase of an asthma under which she had lingered some time, determined my route otherwise ; as an original weakness of lungs was her case as well as my own, I thought it just to give the daughter the same chance for her life which had saved her father's. Of this I wrote y<sup>r</sup> Grace a letter, but had scarce sent it to the post, when (from what cause I know not, except the extreme weakness of the organ) I broke a vessel in my lungs, w<sup>ch</sup> could not be

## LETTERS

closed till I had almost bled to death ; so that to the motives of going with my daughter into the south of France, I had that superadded — my own immediate preservation ; accordingly I have been fixed here with my family these ten months, and by God's blessing it has answered all I wished for, with regard to my daughter ; I cannot say so much for myself, having since the first day of my arrival here been in a continual warfare with agues, fevers, and physicians — the 1<sup>st</sup> brought my blood to so poor a state, that the physicians found it necessary to enrich it with strong bouillons, and strong bouillons and soups a santé threw me into fevers, and fevers brought on loss of blood, and loss of blood agues — so that as *war begets poverty, poverty peace*, etc. etc. — has this miserable constitution made all its revolutions ; how many more it may sustain, before its last and great one, God knows — like the rest of my species, I shall fence it off as long as I can. I am advised now to try the virtues of the waters of Banyars, and shall encamp like a patriarch w<sup>h</sup> my whole household upon the side of the Pyreneans, this summer and winter at Nice ; from whence in spring I shall return home, never, I fear, to be of service, at least

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

as a preacher. I have preached too much, my Lord, already ; and was my age to be computed either by the number of sermons I have preached, or the infirmities they have brought upon me, I might be truly said to have the claim of a *Miles emeritus*, and was there a Hotel des Invalides for the reception of such established upon any salutary plain betwixt here and Arabia Felix, I w<sup>d</sup> beg your Grace's interest to help me into it — as it is, I rest fully assured in my heart of yr Grace's indulgence to me in my endeavours to add a few quiet years to this fragment of my life — and with my wishes for a long and a happy one to yr Grace, I am, from the truest veneration of yr character,—  
Your most dutiful servant,

L. STERNE.

### LETTER LXXXV

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

TOULOUSE, May 21, 1763.

I TOOK the liberty three weeks ago to desire you would be so kind as to send me fourscore pounds, having received a letter the same post from my Agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correspondent in London in

## LETTERS

a fortnight. — It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, especially as I told you we waited for the money before we set out for Bagnieres — and so little distrust had I that such a civility would be refused me, that we have actually had all our things pack'd up these eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter. — Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London — but you might have trusted to my honour — that all the cash in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to say the thing *that is not*. — I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London — But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would transmit me the money when you had received it, but no sooner; for Mr. R [ay] of Montpellier, tho' I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum. — I am, dear F[oley], your friend and hearty well-wisher,

L. STERNE.

I saw the family of the H [ewits] yesterday, and asked them if you was in the land of the

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

living — They said yea — for they had just received a letter from you. — After all, I heartily forgive you — for you have done me a signal service in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness — All compliments to —. Before April next I am obliged to revisit your metropolis in my way to England.

### LETTER LXXXVI

*To the Same*

TOULOUSE, June 9, 1763.

MY DEAR FOLEY, — I this moment received yours — consequently the moment I got it I sat down to answer it — So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you so testy a letter, had I not both loved and esteemed you — and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendship that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt — for neglect me in your heart, I knew you could not, without cause ; which my heart told me I never had — nor will ever give you : — I was the best friends

## LETTERS

with you that ever I was in my life, before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuse for my friend, “ That he was oppressed with a multitude of business.” Go on, my dear F, and have but that excuse (so much do I regard your interest) that I would be content to suffer a *real evil* without future murmuring — but in truth, my disappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a person I never saw, by me — but which out of nicety of temper I would not make any use of — I set out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brousse, who will forward all my letters. — Dear F[oley] adieu. — Believe me yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

## LETTER LXXXVII

*To the Same*

Toulouse, June 12, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY,— Luckily just before I was stepping into my chaise for Bagnieres, has a strayed fifty pound bill found its way to me ; so I have sent it to its lawful owner inclosed. — My noodle of an agent, instead of getting

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

Mr. Selwin to advise you he had received the money (which would have been enough) has got a bill for it, and sent it rambling to the furthest part of France after me, and if it had not caught me just now it might have followed me into Spain, for I shall cross the Pyreneans, and spend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon. — When I write the history of my travels — Memorandum ! I am not to forget how honest a man I have for a banker at Paris. — But, my dear friend, when you say you dare trust me for what little occasions I may have, you have as much faith as honesty — and more of both than of good policy. — I thank you however ten thousand times — and except such liberty as I have lately taken with you — and that too at a pinch — I say beyond that I will not trespass upon your good-nature, or friendliness, to serve me. — God bless you, dear F [oley], I am yours whilst            L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER LXXXVIII

*To Mr. Becket*

BAGNERES DE BIGO,\* GASCOIGNE EN FRANCE,  
July 15, 1763.

DEAR SIR

I know not whether you rec'd it or no, but I wrote a Letter in Answer to y<sup>r</sup>s of the 7<sup>th</sup> of April, which gave me the State of the Account of the 5 & 6<sup>th</sup> of Shandy — by w<sup>ch</sup> it appear[s] You had still remaining in y<sup>r</sup> hands 991 Copies & Consequently that since You settled with M<sup>rs</sup> Sterne, You had sold 182 Copies ; the purport of my Letter was therefore to desire You to remit me twenty pounds — but not having heard a word from You Since in answer, or any Intimation from M<sup>r</sup> Foley my Banquer that he had rec'd the Summ, I suppose by some Accident or Mistake, my Letter never yet found its Way to You.

Since that time possibly You may [have] disposed of some more Copies, (& in Case you have not remitted the particular Sum I wrote

\* [Bagnères-de-Bigorre.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

for.) be so kind as to remit me the ballance between in a Bill drawn upon Mr. Foley at Paris, & inclosed to me at this place, where I shall stay till the Spau Season is over, w<sup>ch</sup> will be abt the middle of September. I shall be early in the Spring in England, & indeed should set out most willingly for it this Autumn, but that I dread the Effects of meeting the Winter w<sup>th</sup> You, after the warmth of this Climate ; when the worst of the Winter is past I shall set out & without apprehension, being much recovered in my health.

I have sent from Bordeux a Box of Books I directed either to You or Mr. Edmands \*— pray apprise him of it, in Case they shd be brought to him — & let him know they are all english Books, & printed in England — w<sup>ch</sup> will make a difference in regard to the Duty — present my Comp<sup>s</sup> to him & all who honour me w<sup>th</sup> an Enquiry —

I am dear Sir  
Y<sup>rs</sup> truely  
L. STERNE

\* [Probably the Mr. Edmundson of Letters LXV. and XCIV.]

# LETTERS

## LETTER LXXXIX

*To the Earl of Fauconberg*

MONTPELIER, September 30, 1763.

I COULD not think of turning my face home-wards without enquiring whether there was anything in this part of the world I could do or purchase for your lordship, before I decamped. I have run over everything in my mind, but can think of nothing except wine, of which I would gladly send you a hogshead as a specimen.

You must know, my Lord, that the vintage this year about Bourdeaux is quite destroyed by a terrible hail, which cut up all the vines throughout the whole district which furnishes you with so very much good claret in England. This, I find, has set many commissions a going in this neighbourhood, to buy up the strong, ordinary wines, which, — as they will bear the sea and can be shipped for 40s. a hogshead at Lett, near this town, and landed at London for 20s. more — will not be drunk at more than 2s.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

a bottle. But your lordship understands this calculation better than I ; this I am persuaded of, that many hundred tons will be both given and bought for French wine — which they truly are in one sense, though not in another. If, upon the whole, your lordship thinks a couple of hogsheads worth the duty, I should be very happy in being allowed to present you with them, which I will warrant shall be the best of their kind, as I am in particular friendship with a person here who has a large commission for the wines of this present vintage, to ship to London. Your lordship will let me have the honour of a line upon this head, and of a much more valuable one, your lordship's health, which I hope is better by Coxwould air and Coxwould exercise. The air is as cold, by fits, here as with you, and I'm persuaded in winter will be more thin and penetrating, but the air is elastic and the sky generally clear, and the temptations to get out o' doors more frequent. This place has had a bad character of late years as the grave of consumptive people. I see nothing yet to terrify me upon that score. It may do hurt, but where it does no hurt, I believe it will do great good, and for my own part, I love to run hazards rather than die by inches.

## LETTERS

I had proposed to have spent the winter months with my family at Aix or Marseilles. We have been there and found objections to both, to Marseilles especially, from the dearness of living and house-rent, which last was so enormous I could not take the most miserable apartments under nine or ten guineas a month. Every thing else in proportion, so we returned directly here — where things are moderate enough — though a third dearer than at Toulouse, where the cheapness and plenty of everything is astonishing. This weighs much with my wife, who being a good œconomist, has a strong desire to return there, and stay a year behind me with my daughter. She talks of nothing less than saving as much money in a year as will equip them in clothes, &c. for seven. My system is to let her please herself, so I shall return to Coxwould alone, and manage my health and self in my own country as well as I can in the future, for I'm more than half tired of France, as fine a country as it is — but there is the *pour* and the *contre* for every place — all which being balanced, I think Old England preferable to any kingdom in the world.

I beg pardon, my Lord, for this long letter,

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

and beg leave to present my respects and wishes to Lord Bellasye, whom I hope to see as much honoured in the world for his good conduct and good heart as for his birth and title. Mr. Bellasye I beg to be remembered to, and my wife and daughter join with me in all kind compliments to the ladies.

*Postscript.* — I purpose to set off for Cox-would about Candlemas day — or rather as soon as Mr. Chapman remits me my Christmas receipts, as I can neither leave Madame with an empty purse or travel eight hundred miles with one myself. If the weather is not too cold, I purpose, for the sake of avoiding both Paris and London, to return by Geneva, and then fall down the Rhine to Holland, by which means I shall see all the great cities upon the Rhine, and after a week's stay in Holland, may embark directly for Hull, and be landed within a day of my own parish.

[L. STERNE.]

## LETTERS

### LETTER XC

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

MONTPELLIER, October 5, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY,— I am ashamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you before now, for your friendly act of civility, in ordering Brousse, your correspondent at Toulouse, in case I should have occasion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres— which as I knew the offer came from your heart I made no difficulty of accepting.— In my way thro' Toulouse to Marseilles, where we have been, but neither liking the place nor Aix (particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouse has given me a surfeit) we have returned here, where we shall reside the winter — My wife and daughter purpose to stay a year at least behind me—— and when winter is over, to return to Toulouse, or go to Montaubon, where they will stay till they return, or I fetch them — For myself I shall set out in February for England, where my heart has

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

been fled these six months — but I shall stay a fortnight with my friends at Paris ; tho' I verily believe, if it was not for the pleasure of seeing and chattering with you, I should pass on directly to Brussels, and so on to Rotterdam, for the sake of seeing Holland, and embark from thence to London — But I must stay a little with those I love and have so many reasons to regard — you cannot place too much of this to your own score. — I have had an offer of going to Italy a fortnight ago — but I must like my subject as well as the terms, neither of which were to my mind. — Pray what English have you at Paris ? where is my young friend Mr. F[ox] ? We hear of three or four English families coming to us here — If I can be serviceable to any you would serve, you have but to write. — Mr. H[ewit] has sent my friend W[oodhouse]'s picture — You have seen the original, or I would have sent it you — I believe I shall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come in *propria persona* — till when, God bless you my dear friend, and believe me, most faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

# LETTERS

## LETTER XCI

*To the Same*

MONTPELLIER, January 5, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— You see I cannot pass over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you — The last is a periodical habit — the first is from my heart, and I do it oftener than I remember — however, from both motives together I maintain I have a right to the pleasure of a single line — be it only to tell me how your watch goes — You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well. — You are going to have them all to yourself (I hear), and that Mr. S[elwin] is true to his first intention of leaving business — I hope this will enable you to accomplish yours in a shorter time, that you may get to your long wished for retreat of tranquillity and silence — When you have got to your fireside, and into your arm-chair (and by the by, have another to spare for a friend) and are so much

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

a sovereign as to sit in your furr'd cap (if you like it, tho' I should not, for a man's ideas are at least the cleaner for being dress'd decently), why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghost upon you — and in a very unghost-like fashion help you off with a bottle of your best wine.

January 15. — It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the most perfect health, should be concluded in the greatest weakness — I wish the vulgar high and low do not say it was a judgment upon me for taking all this liberty with *ghosts* — Be it as it may — I took a ride when the first part of this was wrote towards Perenas — and returned home in a shivering fit, tho' I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beast ; and he was as unmoveable as Don Quixote's wooden horse, and my arm was half dislocated in whipping him — This quoth I is inhuman — No, says a peasant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home — so he laid on his posteriors, but 'twas needless — as his face was turn'd towards Montpellier, he began to trot. — But to return, this fever has confined me ten days in my bed — I have suffered in this scuffle with death terribly — but unless the spirit of prophecy

## LETTERS

deceive me — I shall not die but live — in the meantime, dear F. let us live as merrily but *as innocently* as we can — It has ever been as good, if not better, than a bishoprick to me — and *I desire no other* — Adieu my dear friend and believe me yours, L. S.

Please to give the enclosed to Mr. T[ollot], and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great *good-will*.

## LETTER XCII

*To the Same*

MONTPELLIER, January 20 [1764].\*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Hearing by Lord Rochford who in passing through here in his way to Madrid has given me a call, that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris — I have inclosed a letter to him, which you will present in course or direct to him. — I suppose you are full of English — but in short we are here as if in another world, where unless some stray'd soul arrives, we know nothing of what is going on in yours — Lord G——r I suppose

\* [“1764” was added in 1780.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

is gone from Paris, or I had wrote also to him. I know you are as busy as a bee, and have few moments to yourself — nevertheless bestow one of them upon an old friend and write me a line — and if Mr. F[ox] is too idle and has aught to say to me, pray write a second line for him — We had a letter from Miss P — this week, who it seems has decamp'd for ever from Paris — *All is for the best* — which is my general reflection upon many things in this world. — Well! I shall shortly come and shake you by the hand in St. Sauveur — if still you are there. — My wife returns to Toulouse and purposes to spend the summer at Bagnieres — I on the contrary go and visit my wife the church in Yorkshire. — We all live the longer — at least the happier, for having things our own way. — This is my conjugal maxim — I own 'tis not the best of maxims — but I maintain 'tis not the worst. Adieu dear F[oley], and believe me, yours with truth,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER XCIII

*To Mrs. F[erguson]*

MONTPELLIER, February 1, 1764.

I AM preparing, my dear Mrs. F. to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it—That insipidity there is in French characters has disgusted your friend Yorick.—I have been dangerously ill, and cannot think that the sharp air of Montpellier has been of service to me—and so my physicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month—if you stay any longer here, Sir, it will be fatal to you—And why good people were you not kind enough to tell me this sooner?—After having discharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I should set out for England very soon, but as she chuses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England.—The states of Languedoc are met—'tis a fine raree-shew, with the usual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-shews.—I believe I shall

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

step into my post-chaise with more alacrity to fly from these sights, than a Frenchman would fly to them — and except a tear at parting with my little slut, I shall be in high spirits, and every step I take that brings me nearer England, will I think help to set this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me directed to Mr. F[oley] at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over. — How do I long to greet all my friends ! few do I value more than yourself. — My wife chuses to go to Montauban, rather than stay here, in which I am truely passive. — If this should not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wish to fulfill your commissions — and so adieu — Accept every warm wish for your health, and believe me ever yours,

L. STERNE.

*P. S.* — My physicians have almost poisoned me with what they call *bouillons refraichissants* — 'tis a cock flea dead and boiled with poppy seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards pass'd through a sieve — There is to be one crawfish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one — a female would do me more hurt than good.

## LETTERS

### LETTER XCIV

*To Mr. Becket*

PARIS, March 20<sup>th</sup> 1764.

DEAR SIR,— I have desired Mr Chapman to send you up a small Bill — be so good the Moment you rec<sup>ve</sup> it — to let me know & I can draw upon you for it here, w<sup>ch</sup> is a shorter cut than paying it into a banquers hand & sending me a bill & besides saves one half. I set out with 3 Gentlemen ab<sup>t</sup> the middle of April for London — In the mean time direct for me a L'Hôtel d'Inragen Rùè Toumon pres de Luxembourg. Paris. — my Comp<sup>s</sup>, to Mr. Edmundson & all friends —

Y<sup>rs</sup>

L. STERNE.

P. S.

Have you sold any Shandys since Christmas? — how many?

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER XCV

*To Miss Sterne*

PARIS, May 15, 1764.

MY DEAR LYDIA,— By this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you.— I acquiesced in your staying in France — likewise it was your mother's wish — but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me.— I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio ; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement.— I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French-women — not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating* — nay I am so jealous of you that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition. — You

## LETTERS

have enough to do — for I have also sent you a guittar — and as you have no genius for drawing (tho' you never could be made to believe it) pray waste not your time about it — Remember to write to me as to a friend — in short whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural. — If your mother's rheumatism continues and she chooses to go to Bagnieres — tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the ambassador's chapel — Hezekiah\* — (an odd subject your mother will say) There was a concourse of all nations, and religions too. — I shall leave Paris in a few days — I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. T[ollot] they are good and generous souls — Tell your mother that I hope she will write to me, and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and believe me,  
your affectionate

L. STERNE.

\* [SERMON XVII.]

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER XCVI

*To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.*

PARIS, May 19, 1764.

MY DEAR COSIN,— We have been talking and projecting about setting out from this city of seductions every day this month, so that allowing me three weeks to ruminate upon yr Letter, and this month pasd in Projections, and some other things of the same termination, I account for this sin of omission to you, without pretending to excuse it—‘*God be merciful to me a sinner*’—or sometimes, dear Sir, or dear Madame, be merciful, &c. (just as the case happens) is all I have gen’lly to say for what I do, and what I do not: all which being premised, I have been for eight weeks smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent. I wish, dear cosin, thou couldest concieve (perhaps thou can’t without my wishing it) how deliciously I can-

## LETTERS

ter'd away with it the first month, two up, two down, always upon my hânches along the streets from my hôtel to hers, at first, once—then twice, then three times a day, till at length I was within an ace of setting up my hobby horse in her stable for good an all. I might as well considering how the enemies of the Lord have blasphemed thereupon ; the last three weeks we were every hour upon the doleful ditty of parting—and thou mayest concieve, dear cosin, how it alter'd my gaite and air—for I went and came like any louden'd carl, and did nothing but mix tears, and *Jouer des sentiments* with her from sun-rising even to the setting of the same ; and now she is gone to the South of France, and to finish the comedie, I fell ill, and broke a vessel in my lungs and half bled to death. Voila mon Histoire ! We are now setting out without let or hindrance and shall be in London y<sup>e</sup> 29th, Dijjs, Deabusque volentibus. Tollot sends a thousand kind greetings along with those of our family, to you, he has had a very bad spring of it, from a scoundril relaxation of his nervous system, w<sup>ch</sup> had God sent us warmer weather, he would have recover'd more speedily — his journey w<sup>th</sup> its change of air, will I hope,

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

sett him up ; why may not we all meet for a fortnight at Scarborough this summer ? I wish you would say you would, and I would settle the party, before I leave London : write a line to us at Thornhil's, where I shall be whilst in town. We want sadly to see y<sup>r</sup> preaching — the report from me, made y<sup>r</sup> hero an inch higher — I see him every day, and without much, or indeed any precaution ; for he visits and is visited by the English of all persuasion — as well by In's as Out's : you will scarce believe I dined with him and Lord Tavistoc, t'other day, and with Lord Beauchamp, our ambassador's son and him &c., three days ago. He is eternally joyous and jocundiss<sup>m</sup>; and I think to a greater degree, than in those days when had more occasion. I pity him from my soul : He talks of decamping from hence to sojourn in Italy, as soon as the *take* of his hôtel is expired, w<sup>ch</sup> was for a year ; I think Italy is not the place for him — but he has reasons w<sup>ch</sup> I see not. On Thursday morning we set out from foute-land, tho' we ought not to abuse it — for we have lived (shag rag and bobtail), all of us, a most jolly nonsensical life of it, and so dear cosin Antony adieu, in full hopes on my side, that I shall spend

## LETTERS

many still more joyous deliriums with you  
over many a pint of Burgundy — so be it. Y<sup>r</sup>:  
affect<sup>te</sup> Cosin,

L. STERNE.

To John Hall Stevenson, Esq:  
at Skelton Castle,  
near Guisbro',  
Yorkshire.

Angleterre.

## LETTER XCVII

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

YORK, August 6, 1764.

MY DEAR FOLEY, — There is a young lady with whom I have sent a letter to you, who will arrive at Paris in her way to Italy — her name is Miss Tuting ; a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom — if you can be of any aid to her in your advice, &c. as to her journey, &c. your good nature and politeness, I am sure, need no spur from me to do it. I was sorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilst in London, for we were never able to be both resident together the month I continued in and about the environs. — If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certainly see me at Paris the week following, for now I abandon everything in this world to health and to my friends — for the last sermon that I shall ever preach, was preach'd at Paris — so I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one, which is

## LETTERS

better. I sent, last post, twenty pounds to Mrs. Sterne, which makes a hundred pounds remitted, since I got here — You must pay yourself what I owe you out of it — and place the rest to account. — Betwixt this and Lady-day next, Mrs. Sterne will draw from time to time upon you to about the amount of a hundred louis — but not more — (I think) I having left her a hundred in her pocket. — But you shall always have money beforehand of mine — and she purposes to spend no further than five thousand livres in the year — but twenty pound, this way or that, makes no difference between us — Give my kindest compliments to Mr. P[anchaud]. I have a thousand things to say to you, and would go half way to Paris to tell them you in your ear. — The Messrs. T[ollot], H[ewit], &c. and many more of your friends with whom I am now, send their services — Mine to all friends — Yours, dear F. most truly, L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER XCVIII

*To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.*

September 4, 1764.

Now, my dear, dear Anthony — I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough so abominable a thing — but if a man could get there cleverly, and every soul in his house in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof, I have no one to consult in this affair — therefore as a man may do worse things, the English of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor sheep here in the wilderness for fourteen days — and from pride and naughtiness of heart to go and see what is doing at Scarborough — stedfastly meaning afterwards to lead a new life and strengthen my faith. — Now some folks say there is much company there — and some say not — and I believe there is neither the one or the other — but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or so. — No, my dear

## LETTERS

H[all] I did not delay sending your letter directly to the post — As there are critical times or rather turns and revolutions in \*\*\* humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard — I will answer for him, he has seventy times seven forgiven you — and as often wish'd you at the d—l. — After many oscillations the pendulum will rest firm as ever. —

I send all kind compliments to Sir C[harles] D[anvers] and G—s — I love them from my soul. — If G[ilber]t is with you, him also. — I go on, not rapidly, but well enough with my uncle Toby's amours — There is no sitting, and cudgeling ones brains whilst the sun shines bright — 'twill be all over in six or seven weeks, and there are dismal months enow after to endure suffocation by a brimstone fire-side. — If you can get to Scarborough, do. — A man who makes six tons of alum a week, may do anything — Lord Granby is to be there — What a temptation ! Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER XCIX

*To the Same*

COXWOULD, Thursday September, 1764.\*

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am but this moment return'd from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever since the races, and have received marvellous strength, had I not debilitated it as fast as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord Granby and Co. too much. I rejoice you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate, from which, by now, I suppose you are decamp'd—otherwise as idle a beast as I have been, I would have sacrificed a few days to the god of laughter with you and your jolly set.—I have done nothing good that I know of, since I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K——, in my way thro' York hither—I must try now and do better—Go on, and prosper for a month,  
—Your affectionate                           L. STERNE.

\* [The date was added in 1780.]

## LETTERS

### LETTER C

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

YORK, September 29, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— I have just had the honour of a letter from Miss Tuting, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind services to her; I will not believe these arose from the D[uke] of A[lbany]'s letters, nor mine. Surely *she needed no recommendation* — the truest and most honest compliment I can pay you, is to say they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object — for the rest follow'd in course — However let me cast in my mite of thanks to the treasury which belongs to good natured actions. I have been with Lord G[rarb]y these three weeks at Scarborough — the pleasures of which I found somewhat more exalted than those of Bagnieres last year — I am now returned to my Philosophical Hut to finish Tristram, which I calculate will be ready for the world about Christmas, at which time I decamp from hence, and fix my head quarters

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

at London for the winter — unless my cough pushes me forwards to your Metropolis — or that I can persuade some *gros* my Lord to take a trip to you — I'll try if I can make him relish the joys of the *Tuileries*, *Opera Comique*, &c.

I had this week a letter from Mrs. Sterne from Montauban, in which she tells me she has occasion for fifty pounds immediately — Will you send an order to your correspondent at Montauban to pay her so much cash — and I will in three weeks send as much to Becket — But as her purse is low, for God's sake write directly. — Now you must do something equally essential — to rectify a mistake in the mind of your correspondent there, who it seems gave her a hint not long ago, “*that she was separated from me for life.*” — Now as this is not true in the first place, and may give a disadvantageous impression of her to those she lives amongst — 'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter, suffer by it ; so do be so good as to undeceive him — for in a year or two she proposes (and indeed I expect it with impatience from her) to rejoin me — and tell them I have all the confidence in 'the world she will not spend more than I can

## LETTERS

afford, and I only mention'd two hundred guineas a year — because 'twas right to name some certain sum, for which I beg'd you to give her credit. — I write to you of all my most intimate concerns, as to a brother, so excuse me dear Foley. God bless you — Believe me, yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, D'Holbach,  
&c.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CI

*To Robert Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York*

Coxwold, October 30, 1764.\*

MY LORD, — I know not whether I did do right or wrong in signing the testimonial of Mr. Kilner, my curate's, behaviour for three years, during the greatest part of which time I was in another country and could know nothing at all of the matter; but I believed your Grace's good temper would give the only good interpretation it could admit of, and that all I meant was to certify for his morals and good behaviour for the little time I knew him before I went abroad, and for the few months I have been with him since my return. I had this, moreover, to have added that he came well recommended; that his character in this parish is very good, and that the man is well liked as a quiet and an honest man, and withal

\* [In 1891 there was sold at Sotheby's, an agreement with a curate of his, Mr. John Walker, who was to 'serve' Stillington at £40 a year. — *Fitzgerald.*]

## LETTERS

as a good reader and preacher — I think him so myself — and had it not been impertinent to speak to a point, of which your Grace is this moment going to be a judge, I believe him a good scholar also — I do not say a graceful one — for his bodily presence is mean ; and were he to stand for Ordination before a Popish Bishop, the poor fellow would be disabled by a Canon in a moment.

I beg a thousand pardons of yr. Grace for taking the liberty of saying a word more upon this than I had strictly occasion for, the whole purport of my letter being simply this — “ to assure your Grace I had no intent of deceiving you ; ” I am sure I could have no interest, for by long and obstinate coughs, and unaccountable hemorrhages in my lungs, and a thorough relaxation of the organ (or something worse) in consequence of them. I am foretold by the best physicians, both in France and here, that ‘twill be fatal to me to preach ; indeed, nature tells me I have no powers, and the last poor experiment I made in preaching at the Ambassador’s chapel at Paris (tho’ no larger than yr. Grace’s dining-room), had liked to have fulfill’d their predictions — for w<sup>ch</sup> reason, as I cannot discharge my duty myself,

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

'tis the more incumbent on me to have it unexceptionably done by others.

I beg pardon, my Lord, once more, for giving you this trouble;

And wish your Grace very truly and cordially many many years of good health, without all this anxiety to preserve it.

I am, with duty and esteem,

Y<sup>r</sup>: Grace's most faithful servant,

LAU. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CII

*To Mr. Foley at Paris*

YORK, November 11, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— I sent ten days ago, a bank bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket, and this post one of sixty— When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what shall always keep you in bank for Mrs. Sterne; in the meantime I have desired Becket to send you fourscore pounds, and if my wife, before I get to London, should have occasion for fifty louis, let her not wait a minute, and if I have not paid it, a week or a fortnight I know will break no squares with a good and worthy friend.— I will contrive to send you these two new volumes of Tristram, as soon as ever I get them from the press.— You will read as odd a tour thro' France as ever was projected or executed by traveller, or travel-writers, since the world began.— 'Tis a laughing good temper'd satire against travelling (as *puppies* travel)— Panchaud will enjoy

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

it — I am quite civil to your Parisians — *et pour cause* you know — 'tis likely I may see them in spring — Is it possible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If so I would write to Mademoiselle N—— to make as good a copy from it as she possibly could — with a view to do her service here — and I would remit her the price — I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if she executes it with the spirit of the original in your hands — for it will be seen by many — and as my phiz is as remarkable as myself, if she preserves the true character of both, it will do her honour and service too. — Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy — Will you present my kind respects to the worthy Baron — I shall send him one of the best impressions of my picture from Mr. Reynold's — another to Monsieur P——. My love to Mr. S[elwin] and P[anchau]d. I am most truly yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CIII

*To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.*

November 13, 1764.

MY DEAR COUSIN,— 'Tis a church militant week with me, full of marches, and counter-marches — and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to inclose — otherwise I would have obey'd your summons — and yet I could not well have done it this week neither, having receiv'd a letter from C——, who has been very ill; and is coming down to stay a week or ten days with me. — Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from his soul for a sight of you in your own castle. — I cannot do otherwise, than bring him with me — nor can I gallop away and leave him an empty house to pay a visit to from London, as he comes half express to see me. — I thank you for the care of my northern vintage — I fear after all I must give it a fermentation on the other side of the Alps, which is better

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

than being on the lees with it—but *nous verrons*—yet I fear as it has got such hold of my brain and comes upon it like an armed man at nights—I must give way for quietness sake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long.—I have been *Miss-ridden* this last week by a couple of romping girls (*bien mises et comme il faut*) who might as well have been in the house with me, (tho' perhaps not, my retreat here is too quiet for them) but they have taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted.—These things accord not well with sermon making—but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho says, and that is all that can be made of it.—I trust all goes swimmingly on with your alum; that the works amuse you, and call you twice out (at least) a day.—I shall see them I trust in ten days, or thereabout—If it was any way possible, I would set out this moment, tho' I have no cavalry—(*except a she ass*). Give all friendly respects to Mrs. C. and to Col. H[all]'s, and the garrison, both of Guisbro and Skelton.—I am, dear Anthony, affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CIV

*To Mr. Foley, at P[aris]*

YORK, November 16, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Three posts before I had the favour of yours (which is come to hand this moment) I had wrote to set Mrs. Sterne right in her mistake — That you had any money of mine in your hands — being very sensible that the hundred pounds I had sent you, thro' Becket's hands, was but about what would balance with you — The reason of her error was owing to my writing her word, I would send you a bill in a post or two for fifty pounds — which, my finances falling short just then, I deferr'd — so that I had paid nothing to any one — but was however come to York this day, and I have sent you a draught for a hundred pounds — in honest truth a fortnight ago I had not the cash — but I am as honest as the king (as Sancho Pança says) *only not so rich.*

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

Therefore if Mrs. Sterne should want thirty louis more, let her have them — and I will balance all (which will not be much) with honour at Christmas, when I shall be in London, having now just finish'd my two volumes of Tristram. — I have some thoughts of going to Italy this year — at least I shall not defer it above another. — I have been with Lord Granby, and with Lord Shelburne, but am now sat down till December in my sweet retirement. — I wish you was sat down as happily, and as free of all worldly cares — In a few years, my dear F., I hope to see you a real country gentleman, tho' not altogether exiled from your friends in London — there I shall spend every winter of my life, in the same lap of contentment, where I enjoy myself now — and wherever I go — we must bring three parts in four of the treat along with us — In short we must be happy within — and then few things without us make much difference — This is my Shandean philosophy. — You will read a comic account of my journey from Calais, thro' Paris, to the Garonne, in these volumes — my friends tell me they are done with spirit — it must speak for itself — Give my

## LETTERS

kind respects to Mr. Selwin and my friend Panchaud—— When you see Baron d'Holbach, present him my respects, and believe me, dear F. your's cordially,

L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CV

*To David Garrick, Esq.*

LONDON, March 16, 1765.

DEAR GARRICK,— I threatened you with a letter in one I wrote a few weeks ago to Foley, but (to my shame be it spoken) I lead such a life of dissipation I have never had a moment to myself which has not been broke in upon, by one engagement or impertinence or another —— and as plots thicken towards the latter end of a piece, I find, unless I take pen and ink just now, I shall not be able to do it, till either I am got into the country, or you to the city. You are teized and tormented too much by your correspondents, to return to us, and with accounts how much your friends, and how much your Theatre wants you — so that I will not magnify either our loss or yours — but hope cordially to see you soon. — Since I wrote last I have frequently stept into your house — that is, as frequently as I could take the whole party, where I dined,

## LETTERS

along with me — This was but justice to you, as I walk'd in as a wit — but with regard to myself, I balanced the account thus — I am sometimes in my friend [Garrick]’s house, but he is always in Tristram Shandy’s — where my friends say he will continue (and I hope the prophecy true for my own immortality) even when he himself is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter’s campaign here — Shandy sells well — I am taxing the public with two more volumes of sermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy — It goes into the world with a prancing list *de toute la noblesse* — which will bring me in three hundred pounds, exclusive of the sale of the copy — so that with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penser* has ever impress’d on me, I shall be rich in spite of myself: but I scorn, you must know, in the high *ton* I take at present, to pocket all this trash — I set out to lay a portion of it in the service of the world, in a tour round Italy, where I shall spring game, or the deuce is in the dice. — In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myself of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and so saunter philosophically for

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

a year or so, on the other side the Alps.—I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. Garrick and yourself back *à la fleur de jeunesse*— May you both long feel the sweets of it, and your friends with you.—Do, dear friend, make my kindest wishes and compliments acceptable to the best and wisest of the daughters of Eve— You shall ever believe and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CVI

*To the Same*

BATH, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you ! —— my dear Garrick ! my dear friend ! — Foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head ! — and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me ; and I sent to recall it — but failed — You are sadly to blame, Shandy ! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair — Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own — his sentiments as honest and friendly — thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee — why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain ? Puppy ! fool, coxcomb, jackass, &c. &c. — and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in *your way* — I say *your way* — for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before — for it was a most lamented truth, that I never

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris.—Oh ! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you and the thousands who admire you.—The moment you set your foot upon your stage — mark ! I tell it you — by some magic, resisted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever — Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you — and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised ! (I utter it from my soul) that your Lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor — full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her — but you may worship with me, or not — 'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion — still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powell ! good Heaven ! — give me some one with less smoke and more fire — There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall

## LETTERS

be heard for *much* speaking — Come —— come away my dear Garrick and teach us another lesson.

Adieu ! — I love you dearly — and your lady better — not hobby horsically — but most sentimentally and affectionately — for I am yours (that is if you never say another word about — ) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### LETTER CVII

*To Mr. Foley*

BATH, April 15, 1765.

MY DEAR FOLEY,—My wife tells me she has drawn for one hundred pounds, and 'tis fit that you should be paid it that minute—the money is now in Becket's hands—send me, my dear Foley, my account, that I may discharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands—I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the *literati*—my two volumes of Tristram, and two of Sermons, which I shall print very soon, will bring me a considerable sum.—Almost all the nobility in England honour me with their names, and 'tis thought it will be the largest and most splendid list which ever pranced before a book, since subscriptions came into fashion.—Pray present my most sincere compliments to Lady H——, whose name I hope to insert with many others.—As so many men of genius furnish me with their names also, I will quarrel with Mr. Hume,

## LETTERS

and call him Deist, and what not, unless I have his name too. — My love to Lord W——. Your name, Foley, I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours — your list of subscribers you will send — 'tis but a crown for sixteen sermons — Dog cheap ! but I am in quest of honour, not money. — Adieu, adieu, Believe me, dear Foley, yours truly,

L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CVIII

*To Lady P[ercy]*

MOUNT COFFEE-HOUSE, [LONDON],  
Tuesday 3 o'clock, [April 23, 1765].\*

THERE is a strange mechanical effect produced in writing a billet-doux within a stone-

\* [This has become one of the most famous letters because of Thackeray's use of it in the lecture on "Sterne and Goldsmith" in the *English Humourists*. The lady to whom it is addressed was Anne, daughter to John Stuart, third Earl of Bute. On July 2, 1764, she was married to Hugh Percy, second Duke of Northumberland, who afterwards distinguished himself as an officer in the war with the American colonies. Divorced from her husband in 1779, she subsequently became mistress to Stephen Sayre, "the noted sheriff" sent to the Tower for treason. — Nichols, *Literary History*, vii. 483.

In all editions of Sterne since 1780, the letter has appeared among those for the last part of April, 1767. Thackeray referred to it to show that Sterne was only shamming his passion for Mrs. Draper — the Eliza of a series of letters. But we now know that Sterne was too ill at that time to visit Lady Percy or anyone else. In 1766 he was abroad. Hence the only year left for the letter is 1768 or 1765. If he cannot make an engagement with Lady Percy, Sterne says that he is going to Miss \*\*\*\*\*'s benefit. No unmarried actress had a benefit on a Tuesday in the spring of 1768 before March 18, the date of Sterne's death. But on Tuesday, April 23, 1765, benefits were given to Miss Wright at Drury Lane, and to Miss Wilford at Covent Garden. The seven stars correspond to the letters in the name of Miss Wilford. She was a beautiful dancer who made her first appearance as an actress on that evening. — Genest, *History of the Stage*, vol. v.]

## LETTERS

cast of the lady who engrosses the heart and soul of an inamorato — for this cause (but mostly because I am to dine in this neighbourhood) have I, Tristram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee-house the nearest I could find to my dear Lady [Percy]’s and have called for a sheet of gilt paper, to try the truth of this article of my creed — Now for it —

O my dear lady — what a dish clout of a soul hast thou made of me ! — I think, by the by, this is a little too familiar an introduction, for so unfamiliar a situation as I stand in with you — where Heaven knows, I am kept at a distance — and despair of getting one inch nearer you, with all the steps and windings I can think of to recommend myself to you — Would not any man in his senses run diametrically from you — and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus causelessly, foolishly, and fool-hardily expose himself afresh — and afresh, where his heart and his reason tells him he shall be sure to come off loser, if not totally undone ? — Why would you tell me you would be glad to see me ? — Does it give you pleasure to make me more unhappy — or does it add to your triumph, that your eyes

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the rest of the town is courting as a wit? — I am a fool — the weakest, the most ductile, the most tender fool, that ever woman tried the weakness of — and the most unsettled in my purposes and resolutions of recovering my right mind. — It is but an hour ago, that I kneeled down and swore I never would come near you — and after saying my Lord's Prayer for the sake of the close, *of not being led into temptation* — out I sailed like any Christian hero, ready to take the field against the world, the flesh, and the devil; not doubting but I should finally trample them all down under my feet — and now am I got so near you —within this vile stone's cast of your house — I feel myself drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain upside downwards, and though I had purchased a box ticket to carry me to Miss \*\*\*\*\*'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a single line directed to me, to let me know Lady [Percy] would be alone at seven, and suffer me to spend the evening with her, she would infallibly see everything verified I have told her. — I dine at Mr. C[owpe]r's in Wigmore street, in this neighbourhood, where I shall stay till seven, in hopes you purpose to

## LETTERS

put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time I shall conclude you are better disposed of—and shall take a sorry hack, and sorrily jogg on to the play—Curse on the word. I know nothing but sorrow—except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps foolishly, but) most sincerely,      L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CIX

To Mr. W[oodhouse]

CoxwouLD, May 23, 1765.

AT this moment I am sitting in my summer-house with my head and heart full, not of my Uncle Toby's amours with the Widow Wadman, but my sermons — and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood — the spirit of it *pleaseth me* — but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself — I am glad that you are in love — 'twill cure you (at least) of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman — I myself must ever have some dulcinea in my head — it harmonises the soul — and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love — but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally, — “*l'amour*” (say they) “*n'est rien sans sentiment*” — Now notwithstanding they make such a potheR about the *word*, they have no

## LETTERS

precise idea annex'd to it — And so much for that same subject called love — I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter — Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death* — by the by, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side* — My answer was, "Sir, I will give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage — my calculation is as follows — she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two — there goes five thousand pounds — then Sir, you at least think her not ugly — she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds" — I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is — a flat refusal. — I have had a parsonage house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate's wife — as soon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow — but I lack the means at present — yet I am never

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket — for when I have I can never call it my own. — Adieu my dear friend — may you enjoy better health than me, tho' not better spirits, for that is impossible. — Yours sincerely,

L. STERNE.

My compliments to the Col.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CX \*

*To Mrs. M[ea]d[ow]s*

Coxwould, July 21, 1765.

THE first time I have dipped my pen into the ink-horn for this week past is to write to you, and to thank you most sincerely for your kind epistle — Will this be a sufficient apology for my letting it be ten days upon my table without answering it — I trust it will — I am sure my own feelings tell me so, because I felt it impossible to do anything that is ungracious towards you. — It is not every hour, or day, or week of a man's life that is a fit season for the duties of friendship — sentiment is not always at hand — pride and folly, and what is called business, often-times keep it at a distance — and without sentiment, what is friendship? — a name, a shadow! — But, to prevent a misapplication

\* [A history of this letter, which may be spurious, is given in the Introduction.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

of this, (though why should I fear it from so kind and gentle a spirit as your's) — you must know, that by carelessness of my curate, or his wife, or his maid, or some one within his gates, the parsonage-house at Sutton was burnt to the ground, with the furniture that belonged to me, and a pretty good collection of books ; the loss three hundred and fifty pounds — The poor man with his wife took the wings of the next morning, and fled away — this has given me real vexation, for so much was my pity and esteem for him, that as soon as I heard of this disaster, I sent to desire he would come and take up his abode with me till another habitation was ready to receive him — but he was gone — and, as I am told, through fear of my persecution. — Heavens ! how little did he know of me to suppose I was among the number of those wretches that heap misfortune upon misfortune — and when the load is almost insupportable, still to add to the weight ! God, who reads my heart, knows it to be true — that I wish rather to share, than to encrease the burthen of the miserable — to dry up, instead of adding a single drop to the stream of sorrow. — As for the dirty trash of this world, I regard it not — the loss of it does not

## LETTERS

cost me a sigh, for after all, I may say with the Spanish Captain, that I am as good a gentleman as the king, only not quite so rich.

But to the point : Shall I expect you here this summer ? — I much wish that you may make it convenient to gratify me in a visit for a few weeks — I will give you a roast fowl for your dinner, and a clean table-cloth every day — and tell you a story by way of desert — in the heat of the day we will sit in the shade — and in the evening the fairest of all the milk-maids who pass by my gate, shall weave a garland for you. — If I should not be so fortunate, contrive to meet me the beginning of October — I shall stay a fortnight after, and then seek a kindlier climate. — This plaguy cough of mine seems to gain ground, and will bring me to my grave in spight of me — but while I have strength to run away from it I will — I have been wrestling with it for these twenty years past — and what with laughter and good spirits, have prevented its giving me a fall — but my antagonist presses closer than ever upon me — and I have nothing left on my side but another journey abroad — A-propos — are you for a scheme of that sort ? if not,

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

perhaps you will accompany me as far as Dover, that we may laugh together on the beach, to put Neptune in a good humour before I embark —— God bless you, my dear Madam, —— and believe me ever your's,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXI

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

YORK, July 13, 1765.

MY DEAR SIR, — I wrote some time in spring, to beg you would favour me with my account. I believe you was set out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him — which possibly he gave you. In the hurry of your business you might forget the contents of it ; and in the hurry of mine in town (though I called once) I could not get to see you. I decamp for Italy in September, and shall see your face at Paris, you may be sure — but I shall see it with more pleasure when I am out of debt — which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpose. — Do send Mrs. Sterne her two last volumes of Tristram ; they arrived with your's in spring, and she complains she has not got them. — My best services to Mr. Panchaud. — I am busy composing two volumes of sermons — they will be printed in September, though I fear not time enough to bring

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

them with me. Your name is amongst the list of a few of my honorary subscribers — who subscribe for love. — If you see Baron D'Holbach, and Diderot, present my respects to them — If the Baron wants any English books, he will let me know, and I will bring them with me — Adieu. I am truly your's,

L. STERNE.

### LETTER CXII

*To the Same*

LONDON, October 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR, — It is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a perriwig to a man's head ! In seven days from the date of this, I should be in that case, unless you tell your neighbour Madame Requierre to get her *bon mari de me faire une peruke à bourse, au mieux — c'est à dire — une la plus extraordinaire — la plus jolie — la plus gentille — et la plus —*

*— Mais qu'importe ? j'ai l'honneur d'être grand critique — et bien difficile encore dans les affaires des peruques — and in one word that he gets it done in five days after notice —*

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend,

## LETTERS

and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next post.— If my friend Mr. F. is in Paris — my kind love to him and respects to all others — in sad haste — yours truly,

L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands six hundred pounds, which you may draw upon at sight, according as either Mrs. Sterne or myself make it expedient.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXIII

*To Mr. Becket*

PARIS, October 19, 1765.

I had left a parcel of small Draughts, the highest not above 50 p<sup>ds</sup>s with Mr. Panchaude — when I rec'd y<sup>rs</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> I shew'd, he desired me to tell you He w<sup>d</sup> never send one of 'em except to Selwin — so they might lay in his hands till you had time to pay em — it making no difference, as he would not negotiate them to any one else — as you will re<sup>ve</sup> never have but one at a time — and that not often, drawn upon. You might be easy about it. I have been considering the preface & indeed have wrote it, but upon reflecting upon it more than when I saw you, I think tis better the Sermons go into the World without Apology — let them speak for themselves. If I change this Opinion — I will send it you in time — if not go on without it. I got here in 5 days much recover'd by my journey & set out in a few days for Italy, Mr. Wilk[e]s & Foot are here.

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXIV

*To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

BEAU PONT VOISIN,\* November 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—I forgot to desire you to forward whatever letters came to your hand to your banker at Rome, to wait for me against I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may stay at Turin, &c. &c. at present I am held prisoner in this town by the sudden swelling of two pitiful rivulets from the snows melting on the Alps—so that we cannot either advance to them, or retire back again to Lyons—for how long the gentlemen who are my fellow-travellers, and myself, shall languish in this state of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth surely know, for it rains as if they were coming together to settle the matter.—I had an agreeable journey to Lyons, and a joyous time there; dining and supping every day at the commandant's — Lord F. W. I left there,

\* [Pont Beauvoisin.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

and about a dozen English — If you see Lord Ossory, lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crawfurd, remember me to them — if Wilkes is at Paris yet, I send him all kind wishes — present my compliments as well as thanks to my good friend Miss P—, and believe me, dear Sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

### LETTER CXV

*To the Same*

TURIN, November 15, 1765.

DEAR SIR, — After many difficulties I have got here safe and sound — tho' eight days in passing the mountains of Savoy. — I am stopped here for ten days by the whole country betwixt here and Milan being laid under water by continual rains — but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen houses already — To morrow I am to be presented to the King, and when that ceremony is over, I shall have my hands full of engagements — No English here but Sir James Macdonald, who meets with much respect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are all together, and shall depart in peace together

## LETTERS

— My kind services to all — pray forward  
the inclosed — Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

## LETTER CXVI

*To the Same*

TURIN, November 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR, — I am just leaving this place with Sir James Macdonald for Milan, &c. — We have spent a joyous fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honours — and with regret do we both bid adieu — but health on my side — and good sense on his — say 'tis better to be at Rome — you say at Paris — but you put variety out of the question. — I intreat you to forward the inclosed to Mrs. Sterne — My compliments to all friends, more particularly to those I most value (that includes Mr. F. if he is in Paris). I am yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXVII

*To the Same*

FLORENCE, December 18, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—I have been a month passing the plains of Lombardie—stoping in my way at Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna—with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England, and have been 3 days in crossing a part of the Apenines cover'd with thick snow—sad transition!—I stay here three days to dine with our Plenipo Lords Tichfield\* and Cowper,† and in five days shall tread the Vatican, and be introduced to all the Saints in the Pantheon.—I stay but 14 days to pay these civilities, and then decamp for Naples.—Send the inclosed to my wife, and Becket's letter to London.—Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

\* [“Tichfield is the second title of the Duke of Portland. There was no Lord Tichfield at the date of this letter.”—Note to this letter in the Alfred Morrison *Collection of Autographs*.]

† [“George Nassau, third Earl Cowper (1738–1789), eldest son of the second Earl, whom he succeeded in 1764. He was created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire by the Emperor Joseph II., as the sole remaining representative of the Princes and Counts of Nassau-Auverquerque.”—Note to the Alfred Morrison *Collection*.]

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXVIII

*To Miss Sterne*

NAPLES, February 3, 1766.

MY DEAR GIRL,— Your letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry — Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wish you both to fly from Tours, because I remember it is situated between two rivers, La Loire and Le Cher — which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather — therefore for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse — 'tis as vile a place for agues.— I find myself infinitely better than I was — and hope to have added at least ten years to my life by this journey to Italy — the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a stranger to — but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then. — The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

amiable, I shall ever honour her — Mr. C. is a diverting companion — what he said of your little French admirer was truly droll — the Marquis de — is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance — he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother — I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen shall be yours — If Fate reserves me not that — the humane and good, part for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee! — If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwold — your winters at York — you know my publications call me to London. — If Mr. and Mrs. C—— are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from your fond father,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXIX

*To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.*

NAPLES, February 5, 1766.

MY DEAR H,—'Tis an age since I have heard from you — but as I read the London Chronicle, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point of it, I take it, as I wish it, that you have got over thus much of the winter free from the damps, both of climate and spirits, and here I am, as happy as a king after all, growing fat, sleek, and well liking — not improving in stature, but in breadth. — We have a jolly carnival of it — nothing but operas — punchinellos — festinos and masquerades — We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dressing out for one this night at the Princess Francavivalla, which is to be superb. — The English dine with her (exclusive) and so much for small chat — except that I saw a little comedy acted last week with more expression and spirit, and true character than I shall see one hastily again. —

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

I stay here till the holy week, which I shall pass at Rome, where I occupy myself a month — My plan was to have gone from thence for a fortnight to Florence — and then by Leghorn to Marseilles directly home — but am diverted from this by the repeated proposals of accompanying a gentleman, who is returning to Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and so by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England — 'tis with Mr. E. I have known him these three years, and have been with him ever since I reach'd Rome ; and as I know him to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it answer both his views and mine — at least I am persuaded we shall return home together, as we set out, with friendship and goodwill. — Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do the following favour if it lies in your way, which I think it does — to get me a letter of recommendation to our Ambassador (Lord Stormont at Vienna). I have not the honour to be known to his lordship, but Lords P—— or H——, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me, importing that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will cost my cousin little trouble, do inclose it

## LETTERS

in your next letter to me at Belloni.— You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a most sharp winter, if one may judge of it from the severity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded anything known till within these three weeks here, that the sun has been as hot as we could bear it.— Give my kind services to my friends — especially to the household of faith — my dear Garland — to Gilbert — to the worthy Colonel [Hall] — to Cardinal S[croope], to my fellow-labourer Pantagruel — dear Cousin Antony, receive my kindest love and wishes. Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

*P.S.* Upon second thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W. banker at Venice.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXX

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

NAPLES, February 8, 1766.

DEAR SIR, — I desire Mrs. Sterne may have what cash she wants — if she has not received it before now: she sends me word she has been in want of cash these three weeks — be so kind as to prevent this uneasiness to her — which is doubly so to me. — I have made very little use of your letters of credit, having since I left Paris taken up no more money than about fifty louis at Turin, as much at Rome — and a few ducats here — and as I now travel from hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, &c. with a gentleman of fortune, I shall draw for little more till my return — so you will have always enough to spare for my wife. — The beginning of March be so kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with. —

There are a good many English here, very

## LETTERS

few in Rome, or other parts of Italy.—The air of Naples agrees very well with me—I shall return fat—my friendship to all who honour me with theirs—Adieu my dear friend—I am ever yours,

L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXXI

*To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

NAPLES, February 14, 1766.

DEAR SIR,— I wrote last week to you, to desire you would let Mrs. Sterne have what money she wanted — it may happen as that letter went inclosed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this first — I have made little use of your letters of credit, as you will see by that letter, nor shall I want much (if any) till you see me, as I travel now in company with a gentleman — however as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, &c. to the Spaw, I should be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon some one at Venice, to the extent of fifty louis — but I am persuaded I shall not want half of them — however in case of sickness or accidents, one would not go so long a rout without money in one's pocket. — The bankers here are not so conscientious as my friend P. they would make me pay twelve per cent. if I was to get a

## LETTERS

letter here.—I beg your letters, &c. may be inclosed to Mr. Watson at Venice — where we shall be in the Ascension. — I have received much benefit from the air of Naples — but quit it to be at Rome before the holy week. — There are about five and twenty English here — but most of them will be decamp'd in two months — there are scarce a third of the number at Rome — I suppose therefore that Paris is full — my warmest wishes attend you — with my love to Mr. F[oley] and compliments to all — I am, dear Sir, very faithfully, yours,

L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the house with me, and is just recovering a long and most cruel fit of the rheumatism.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXXII

To *J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson]*, Esq.

May 25, near DIJON [1766].

DEAR ANTONY, — My desire of seeing both my wife and girl has turn'd me out of my road towards a delicious Chateau of the Countess of M——, where I have been patriarching it these seven days with her ladyship, and half a dozen of very handsome and agreeable ladies — her ladyship has the best of hearts — a valuable present not given to every one. — To-morrow, with regret, I shall quit this agreeable circle, and post it night and day to Paris, where I shall arrive in two days, and just wind myself up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais — so I hope to sup with you the king's birth day, according to a plan of sixteen days standing. — Never man has been such a wild-goose chace after a wife as I have been — after having sought her in five or six different towns, I found her at last in *Franche Compté*

## LETTERS

— Poor woman ! she was very cordial, &c. and begs to stay another year or so — my Lydia pleases me much — I found her greatly improved in everything I wish'd her — I am most unaccountably well, and most unaccountably nonsensical — 'tis at least a proof of good spirits, which is a sign and token given me in these latter days that I must take up again the pen — In faith I think I shall die with it in my hand, but I shall live these ten years, my Antony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that account. — This is a delicious part of the world ; most celestial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the grass — and that is the whole of it, except the inner man (for her ladyship is not stingy of her wine) is inspired twice a day with the best Burgundy that grows upon the mountains, which terminate our lands here. — Surely you will not have decamp'd to Crazy Castle before I reach town. — The summer here is set in [in] good earnest — 'tis more than we can say for Yorkshire — I hope to hear a good tale of your alum works — have you no other works in hand ? I do not expect to hear from you, so God prosper you — and all your undertak-

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

ings.— I am, my dear cousin, most affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

Remember me to Mr. G[arland], Cardinal S[croope], the Col. &c. &c. &c.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXXIII

*To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

YORK, June 28, 1766.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote last week to Mr. Becket to discharge the balance due to you — and I have receiv'd a letter from him telling me, that if you will draw upon him for one hundred and sixty pounds, he will punctually pay it to your order — so send the draughts when you please — Mrs. Sterne writes me word, she wants fifty pounds — which I desire you will let her have — I will take care to remit it to your correspondent — I have such an entire confidence in my wife, that she spends as little as she can, tho' she is confined to no particular sum — her expences will not exceed three hundred pounds a year, unless by ill health, or a journey — and I am very willing she should have it — and you may rely, in case it ever happens that she should draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand shall be punctually paid — and

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

with proper thanks ; and for this the whole Shandean family are ready to stand security. — 'Tis impossible to tell you how sorry I was that my affairs hurried me so quick thro' Paris, as to deprive me of seeing my old friend Mr. Foley, and of the pleasure I proposed in being made known to his better half — but I have a probability of seeing him this winter. — Adieu dear sir, and believe me most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

*P.S.* — Mrs. Sterne is going to Chalon, but your letter will find her I believe at Avignon — she is very poorly — and my daughter writes to me with sad grief of heart that she is worse.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXXIV

*To Mr. S.*

Coxwould, July 23, 1766.

DEAR SIR, — One might be led to think that there is a fatality regarding us — we make appointments to meet, and for these two years have not seen each others face but twice — we must try, and do better for the future — having sought you with more zeal, than C—— sought the Lord, in order to deliver you the books you bad me to purchase for you at Paris — I was forced to pay carriage for them from London down to York — but as I shall neither charge you the books nor the carriage — 'tis not worth talking about. — Never man, my dear Sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick — and at present I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume of Tristram — I shall publish but one this year, and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finish'd, I shall continue Tristram with fresh spirit. — What a difference of scene here ! But with a disposition to

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

be happy, 'tis neither this place, nor t'other that renders us the reverse. — In short each man's happiness depends upon himself — he is a fool if he does not enjoy it.

What are you about, dear S——? Give me some account of your pleasures — you had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will shew, or give you (if needful) a practical dose of my philosophy ; but I hope you do not want it — if you did — 'twould be the office of a friend to give it — Will not even our races tempt you ? You see I use all arguments — Believe me yours most truly,

LAURENCE STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXXV

*From Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne*

[1766.]\*

REVEREND SIR,— It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it,) to apologise for the liberty I am taking. — I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. — The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. — A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. — The latter part of my life has been, thro' God's blessing, truly fortunate — having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom — my chief pleasure has been books — Philanthropy I adore — How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! — I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to

\* [The date was added in 1780.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

shake hands with the honest Corporal.— Your Sermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point— In your tenth discourse,\* is this very affecting passage— “Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this — have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.— Consider slavery— what it is— how bitter a draught — and how many millions are made to drink of it.”— Of all my favourite authors not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren — excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Ellison.— I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West Indies.— That subject handled in your striking manner would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many — but if only of one— gracious God ! what a feast to a benevolent heart ! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.— You who are universally read, and as uni-

\* [After “discourse,” the first edition has “page seventy-eight in the second volume.”]

## LETTERS

versally admired — you could not fail. — Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent : figure to yourself their attitudes ; hear their supplicating addresses ! — alas ! you cannot refuse. — Humanity must comply — in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXXVI

*To Ignatius Sancho \**

COXWOULD, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world : for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me — but why *her brethren*? or yours, Sancho ! any more than mine ? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's, to the sootiest complexion in Africa :— at which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease ? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them ? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make

\* [A facsimile of this letter is contained in Sancho's *Letters* (fifth edition, 1803).]

## LETTERS

'em so.—For my own part, I never look *westward*, (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are *there* carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes — which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion, that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. — However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more he is your debtor. — If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about — 'tis at the service of the afflicted — and a much greater matter ; for in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been so long bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery ; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one — and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so good-hearted Sancho adieu ! and believe me I will not forget your letter. —  
Yours,

L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXXVII

*To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

CoxwoULD, September 21, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If Mrs. Sterne should draw upon you for fifty louis d'ors, be so kind as to remit her the money — and pray be so good as not to draw on Mr. Becket for it (as he owes me nothing) but favour me with the draught, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin. — A young nobleman is now negotiating a jaunt with me for six weeks, about Christmas, to the Fauxbourg de St. Germain — I should like much to be with you for so long — and if my wife should grow worse (having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's last) I cannot think of her being without me — and however expensive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to administer consolation to both her and my poor girl — Wherever I am, believe me, dear sir, yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

My kind compliments to Mr. Foley : though I have not the honour of knowing his rib, I see no reason why I may not present all due respects to the better half of so old a friend, which I do by these presents — with my friendliest wishes to Miss P.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### LETTER CXXVIII

*To Mr. Foley, at Paris*

Coxwold, October 25, 1766.

MY DEAR FOLEY,— I desired you would be so good as to remit to Mrs. Sterne fifty louis, a month ago — I dare say you have done it — but her illness must have cost her a good deal — therefore having paid the last fifty pounds into Mr. Selwin's hands, I beg you to send her thirty guineas more — for which I send a bank bill to Mr. Becket by this post — but surely had I not done so, you would not stick at it — for be assured, my dear Foley, that the first Lord of the Treasury is neither more able or more willing (nor perhaps half so punctual) in repaying with honour all I ever can be in your books. — My daughter says her mother is very ill — and I fear going fast down by all accounts — 'tis melancholy in her situation to want any aid that is in my power to give — do write to her — and believe me, with all compliments to your Hotel, yours very truly,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXXIX

*To Mr. Panchaud*

YORK, November 25, 1766.

DEAR SIR, — I just received yours — and am glad that the balance of accounts is now paid to you — Thus far all goes well — I have received a letter from my daughter with the pleasing tidings that she thinks her mother out of danger — and that the air of the country is delightful (excepting the winds) but the description of the Château my wife has hired is really pretty — on the side of the Fountain of Vaucluse — with seven rooms of a floor, half furnished with tapestry, half with blue taffety, the permission to fish, and to have game ; so many partridges a week, &c. and the price — guess ! sixteen guineas a year — there's for you, P. About the latter end of next month my wife will have occasion for a hundred guineas — and pray be so good, my dear sir, as to give orders that she may not be disappointed — she is going to spend the Carnival

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

at Marseilles at Christmas — I shall be in London by Christmas week, and then shall balance this remittance to Mrs. S[terne] with Mr. S[elwin]. I am going to ly in of another child of the Shandaick procreation, in town — I hope you wish me a safe delivery — I fear my friend Mr. F[oley] will have left town before I get there — Adieu dear Sir — I wish you everything in this world which will do you good, for I am with unfeigned truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron D'Holbach — Miss P., &c. &c.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXXX

*To John Hall Stevenson*

CoxwouLD, December 17, 1766.

MY DEAR COSIN,— I consider thee as a bank-note in a corner drawr of my bureau— I know it is there (I wish I did)— and its value, tho' I seldom take a peep at it— if a comparison will excuse my idlenesses and neglects of all kind to thee— so be it— though I must take further shame, and own I had not wrote now, but that I profited by the *transit* of a Craselite, by my door, of whom I have learn'd all welcome acct<sup>s</sup> of thee— that thou farest well— and art good liking— for my own part I have had my menses thrice this month, which is twice too often— and am not altogether according to my feelings, by being so much, which I cannot avoid, at Lord F[auconberg]'s who oppress me to death with civility.— So Tristram goes on busily— what I can find appetite to write, is so so.— You never read such a chapter of evils from me—

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

I'm tormented to death and the devil, by my Stillington Inclosure,— and am every hour threatened with a journey to Avignon, where Mrs. Sterne is very bad — and by a series of Letters I've got from Lydia, I suppose is going the way of us all.

I want to know from yourself how you do — and you go on. — I mean allum — full gladly would I see you — but whilst I'm tied neck and heels as I am — 'tis impracticable. — Remember me sometimes in yr. potations — bid Panty\* pray for me, when he prays for the Holy Catholic Church — present my compliments to Mrs. Ferguson† — and be in peace and charity with all mankind and the blessing of God the Father Son & holy ghost be with you. Amen

L. STERNE.

*P.S.* Greet Hales — and his houshold.

To J. Hall Stevenson, Esq<sup>re</sup>  
Skelton Castle, near Guisbro'.

\* [The Rev. E. Lascelles.]

† [This was "my witty widow," to whom Sterne addressed Letter XLVIII.]

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXXXI

*To Mr. W[oodhouse]*

COXWOULD, December 20, 1766.\*

THANKS, my dear W., for your letter—I am just preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town—I have drained my ink standish to the bottom, and after I have published, shall set my face, not towards Jerusalem, but towards the Alps—I find I must once more fly from death whilst I have strength—I shall go to Naples and see whether the air of that place will not set this poor frame to rights—As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myself—and however profitable it might be (according to your opinion) I am sure it would be unpleasurable—Few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being.—I shall spend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at

\* [“1765” in first edition.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

my return—so shall be back by the King's birth-day—what a project!—and now my dear friend am I going to York, not for the sake of society——nor to walk by the side of the muddy Ouse, but to recruit myself of the most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; because I had rather (in case 'tis ordained so) die there, than in a post-chaise on the road.—If the amour of my Uncle Toby do not please you, I am mistaken——and so with a droll story I will finish this letter——A sensible friend of mine, with whom not long ago, I spent some hours in conversation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours)—the latter asked him how he did? why, ill, very ill—I have been with Sterne, who has given me such a dose of *Attic salt* that I am in a fever—Attic salt, Sir, Attic salt! I have Glauber salt——I have Epsom salt in my shop, &c.—Oh! I suppose 'tis some French salt—I wonder you would trust his report of the medicine, he cares not what he takes himself—I fancy I see you smile—I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there—and shall enjoy myself a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach,

## LETTERS

and the rest of the joyous sett — As to the females — no I will not say a word about them — only I hate borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her shift) for the purpose she intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu — I am yours whilst

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### LETTER CXXXII

*To the Earl of Fauconberg*

LONDON, Friday [January 9? 1767].

MY LORD,—When we got up yesterday morning, the streets were 4 inches deep in snow — it has set in now with the most intense cold. I could scarce lay in bed for it, and this morning more snow again. Tho' the roads after all are extreamly good near town, and, I suppose, every where else, the snow has been very deep in Kent.

No news. I dined yesterday with Lord Marsh and a large company of the duke of York's people, etc., and came away just as wise as I went. The King at Cimon the new opera last night — nobody at Covent Garden but the citizens' children and apprentices. The Duke of York was to have had a play house of his own, and had studied his part in the Fair Penitent, and made Garrick act it twice on purpose to profit by it ; but the King, 'tis said,

## LETTERS

has desired the Duke to give up the part and the project with it.

 (all this is for the Ladies) to whom, w<sup>th</sup> all comp<sup>s</sup> to the party at Quadrille and Lady Catherine.

I am, my Lord,

Y<sup>r</sup> most unworthy Gazetteere that ever wrote,

but most faithfully y<sup>r</sup> ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXXXIII

*To the Same*

BOND STREET, January 16, 1767.

MY LORD,— There is a dead stagnation of everything, and scarce any talk but about the damages done over the Kingdom by this cruel storm ; it began yesterday morning to thaw gently, and has continued going on so till now. I hope it will all get away after the same manner. It was so intensely cold on Sunday, that there were few either at the church or court, but last night it thaw'd ; the concert at Soho top full — and was (this is for the ladies) the best assembly and the best concert I ever had the honour to be at. Lady Anne had the goodness to challenge me, or I had not known her, she was so prudently muffled up ; Lord Bellasyse, I never saw him look so well ; Lady Bellasyse recovers à *marielle* — and yr. little niece I believe grows like flax.

We had reports yesterday that the York stage coach w<sup>th</sup> 14 people in and about it, were

## LETTERS

drown'd by mistaking a bridge — it was contradicted at night — as are half the morning reports in town.

The *School for Guardians* (wrote by Murphy) scarce got thro' the 1st night — 'tis a most miserable affair — Garrick's Cimon fills his house brim full every night.

The streets are dirtier than in the town of Coxwold — for they are up to the knees, except on the *trottoire*.

I beg my best comp<sup>s</sup>, my Lord, to Mrs. Bellasyse the Ladies —, and to S<sup>r</sup>. Bryan Stapleton, and am

With unfeigned attachm<sup>ts</sup>, y<sup>r</sup> l<sup>d</sup>p<sup>s</sup> faithful,  
L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXXXIV

*To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

LONDON, February 13, 1767.

DEAR P.— I paid yesterday (by Mr. Becket) a hundred guineas, or pounds I forget which, to Mr. Selwin — But you must remit to Mrs. Sterne at Marseilles a hundred louis before she leaves that place, which will be in less than three weeks. Have you got the ninth volume of Shandy? — 'tis liked the best of all here.— I am going to publish a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy — the undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our noblesse — 'tis subscribed for, at a great rate — 'twill be an original — in large quarto — the subscription half a guinea — If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of science, or fashion, I shall thank you — they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almost have honoured me with their names.— My kindest remembrance to Mr. Foley — respects to Baron D'Holbach, and believe me ever ever yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXXXV

*To Miss Sterne*

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON], February 23, 1767.

AND so, my Lydia ! thy mother and thyself are returning back again from Marseilles to the banks of the Sorgue — and there thou wilt sit and fish for trouts — I envy you the sweet situation.— Petrarch's tomb I should like to pay a sentimental visit to —— the Fountain of Vaucluse, by thy description, must be delightful — I am also much pleased with the account you give me of the Abbé de Sade — you find great comfort in such a neighbour — I am glad he is so good as to correct thy translation of my Sermons — dear girl go on, and make me a present of thy work — but why not the House of Mourning ? 'tis one of the best. I long to receive the Life of Petrarch, and his Laura, by your Abbé, but I am out of all patience with the answer the Marquis made the Abbé —— 'twas truly coarse, and I wonder he bore it with any christian patience — But

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

to the subject of your letter — I do not wish to know who was the busy fool, who made your mother uneasy about Mrs. [Draper] — 'tis true I have a friendship for her, but not to infatuation — I believe I have judgment enough to discern hers, and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her answer — "that she wished not to be informed, and begged him to drop the subject." — Why do you say that your mother wants money? — whilst I have a shilling, shall you not both have ninepence out of it? — I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours. — I shall not begin my Sentimental Journey till I get to Coxwould — I have laid a plan for something new, quite out of the beaten track. — I wish I had you with me — and I would introduce you to one of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, whom I have just been with — not Mrs. [Draper], but a Mrs. J [ames] the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with — I esteem them both. He possesses every manly virtue — honour and bravery are his characteristics, which have distinguished him nobly in several instances — I shall make you better acquainted with his character, by sending Orme's History, with the books you desired — and it

## LETTERS

is well worth your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a just one; he pays no man a compliment at the expence of truth.— Mrs. J[ames] is kind — and friendly — of a sentimental turn of mind — and so sweet a disposition, that she is too good for the world she lives in — Just God ! if all were like her, what a life would this be ! — Heaven, my Lydia, for some wise purpose has created different beings — I wish my dear child knew her — thou art worthy of her friendship, and she already loves thee ; for I sometimes tell her what I feel for thee. — This is a long letter — write soon, and never let your letters be studied ones — write naturally, and then you will write well. — I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague — I have sent her some of Huxham's tincture of the Bark. I will order you a guittar, since the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### LETTER CXXXVI

*To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

LONDON, February 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR,— My daughter begs a present of me, and you must know I can deny her nothing — It must be strung with cat-gut, and of five chords — *si chiama in Italiano la chitera di cinque corde* — she cannot get such a thing at Marseilles — at Paris one may have everything — Will you be so good to my girl as to make her happy in this affair, by getting some musical body to buy one, and send it her to Avignon directed to Monsieur Teste? — I wrote last week to desire you would remit Mrs. S[terne] a hundred louis — 'twill be all, except the guittar, I shall owe you — send me your account, and I will pay Mr. Selwin — direct to me at Mr. Becket's — all kind respects to my friend Mr. F [oley] and your sister.— Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### THE FOREGOING LETTER AS STERNE WROTE IT

*To Mr. Panchaude at Paris*

LONDON, February 27, 1767.

DEAR M<sup>R</sup>. PANCHAUDE

My daughter begs a present of me — tis a Guittar — it must be strung with cat gut & of 5 cords si chiama in Italiano, La Chitera di cinque corde" — She cannot get such a Thing at Marseilles — at Paris one may have every thing — would you be so good to my Girl as to make her happy in this affaire, by getting some musical Body to buy one, & send it to her to Avignon directed to Mons<sup>r</sup>. Feste

I wrote last week to desire you w<sup>d</sup> remit M<sup>rs</sup> Sterne a 100 Louis — Wil be all except the Guittar I shall owe you & send me yr. Acc<sup>t</sup> then, & I will pay it to Mr Selwin direct to me at Mr Becketts — all kind resp<sup>ts</sup> to my friend Foley and my dear friend Y<sup>r</sup> Sister

Y<sup>rs</sup> cordially

L. STERNE.

Messrs. Foley et Panchaude  
Banquiers rue St  
Sauveur,  
Paris.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXXXVII

*To Miss Sterne*

BOND STREET [LONDON], April,\* 1767.

This letter, my dear Lydia, will distress thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining strokes of humour in it — I cannot be chearful when a thousand melancholy ideas surround me — I have met with a loss of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner — but what is that loss in comparison of one I may experience? — Friendship is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth sustaining. — I am unhappy — thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such a destitution? — For God's sake persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation — and whilst she lives in one country, and I in another, many people will

\* [In the editions of 1775 and 1780 the date given for this letter is April 9. Sterne says here that he saw Mrs. Draper "two days ago." She sailed for India on April 3. Hence the letter cannot be assigned to a date later than April 5. It probably belongs to the preceding week.]

## LETTERS

suppose it proceeds from choice — besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart! — I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will smart with weeping when I tell her the cause that now affects me. — I am apprehensive the dear friend I mentioned in my last letter is going into a decline — I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being so alter'd — she has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roses are fled from her cheeks — I can never see or talk to this incomparable woman without bursting into tears — I have a thousand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the world put together — She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few possess — our conversations are of the most interesting nature, and she talks to me of quitting this world with more composure than others think of living in it. — I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy. — 'Tis expressive of her modest worth — but may heav'n restore her! and may she live to write mine.

Columns, and labour'd urns but vainly shew  
An idle scene of decorated woe.  
The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,  
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

In heart felt numbers, never meant to shine  
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine ;  
'Twill flow, whilst gentle goodness has one friend,  
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother,  
and believe me my Lydia, that I love thee  
most truly — So adieu — I am what I ever was,  
and hope ever shall be, thy affectionate Father,

L. S.

As to Mr. M.— by your description he  
is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your  
time to such a being — Send me some *batons*  
*pour les dents* — there are none good here.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXXXVIII

*To Mr. and Mrs. J [ames]*

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON], April 21, 1767.

I AM sincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J[ames] by your friendly enquiry, and the interest you are so good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myself, having passed a bad night in much feverish agitation.— My physician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein 'till some favourable change — I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings — he says it is owing to my taking James's Powder, and venturing out on so cold a day as Sunday — but he is mistaken, for I am certain whatever bears the name must have efficacy with me — I was bled yesterday, and again to-day, and have been almost dead, but this friendly enquiry from Gerrard-street has poured balm into what blood I have left — I hope still (and next to the sense of what I owe my friends) it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I will part with — if I continue mending, it will yet be some time

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

before I shall have strength enough to get out  
in a carriage — my first visit will be a visit of  
true gratitude — I leave my kind friends to  
guess where — a thousand blessings go along  
with this, and may Heaven preserve you both  
— Adieu my dear sir, and dear lady. I am  
your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

### ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE FOREGOING LETTER\*

Mr. Sterne's kindest and most friendly  
compliments to Mrs. James, with his most  
sentimental thanks for her obliging enquiry  
after his health — he fell ill the moment he got  
to his lodgings, and has been attended by a  
physician ever since. He says 'tis owing to  
Mr. Sterne's taking James's powder, and ven-  
turing out on so cold a day — but Mr. Sterne  
could give a truer account. He is almost  
dead, yet still hopes to glide like a shadow to  
Gerard Street in a few days, to thank his good  
friend for her good will. All compliments to  
Mr. James, and all comfort to his good lady.

\* [*The Athenaeum*, March 30, 1878.]

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXXXIX

*To Ignatius Sancho*

BOND STREET [LONDON], Saturday [May 16, \* 1767].

I WAS very sorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courtesy of the Duke of M[onta]g[u]’s family to me, in honouring my list of subscribers with their names — for which I bear them all thanks. — But you have something to add, Sancho, to what I owe your goodwill also on this account, and that is to send me the subscription money, which I find a necessity of dunning my best friends for before I leave town — to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very slender talents), and collecting them (for which I have neither strength of body or mind) and so, good Sancho dun the Duke of M. the Duchess of M. and Lord M. for their subscriptions, and lay the sin, and money with

\* [Wrongly assigned to April 25, in all editions except the first, where no date is given. The *Journal to Eliza* helps determine the date of this and other letters immediately following.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

it too, at my door — I wish so good a family every blessing they merit, along with my humblest compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wisher,

L. STERNE.

*P.S.* I leave town on Friday morning — and should on Thursday, but that I stay to dine with Lord and Lady Spencer.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXL

*To the Earl of S—\**

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON], May [21], \* 1767.

MY LORD,— I was yesterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day, but I am detained by the kindness of lord and lady S[pencer], who have made a party to dine and sup on my account—I am impatient to set out for my solitude, for there the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself— In the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received such numberless and unmerited civilities from

\* [Without much doubt, this letter was addressed to William Petty (1737–1805), created Earl of Shelburne in 1764. The date is wrongly given as May 1, in the first and subsequent editions. Consult the *Journal to Eliza* for May 1, 1767.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

your lordship, without returning my most grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgments for your friendly enquiry from Bath. Illness, my lord, has occasioned my silence — Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him — the call was both unexpected and unpleasant — and I am seriously worn down to a shadow — and still very weak, but weak as I am, I have as whimsical a story to tell you as ever befel one of my family — Shandy's nose, his name, his sash window are fools to it — it will serve at least to amuse you — The injury I did myself last month in catching cold upon James's Powder — fell, you must know, upon the worst part it could — the most painful, and most dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this crisis I called in an able surgeon and with him an able physician (both my friends) to inspect my disaster — 'tis a venereal case, cried my two scientific friends — 'tis impossible, however, to be that, replied I — for I have had no commerce whatever with the sex, not even with my wife, added I, these fifteen years. — You are, however, my good friend, said the surgeon, or there is no such case in the world — what the devil, said I, without knowing

## LETTERS

woman? — We will not reason about it, said the physician, but you must undergo a course of mercury — I will lose my life first, said I — and trust to nature, to time, or at the worst to death — so I put an end, with some indignation, to the conference — and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten times more, rather than submit to be treated like a *sinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *saint*. — Now as the father of mischief would have it, who has no pleasure like that of dis honouring the righteous, it so fell out that from the moment I dismissed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expressed, or supported. Every hour became more intolerable. — I was got to bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up so near dead that my friends insisted upon my sending again for my physician and surgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honour they were both mistaken, as to my case — but though they had reasoned wrong, they might act right; but that sharp as my sufferings were, I felt them not so sharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my case laid me under — They answered that these taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years,

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

but they would not reason with me in a point wherein I was so delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely to put an end to my torment, which otherwise would put an end to me — and so have I been compelled to surrender myself — and thus, my dear lord, has your poor friend with all his sensibilities been suffering the chastisement of the grossest sensualist. — Was it not as ridiculous an embarrassment as ever Yorick's spirit was involved in? — Nothing but the purest conscience of innocence could have tempted me to write this story to my wife, which by the bye would make no bad anecdote in Tristram Shandy's Life — I have mentioned it in my journal to Mrs. Draper. In some respects there is no difference between my wife and herself — when they fare alike, neither can reasonably complain. — I have just received letters from France, with some hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England, to pay me a visit — if your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himself he shall receive a letter from your Lordship, *en attendant*. I am with the greatest regard, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful humble servant,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXLI

*To J. D[illo]n, Esq.*

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON],  
Friday morning [May 22, 1767].\*

I WAS going, my dear D[illo]n, to bed before I received your kind enquiry, and now my chaise stands at my door to take and convey this poor body to its legal settlement.— I am ill, very ill—I languish most affectingly — I am sick both soul and body—it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you — no man interests himself more in your happiness, and I am glad you are in so fair a road to it — enjoy it long, my D. whilst I— no matter what—but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in—things will mend.— I dined yesterday with lord and lady S[pencer] we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is so pleasant a situation.— You rogue! you have lock'd up my boots — and I go bootless home—and I fear I shall go bootless all my life — Adieu, gentlest and best of souls — adieu. I am yours most affectionately,

L. STERNE.

\* [No date except “ Friday morning ” in the early editions.]

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CXLII

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

NEWARK, Monday, ten o'clock in the morn

[May 25, 1767]. \*

MY DEAR COUSIN,— I have got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods consigned to Pluto and company — lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the rout, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchase before I set out — I am worn out — but press on to Barnby Moor to night, and if possible to York the next. — I know not what is the matter with me — but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine — still I think it will not be overset this bout. — My love to G——. We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together — My kind respects to a few. — I am, dear H. truly yours,

L. STERNE.

\* [No precise date in the early editions.]

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXLIII

*To A. L[e]e, Esq.*

CoxwouLD, June 7, 1767.

DEAR L——E, I had not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the seal of friendship, and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good will—I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my sentimental friend—but I would not write to enquire after her, unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax, for even how-d'yes to invalids, or those that have lately been so, either call to mind what is past or what may return— at least I find it so.— I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould — and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live— 'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley under (Hamilton Hills) can produce— with a clean cloth on my table— and a bottle

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard — and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbet, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If solitude would cure a love-sick heart, I would give you an invitation — but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires. — I am in high spirits — care never enters this cottage — I take the air every day in my post chaise, with two long-tail'd horses — they turn out good ones ; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines, and regimen I submitted to in town — May you, dear L[ee], want neither the one, nor the other.  
Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

### LETTER CXLIV

*To the Same*

COXWOULD, June 30, 1767.

I AM in still better health, my dear L[e]e, than when I wrote last to you — owing I believe to my riding out every day with my friend H[all] whose castle lies near the sea — and there is a beach as even as a mirrour, of

## LETTERS

five miles in length, before it — where we daily run races in our chaises, with one wheel in the sea, and the other on the land. — D[raper] has obtain'd his fair Indian, and has this post sent a letter of enquiries after Yorick, and his Brahmin[e]. He is a good soul and interests himself much in our fate — I cannot forgive you, L[e]e, for your folly in saying you intend to get introduced to the — I despise them, and I shall hold your understanding much cheaper than I now do, if you persist in a resolution so unworthy of you. — I suppose Mrs. J[ames's] telling you they were sensible, is the ground work you go upon — by — they are not clever; tho' what is commonly call'd wit, may pass for literature on the other side of Temple-bar. — You say Mrs. J[ames] thinks them amiable — she judges too favourably; but I have put a stop to her intentions of visiting them. — They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. *La Bramine* assured me they used their endeavours with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write, but tell you. — I said enough of them before she left England, and tho' she yielded to me in every other point, yet in this she obstinately persisted. — Strange

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

infatuation!—but I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity, which Yorick's friendship to the Brahmine can only justify.—I wrote her word that the most amiable of women reiterated my request, that she would not write to them. I said too, she had conceal'd many things for the sake of her peace of mind — when in fact, L[e]e, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. J[ames]'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged so strongly.—Do not mention this circumstance to Mrs. J[ames], 'twould displease her — and I had no design in it but for the Brahmine to be a friend to herself. — I ought now to be busy from sun rise to sun set, for I have a book to write — a wife to receive — an estate to sell — a parish to superintend, and, what is worst of all, a disquieted heart to reason with — these are continual calls upon me. — I have receiv'd half a dozen letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I am at present deaf to them all.—I perhaps may pass a few days there something later in the season, not at present — and so, dear L[e]e, adieu. I am most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXLV

*To Ignatius Sancho*

CoxwouLD, June 30 [ 1767 ].

I MUST acknowledge the courtesy of my good friend Sancho's letter, were I ten times busier than I am, and must thank him too for the many expressions of his good will, and good opinion — 'Tis all affectation to say a man is not gratified with being praised — we only want it to be sincere — and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly — and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever — but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an ass to milk, and another to ride upon (if I chuse it) all together do wonders. — I shall live this year at least, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impressions of me, as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for just so much health and spirits, as are sufficient to carry my pen thro' the task I have set it this summer. — But I am a resign'd being, Sancho, and take health and

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

sickness as I do light and darkness, or the vicissitudes of seasons — that is, just as it pleases GOD to send them — and accommodate myself to their periodical returns, as well as I can — only taking care, whatever befalls me in this silly world — not to lose my temper at it. — This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the truest philosophy — for this we must be indebted to ourselves, but not to our fortunes. — Farewel — I hope you will not forget your custom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter — in the meantime I am very cordially, my honest friend Sancho, yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXLVI

*To Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]*

CoxWOULD, July 6, 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever a heart felt, that I sit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J[ames] for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this last instance of their humanity and politeness to me, I must ever be their debtor — I can never thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my soul — and for the single day's happiness your goodness would have sent me, I wish I could send you back thousands — I cannot, but they will come of themselves — and so God bless you. — I have had twenty times my pen in my hand since I came down, to write one letter to you both in Gerrard-street — but I am a shy kind of a soul at the bottom, and have a jealousy about troubling my friends, especially about myself. — I am now got perfectly well, but was a month after my arrival in the country in but a poor state — my body has got the start, and is at present

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

more at ease than my mind —— but this world is a school of trials, and so heaven's will be done! — I hope you have both enjoyed all that I have wanted — and to compleat your joy, that your little lady flourishes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to see her preferred by next winter. — I am now beginning to be truly busy at my Sentimental Journey — the pains and sorrows of this life having retarded its progress — but I shall make up my lee-way, and overtake everybody in a very short time. —

What can I send you that Yorkshire produces? tell me — I want to be of use to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the truest value and esteem, your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXLVII

*To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

YORK, July 20, 1767.

MY DEAR PANCHAUD,—Be so kind as to forward what letters are arrived for Mrs. Sterne at your office by to-day's post, or the next, and she will receive them before she quits Avignon, for England—she wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter—advise her to get her own life insured in London, lest my Lydia should die before her.—If there are any packets, send them with the ninth volume of Shandy, which she has failed of getting—she says she has drawn for fifty louis—when she leaves Paris, send by her my account.—Have you got me any French subscriptions, or subscriptions in France?—Present my kindest service to Miss P. I know her politeness and good nature will incline her to give Mrs. J. her advice about what she may venture to bring over.—I hope everything goes on well, though never half so well as I wish.—God

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

prosper you, my dear friend — Believe me  
most warmly yours,

L. STERNE.

The sooner you send me the gold snuff  
box the better — 'tis a present from my best  
friend.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CXLVIII

*To Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]*

Coxwould, August 2, 1767.

MY dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J[ames] are infinitely kind to me in sending now and then a letter to enquire after me — and to acquaint me how they are. — You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how truly I bear a part in your illness. — I wish Mr. J[ames] would carry you to the south of France in pursuit of health — but why need I wish it when I know his affection will make him do that and ten times as much to prevent a return of those symptoms which alarmed him so much in the spring — Your politeness and humanity is always contriving to treat me agreeably, and what you promise next winter, will be perfectly so — but you must get well — and your little dear girl must be of the party with her parents and friends to give it a relish — I am sure you shew no partiality but what is natural and praiseworthy in behalf of your daughter, but I wonder my friends will not find her a play-fellow,

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

and I both hope and advise them not to venture along through this warfare of life without two strings at least to their bow. — I had letters from France by last night's post, by which ( by some fatality ) I find not one of my letters has reached Mrs. Sterne. This gives me concern, as it wears the aspect of unkindness, which she by no means merits from me. — My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a visit for a few months; I wish I may prevail with them to tarry longer. — You must permit me, dear Mrs. J., to make my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and spend a little time in London, as she returns to France. — I expect a small parcel — may I trouble you before you write next to send to my lodgings to ask if there is anything directed to me that you can enclose under cover? — I have but one excuse for this freedom which I am prompted to use from a persuasion that it is doing you pleasure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing — and as to myself, I rest satisfied, for 'tis only scoring up another debt of thanks to the millions I owe you both already — Receive a thousand and a thousand thanks, yes and with them ten thousand friendly wishes for all you wish in this world — May my friend

## LETTERS

Mr. J. continue bless'd with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort I so ardently pray for. — Adieu my dear friends—believe me most truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

*P.S.* In Eliza's last letter dated from St. Jago she tells me as she does you, that she is extremely ill — God protect her. — By this time surely she has set foot upon dry land at Madras — I heartily wish her well, and if Yorick was with her, he would tell her so — but he is cut off from this, by bodily absence — I am present with her in spirit however — but what is that? you will say?

## LETTER CXLIX

*To the Same*

Coxwold, August [10],\* 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — I but copy your great civility to me in writing you word, that I have this moment received another letter wrote eighteen days after the date of the last from

\* [The first and subsequent editions give August 13. The date August 10 is settled by the autograph copy.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

St. Jago — If our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would in course have had it — but I fear from the circumstance of great hurry and bodily disorder in which she was, when she dispatched this, she might not have time. — In case it has so fallen out, I send you the contents of what I have received — and that is a melancholy history of herself and sufferings, since they left St. Jago — continual and most violent rheumatism all the time — a fever brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying symptom — the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a skeleton. — I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much at the same time it will affect yours. — The three or four last days of her journal leave us with hopes she will do well at last, for she is more chearful — and seems to be getting into better spirits; and health will follow in course. They have crossed the line — are much becalmed, which with other delays she fears they will lose their passage to Madras — and be some months sooner for it at Bombay. — Heav'n protect her, for she suffers much, and with uncommon fortitude. — She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. J[ames] in

## LETTERS

her last packet. — In truth, my good lady, she loves and honours you from her heart, but, if she did not, I should not esteem her, or wish her so well as I do. — Adieu, my dear friends — you have few in the world more truly and cordially yours.

L. STERNE.

*P.S.* I have just received, as a present from a man I shall ever love, a most elegant gold snuff box, fabricated for me at Paris — 'tis not the first pledge I have received of his friendship.— May I presume to enclose you a letter of chit-chat which I shall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourself, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India — they will neither of them be the worse received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their destined port, as they go first to Bengal.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### THE FOREGOING LETTER AS STERNE WROTE IT \*

Coxwold, August 10, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I but copy your great civility to me — in writing you word, that I have this moment rec'd another Letter, wrote eighteen days after the date of the last from St. Iago — If our poor friend could have wrote another Letter to England, you will in course have it — but I fear from the circumstance of great hurry, and bodily disorder when she dispatch'd this she might not have time — In case it has so fallen out — I send you the contents of w<sup>t</sup>. I have rec'd — and that is a melancholly history of herself and sufferings since they left Iago — continual and most violent rhumatism all the time — a fever brought on — with fits — and attended with Delirium, and every terrifying symptome — the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a skeleton — I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart — knowing how much at the same time it will affect yours — The three or four last days in

\* [From the Gibbs Manuscripts.]

## LETTERS

her journal, leave us with hopes she will do well at last — for she is more chearful, and seems to be getting up her spirits — & health in course with it. — They have cross'd the Line — are much becalm'd — w<sup>ch</sup> with other delays, [s]he fears, they will lose their passage to Madrass — & be some months sooner for it at Bombay — Heaven protect this worthy creature ! for she suffers much, & with uncommon fortitude — she writes much to me abt her dear friend M<sup>rs</sup> James in her last Packet — in truth, my good Lady, she honours & loves you from her heart — but if she did not — I should not Love her half so well myself as I do.

adieu my dear friends — you have  
Very few in the world, more truely  
& cordially y<sup>rs</sup>

L. STERNE.

P.S.

I have just rec'd as a present from a right Hon<sup>ble</sup> a most elegant gold snuff fabricated for me at Paris — I wish Eliza was here, I would lay it at her feet — however, I will enrich my gold Box, with her picture, — & if the Doner does not approve of such an acquisition to his pledge of friendship — I will send him his Box again —

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

May I presume to inclose you the Letter I write to M<sup>rs</sup> Draper—I know you will write yourself— & my Letter may have the honour to chapron yours to India. M<sup>rs</sup> Sterne & my daughter are coming to stay a couple of months with [me], as far as from Avignion— & then return— Here's Complaisance for you — I went 500 miles the last Spring, out of my way, to pay my wife a weeks visit — and she is at the expence of coming post a thousand miles to return it — what a happy pair !— however, en passant, she takes back sixteen hundred p<sup>ds</sup> into France with her — and will do me the honour likewise to strip me of every thing I have — except Eliza's Picture. Adieu.

To M<sup>rs</sup> James in Gerard Street, Soho, London.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CL

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

COXWOULD, August 11, 1767.

MY DEAR H., — I am glad all has passed with so much amity *inter te et filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy sight — All is well that ends well — and so much for moralising upon it. I wish you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophecy as much good concerning me and my affairs. — Not one of my letters have got to Mrs. Sterne since the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my side, though I have wrote her six or seven. — I imagine she will be here the latter end of September, though I have no date for it, but her impatience, which, having suffered by my supposed silence I am persuaded will make her fear the worst — if that is the case she will fly to England — a most natural conclusion. — You did well to discontinue all commerce with James's powder — as you are so well, rejoice therefore, and let your heart be merry — mine

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

ought upon the same score — for I never have been so well since I left college —— and should be a marvellous happy man, but for some reflections which bow down my spirits — but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myself with honour — and — no matter! we will talk this over when we meet. — If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c., I will come and sing *Te Deum*, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do anything with you in the world. — I should depend upon G——'s critick upon my head, as much as Moliere's old woman upon his comedies — when you do not want her society let it be carried into your bed-chamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum — to — and give her my blessing as you do it —

My postillion has set me aground for a week, by one of my pistols bursting in his hand, which he taking for granted to be quite shot off — he instantly fell upon his knees and said (Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name) at which, like a good Christian, he stopped, not remembering any more of it — the affair was not so bad as he at first thought, for it has only *bursten* two of his fingers (he says). — I long to return to you, but I sit here

## LETTERS

alone as solitary and sad as a tom cat, which by the bye is all the company I keep—he follows me from the parlour, to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place—I wish I had a dog—my daughter will bring me one—and so God be about you, and strengthen your faith—I am affectionately, dear cousin,  
yours,

L. STERNE.

My service to the C——, though they are from home, and to Panty.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### LETTER CLI

*To Miss Sterne*

COXWOULD, August 24, 1767.

I AM truly surprised, my dear Lydia, that my last letter has not reached thy mother, and thyself — it looks most unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that she has not received my letter to welcome you both — and though in that I said I wished you would defer your journey till March, for before that time I should have published my sentimental work, and should be in town to receive you — yet I will show you more real politesses than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart. — I am sorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends. — I know B—— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable — that would be but so so here — You are right — he studies nature more than any, or rather

## LETTERS

most of the French comedians — If the Empress of Russia pays him and his wife a pension of twenty thousand livres a year, I think he is very well off. — The folly of staying till after twelve for supper — that you two excommunicated Beings might have meat! — “his conscience would not let it be served before.” — Surely the Marquis thought you both, being English, could not be satisfied without it. — I would have given, not my gown and cassock (for I have but one) but my topaz ring to have seen the *petits maîtres et maîtresses* go to mass, after having spent the night in dancing. — As to my pleasures they are few in compass. — My poor cat sits purring beside me — your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fire — but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him, for I will not have my cat abused — in short I will have nothing devilish about me — a combustion will spoil a sentimental thought.

Another thing I must desire — do not be alarmed — 'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you set out — I will have no rouge put on in England — and do not bewail them as — — — did her silver seringue or glister equipage which she lost in a

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

certain river — but take a wise resolution of doing without rouge. — I have been three days ago bad again — with a spitting of blood — and that unfeeling brute \*\*\*\*\* came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, hallooed in my ear — z—ds, what a fine kettle of fish you have brought yourself to, Mr. S—— ! In a faint voice, I bade him leave me, for comfort sure was never administered in so rough a manner. — Tell your mother I hope she will purchase what either of you may want at Paris — 'tis an occasion not to be lost — so write to me from Paris that I may come and meet you in my post-chaise with my long-tailed horses — and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours. — Adieu dear Lydia — believe me, what I ever shall be, your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I shall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris — once more adieu.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLII

*To Sir W.*

[ COXWOULD,] September 19, 1767.

MY DEAR SIR,— You are perhaps the droll-est being in the universe — Why do you banter me so about what I wrote to you? — Tho' I told you, every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap ( meaning thereby the sea ) was you to infer from that, that I leap'd into the ladies' beds afterwards? — The body guides you — the mind me. — I have wrote the most whimsical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talk'd of body and soul too — I said she had made me vain, by saying she was mine more than ever woman was — but she is not the Lady of Bond-street — nor — square, nor the lady who supp'd with me in Bond-street on scollop'd oysters, and other such things — nor did she ever go *tête-à-tête* with me to Salt Hill. — Enough of such nonsense — The past is over — and I can justify myself unto myself — can you do as much? — No faith! — “ You can

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

feel!" Aye so can my cat, when he hears a female caterwauling on the house top — but caterwauling disgusts me. I had rather raise a gentle flame, than have a different one raised in me. — Now, I take heav'n to witness, after all this *bardinage* my heart is innocent — and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal, to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick, and gallop'd away — The truth is this — that my pen governs me — not me my pen. — You are much to blame if you dig for marl, unless you are sure of it. — I was once such a puppy myself, as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of my pocket. — Curse on farming (said I) I will try if the pen will not succeed better than the spade. — The following up of that affair (I mean farming) made me lose my temper, and a cart load of turneps was (I thought) very dear at two hundred pounds. —

In all your operations may your own good sense guide you — bought experience is the devil. — Adieu, adieu! — Believe me yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLIII

*To the Same*

CoxwoULD, September 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR,—You are arrived at Scarborough when all the world has left it — but you are an unaccountable being, and so there is nothing more to be said on the matter— You wish me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finish'd — besides I have other things in my head.— My wife will be here in three or four days, and I must not be found straying in the wilderness — but I have been there.— As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart — I will laugh, and drink my barley water with you.— As soon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a house at York, I shall go to London where you generally are in Spring — and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of molds — praised be God for my sensibility ! Though it has often made

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt. Write to me the day you will be at York — 'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me, my good Sir, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLIV

*To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris*

YORK, October 1, 1767.

DEAR SIR,— I have order'd my friend Becket to advance for two months your account which my wife this day deliver'd — she is in raptures with all your civilities. — This is to give you notice to draw upon your correspondent — and Becket will deduct out of my publication. — Tomorrow morning I repair with her to Coxwould, and my Lydia seems transported with the sight of me. — Nature, dear P[an-chaud], breathes in all her composition ; and except a little vivacity — which is a fault in the world we live in — I am fully content with her mother's care of her. — Pardon this digression from business — but 'tis natural to speak of those we love. — As to the subscriptions which your friendship has procured me, I must have them to incorporate with my lists which are to be prefix'd to the first volume.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

— My wife and daughter join in millions of thanks — they will leave me the 1st of December. — Adieu, adieu — Believe me, your's, most truly,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLV

*To Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]*

CoxWOULD, October 3, 1767.

I HAVE suffered under a strong desire for above this fortnight, to send a letter of enquiries after the health and the well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J[ames], and I do assure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modesty in my temper not to make my good-will troublesome, where I have so much, and to those I never think of, but with ideas of sensibility and obligation, that I have refrained.

— Good God ! to think I could be in town, and not go the first step I made to Gerrard Street ! — My mind and body must be at sad variance with each other, should it ever fall out that it is not both the first and last place also where I shall betake myself, were it only to say, “God bless you.” — May you have every blessing he can send you ! 'tis a part of my litany, where you will always have a place whilst I have a tongue to repeat it. —

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

And so you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit, than the reasons assign'd for it — I thank you for it kindly — tho' you have not told me what they were ; being a shrewd divine, I think I can guess. — I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and was hospitably entertained by one of the best of our Bishops ; \* who, as he kept house there, press'd me to be with him — and his household consisted of a gentleman, and two ladies — which, with the good Bishop and myself, made so good a party that we kept much to ourselves. — I made in this time a connection of great friendship with my mitred host, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland. — However we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted — Now it was supposed (and have since heard) that I e'en went on with the party to London, and this I suppose was the reason assign'd for my being there. — I dare say charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the score of one, and perhaps both of the ladies — and I will excuse charity on that head, for a heart disengaged could not

\* [Jemmet Brown, Bishop of Cork and Ross.]

## LETTERS

well have done better.—I have been hard writing ever since — and hope by Christmas I shall be able to give a gentle rap at your door — and tell you how happy I am to see my two good friends.—I assure you I spur on my Pegasus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw [a] bit, till I have finish'd this Sentimental Journey— which I hope to lay at your feet, as a small (but a very honest) testimony of the constant truth with which I am, my dear friends, your ever obliged and grateful

L. STERNE.

*P.S.* My wife and daughter arrived here last night from France.—My girl has return'd an elegant accomplish'd little slut— my wife — but I hate to praise my wife — 'tis as much as decency will allow to praise my daughter.— I suppose they will return next summer to France.— They leave me in a month to reside at York for the winter— and I stay at Coxwould till the first of January.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CLVI

*To Mrs. Ferguson]*

COXWOULD, Friday [October, 1767]. \*

DEAR MADAM, — I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging enquiry after me — I got down last summer very much worn out — and much worse at the end of my journey — I was forced to call at his Grace's house (the Archbishop of York) to refresh myself a couple of days upon the road near Doncaster — Since I got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended — and am now very stout — and in a fortnight's time shall perhaps be as well as you yourself could wish me. — I have the pleasure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived from France. — I shall be in town to greet my friends by the first of January. — Adieu dear madam — believe me yours sincerely,

L. STERNE.

\* [No date in early editions.]

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLVII

*To Mrs. H.*

COXWOULD, October 12, 1767.

EVER since my dear H. wrote me word she was mine, more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together. — People think that I have had many, some in body, some in mind; but as I told you before, you have had me more than any woman — therefore you must have had me, H[annah], both in mind, and in body. — Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when — it could not be the lady in Bond-street, or Grosvenor-street, or — Square, or Pall Mall. — We shall make it out, H. when we meet — I impatiently long for it — 'tis no matter — I cannot now stand writing to you to-day — I will make it up next post — for dinner is upon table, and if I make Lord F[auconberg] stay, he will not frank this. — How do you do? Which parts of Tristram do you like best? — God bless you. — Yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### LETTER CLVIII

*To Mr. and Mrs. J [ames]*

CoxwoULD, November 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J[ames], if I am troublesome in writing something betwixt a letter and a card, to enquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, whom 'tis an age since I have heard a syllable of. — I think so however, and never more felt the want of a house I esteem so much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it so seldom — and have nothing to recompense my desires of seeing its kind possessors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Christmas. — I long sadly to see you — and my friend Mr. J[ames]. I am still at Coxwould — my wife and girl\* here. — She is a dear good creature — affectionate, and most elegant in body, and mind — she is all heaven could give me in a daughter — but like other

\* [Mrs. Medalle thinks an apology may be necessary for publishing this letter — the best she can offer is — that it was written by a fond parent (whose commendations she is proud of) to a very sincere friend. — *Original Note.*]

## LETTERS

blessings, not given, but lent ; for her mother loves France — and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms, to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France where she has had many advantageous offers.

— Do not smile at my weakness, when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplish'd a slut as France can produce. — You shall excuse all this—if you won't, I desire Mr. J[ames] to be my advocate — but I know I don't want one. — With what pleasure shall I embrace your dear little pledge — who I hope to see every hour encreasing in stature, and in favour, both with God and man ! — I kiss all your hands with a most devout and friendly heart. — No man can wish you more good than your meagre friend does — few so much, for I am with infinite cordiality, gratitude and honest affection, my dear Mrs. J[ames], your ever faithful

L. STERNE.

*P.S.* My Sentimental Journey will please Mrs. J[ames], and my Lydia — I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past — I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

fellow creatures better than we do — so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections, which aid so much to it. — Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J[ames] continue examples of the doctrine I teach.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLIX

*To Mrs. H.*

Coxwould, November 15, 1767.

Now be a good dear woman, my H[annah], and execute these commissions well — and when I see you I will give you a kiss — there's for you! — But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my Sentimental Journey, which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me — or I will give up the business of sentimental writing — and write to the body — that is, H[annah] what I am doing in writing to you — but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a score mean souls. — I am yours, &c. &c.

L. SHANDY.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### THE FOREGOING LETTER AS STERNE WROTE IT\*

Coxwould, November 15, 1767.

DEAR HANNAH,

Now be a good dear girl, Hannah, and give these to Fanny, and Fanny will give that w<sup>h</sup> belongs to her sister, herself, and when I see you I'll give you a kiss. Theres for you! But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my journey, which shall make you cry as much as ever it made me laugh, or I'll give up the business of sentimental writing and write to the body—that is Hannah!—what I am doing in writing to you, but you are a *good body*, and that's worth half a score *mean souls*. Upon mine, I am y<sup>rs</sup>,

L. SHANDY.

\* [Fitzgerald, *Life of Sterne*, Vol. II. Ch. VIII.]

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLX

*To A. L[e]e, Esq.*

Coxwold, November 19, 1767.

You make yourself unhappy, dear L[e]e, by imaginary ills — which you might shun, instead of putting yourself in the way of. — Would not any man in his senses fly from the object he adores, and not waste his time and his health in increasing his misery by so vain a pursuit? — The idol of your heart is one of ten thousand. — The Duke of — has long sighed in vain — and can you suppose a woman will listen to you, that is proof against titles, stars, and red ribbands? — Her heart (believe me, L[e]e) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine speeches — if it should ever feel a preference, it will chuse an object for itself, and it must be a singular character that can make an impression on such a being — she has a platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name — the natural reserve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

a superiority of understanding, which makes her despise every man that turns himself into a fool — Take my advice, and pay your addresses to Miss —— she esteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken so deep a root in your heart. — I pity you from my soul — but we are all born with passions which ebb and flow ( else they would play the devil with us ) to different objects — and the best advice I can give you, L[e]e, is to turn the tide of yours another way. — I know not whether I shall write again while I stay at Coxwold. — I am in earnest at my sentimental work — and intend being in town soon after Christmas — in the mean time adieu. — Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L.  
yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLXI

*To the Earl of —— \**

Coxwold, November 28, 1767.

MY LORD,— 'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your Lordship for your letter of enquiry about Yorick — he has worn out both his spirits and body with the Sentimental Journey — 'tis true that an author must feel himself, or his reader will not — but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings — I believe the brain stands as much in need of recruiting as the body — therefore I shall set out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myself a week at York. I might indeed solace myself with my wife, (who is come from France) but in fact I have long been a sentimental being — whatever your Lordship may think to the contrary. — The world has imagined, because I wrote Tristram Shandy, that I was myself more Shandean than I really ever was — 'tis a good-natured world we live in, and we are often painted in divers colours according to the ideas

\* [Probably the Earl of Shelburne.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

each one frames in his head. A very agreeable lady arrived three years ago at York, in her road to Scarborough — I had the honour of being acquainted with her, and was her *chaperon* — all the females were very inquisitive to know who she was — “Do not tell, ladies, ‘tis a mistress my wife has recommended to me — nay moreover has sent me from France.” —

I hope my book will please you, my Lord, and then my labour will not be totally in vain. If it is not thought a chaste book, mercy on them that read it, for they must have warm imaginations indeed! — Can your Lordship forgive my not making this a longer epistle? — In short I can but add this, which you already know — that I am with gratitude and friendship, my Lord, your obedient faithful,

L. STERNE.

If your Lordship is in town in Spring, I should be happy if you became acquainted with my friends in Gerrard-street — you would esteem the husband, and honour the wife — she is the reverse of most of her sex — they have various pursuits — she but one — that of pleasing her husband. —

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLXII

*To His Excellency Sir G[eorge] M[acartney]*

CoxWOULD, December 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—For tho' you are his Excellency, and I still but parson Yorick — I still must call you so — and were you to be next Emperor of Russia, I could not write to you, or speak to you, under any other relation — I felicitate you, I don't say how much, because I can't — I always had something like a kind of revelation within me, which pointed out this track for you, in which you are so happily advanced — it was not only my wishes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impose upon a visionary brain, but I thought I actually saw you just where you now are — and that is just, my dear Macartney, where you should be. — I should long, long ago have acknowledged the kindness of a letter of yours from Petersbourg; but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it — this is the first time I knew well *where* my thanks

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

would find you — how they will find you, I know well — that is — the same I ever knew you. In three weeks I shall kiss your hand — and sooner, if I can finish my Sentimental Journey. — The deuce take all sentiments ! I wish there was not one in the world ! — My wife is come to pay me a sentimental visit as far as from Avignon — and the *politesses* arising from such a proof of her urbanity, has robb'd me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now. — I am going to lie-in ; being at Christmas at my full reckoning — and unless what I shall bring forth is not *press'd* to death by these devils of printers, I shall have the honour of presenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaste brain conceiv'd — they are frolicsome too, *mais cela n'empeche pas* — I put your name down with many wrong and right *honourables*, knowing you would take it not well if I did not make myself happy with it. Adieu my dear friend, Believe me yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

*P.S.* If you see Mr. Crawfurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLXIII

*To A. L[e]e, Esq.*

Coxwould, December 7, 1767.

DEAR L.,—I said I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to so interesting a letter as yours—I am certain you may depend upon Lord ——'s promises—he will take care of you in the best manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you useful in any department—If his Lordship's scheme does not succeed, leave the kingdom—go to the east, or to the west, for travelling would be of infinite service to both your body and mind—But more of this when we meet—now to my own affairs. —— I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of pre-ferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Surrey, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwold, and my prebendaryship—the country also is sweet—but I will not, cannot

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

come to any determination, till I have consulted with you, and my other friends.—I have great offers too in Ireland — the bishops of C[ork], and R[oss],\* are both my friends — but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. S[terne], and my Lydia could accompany me thither — I live for the sake of my girl, and, with her sweet light burthen in my arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I chose it — but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my brow. — Mrs. S[terne]’s health is insupportable in England. — She must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it. — I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me. — My heart bleeds, L[e]e, when I think of parting with my child — ’twill be like the separation of soul and body — and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment ; and like it in one respect, for she will be in one kingdom, whilst I am in another. — You will laugh at my weakness — but I cannot help it — for she is a dear, disinterested girl — As a proof of it — when she left Coxwould, and I bade her adieu, I pulled

\* [Sterne must have written “the Bishop of Cork and Ross is my friend.” — See the *Journal to Eliza* under August 2.]

## LETTERS

out my purse and offered her ten guineas for her private pleasures — her answer was pretty, and affected me too much: “No, my dear papa, our expences of coming from France may have straiten’d you — I would rather put an hundred guineas into your pocket than take ten out of it.” — I burst into tears — but why do I practice upon your feelings — by dwelling on a subject that will touch your heart? — It is too much melted already by its own sufferings, L[e]e, for me to add a pang, or cause a single sigh. — God bless you — I shall hope to greet you by New-years-day in perfect health — Adieu my dear friend — I am most truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### LETTER CLXIV

*To Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]*

YORK, December [28],\* 1767.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. J[ames], or their little blossom, was drooping — or that some of you were ill, by not having the pleasure of a line from you, and was thinking of writing again to enquire after you all — when I was cast down myself with a fever, and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks — when I had the favour of yours, which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially now do — as well as for all your professions and proofs of good will to me. — I will not say I have not balanced accounts with you in this — All I know is, that I honour and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth — and that I could not wish your happiness, and the success of whatever conduces to it,

\* [The first and subsequent editions have December 23. The autograph copy bears the date as given above.]

## LETTERS

more than I do, was I your brother — but, good God ! are we not all brothers and sisters who are friendly, virtuous, and good ? Surely, my dear friends, my illness has been a sort of sympathy for your afflictions upon the score of your dear little one. — I am worn down to a shadow — but as my fever has left me, I set off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town — I need not tell my friends in Gerrard-street, I shall do myself the honour to visit them, before either Lord [Shelburne] or Lord [Spencer], &c. &c. — I thank you, my dear friend, for what you say so kindly about my daughter — it shews your good heart, for as she is a stranger, 'tis a free gift in you — but when she is known to you, she shall win it fairly — but, alas ! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds. — Mrs. S[terne] has hired a house ready furnish'd at York, till she returns to France, and my Lydia must not leave her. —

What a sad scratch of a letter ! — but I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind — so God bless you — you will see me enter like a ghost — so I tell you before-hand not to be frightened. — I am, my dear friends, with the truest attachment and esteem, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### THE FOREGOING LETTER AS STERNE WROTE IT \*

YORK, December 28, 1767.

I WAS afraid that either my friend Mr James, or Mrs James, or their little Blossome was drooping, or that some of you were ill by not having the pleasure of a line from you, & was thinking of writing again to enquire after you all — when I was cast down myself with a fever, & bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room three weeks, when I had the favour of yr<sup>s</sup> which till to day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially now do, — as well as for all yr<sup>r</sup> proofs & professions of good will to me — I will not say, I have not ballanced Acc<sup>ts</sup> with you in this — all I know, is, That I honour and value you more than I do any good creature upon earth — & that I could not wish yr<sup>r</sup> happiness and the Successe of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your Brother

\* [From the Gibbs Manuscripts.]

## LETTERS

— but good God ! are we not all brothers and sisters, who are friendly & Virtuous & good ? —

Surely my dear friends, my Illness has made a sort of sympathy for y<sup>r</sup>. Afflictions upon the score of y<sup>r</sup>. dear little one — and I make no doubt when I see Eliza's Journal, I shall find she has been ill herself at that time — I am rent to pieces with uncertainty abt<sup>t</sup> this dear friend of ours — I think too much — & interest my self so deeply by my friendship for her, that I am worn down to a Shadow — to this I owe my decay of health — but I can't help it —

As my fever has left me, I set off the latter end of the week with my friend Mr<sup>r</sup> Hall for Town — I need not tell my friends in Gerard Street, I shall do myself the Honour to visit them before either Lord Shelburn or Lord Spencer &c. &c. —

I thank you my dear friend, for what you say so kindly abt<sup>t</sup> my Daughter — it shews y<sup>r</sup>. good heart, as she is a stranger, 'tis a free Gift in you — but when she is known to you — she shall win *it fairly* — but Alas ! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds — Mrs. Sterne has hired a house ready for her at York, till

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

she returns to france & my Lydia must not leave her —

What a sad scratch of a Letter—but I am weak my dear friends both in body & mind—so God bless you—Youl see me enter like a Ghost—so I tell you before hand, not to be frighten'd,

I am, my dear friends  
with truest attachment &  
end esteem y<sup>rs</sup>

L. STERNE.

To

M<sup>r</sup>: or M<sup>r</sup>: James  
Gerrard Street  
Soho  
London.

## LETTER CLXV

*To the Same*

OLD BOND STREET, [LONDON, January 3? 1768].\*

NOT knowing whether the moisture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Gerrard Street a call this morning for five minutes—I beg leave to send them all the good wishes, compliments, and respects I owe them.—I continue to mend, and doubt not

\* [The first and all other editions wrongly assign this letter to January 1. It must have been written on Sunday the third or the tenth.]

## LETTERS

but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the best. I send all compliments to your fire-sides this Sunday night — Miss Ascough the wise, Miss Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and so on. — If Lord O[ssory] is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J[ames] will present the enclosed to him — 'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you. — I am sorry that I am no subscriber to Soho this season — it deprives me of a pleasure worth twice the subscription — but I am just going to send about this quarter of the town, to see if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undisposed of, from some of my Soho friends, and if I can succeed, I will either send or wait upon you with it by half an hour after three to-morrow — if not, my friend will do me the justice to believe me truly miserable. — I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get disengaged in order to be with my friends. — If I cannot, I will glide like a shadow uninvited to Gerrard Street some day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together. — God bless you both ! — I am with the most sincere regard, your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### LETTER CLXVI

*To the Same*

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON],  
Monday, [January 4? 1768].

MY DEAR FRIENDS,— I have never been a moment at rest since I wrote yesterday about this Soho ticket — I have been at a Secretary of State to get one — have been upon one knee to my friend Sir G[eorge] M[acartney], Mr. Lascelles—and Mr. Fitzmaurice——without mentioning five more —— I believe I could as soon get you a place at court, for everybody is going—but I will go out and try a new circle — and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my supplications. — I send you this state of the affair, lest my silence should make you think I had neglected what I promised — but no — Mrs. J[ames] knows me better, and would never suppose it would be out of the head of one who is with so much truth her faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLXVII

*To the Same*

OLD BOND STREET, [LONDON],  
Thursday [February 18, 1768].\*

A THOUSAND thanks, and as many excuses, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a second note I am astonish'd I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any mistake in a card wrote by Mrs. J[ame]s, in which my friend is as unrival'd, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tyed down neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or most joyfully would have trod the old pleasing road from Bond to Gerrard street. — My books will be to be had on Thursday,† but possibly on Wednesday in the afternoon. — I am quite well, but exhausted with a room full of company every morning till dinner — How do I lament I cannot eat my morsel (which is

\* ["Thursday" is the only indication of date in the early editions.]

† [*A Sentimental Journey*: Announced in the newspapers as published on February 26 and 27.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

always sweet) with such kind friends! — The Sunday following I will assuredly wait upon you both — and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time and a little day light, to see Mrs. J[ames]'s picture. — I beg leave to assure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my sentimental thanks for every token of their good will. — Adieu, my dear friends — I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLXVIII

*From Dr. Eustace, in America, to the Rev. Mr. Sterne, with a Walking-stick*

[CIRCA January, 1768.]

SIR, — When I assure you that I am a great admirer of Tristram Shandy, and have, ever since his introduction into the world, been one of his most zealous defenders against the repeated assaults of prejudice and misapprehension, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intrusion.

You know it is an observation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that similitude of sentiments is the general parent of friendship. — It cannot be wondered at, that I should conceive an esteem for a person whom nature had most indulgently enabled to frisk and curvet with ease through all these intricacies of sentiments, which from irresistible propensity, she had impelled me to trudge through without merit or distinction.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

The only reason that gave rise to this address to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean statuary, I mean according to vulgar opinion, for to such judges both appear equally destitute of regularity or design. — It was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and presented to the late Governor Dobbs, after his death Mrs. D. gave it me: its singularity made many desirous of procuring it, but I had resolved, at first, not to part with it, till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a very proper and probably not an unacceptable, compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation as a button-hole, or a broom-stick. — I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLXIX

*Mr. Sterne's Answer*

LONDON, February 9, 1768.

SIR, — I this moment received your obliging letter and Shandean piece of sculpture along with it, of both which testimonies of your regard I have the justest sense, and return you, dear Sir, my best thanks and acknowledgment. Your walking stick is in no sense more Shandaic than in that of its having more handles than one ; the parallel breaks only in this, that in using the stick, every one will take the handle which suits his convenience. In Tristram Shandy the handle is taken which suits the passions, their ignorance, or their sensibility. There is so little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wish I could have got an act of parliament, when the books first appeared. that none but wise men should look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to understand them ; the world, however, seems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here, being to a man on its side ; and the reception it has

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a second reading. The other, in order to be on the strongest side, has at length agreed to speak well of it too. A few hypocrites and tartuffes, whose approbation could do it nothing but dishonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, Sir, to have had a man like you on my side from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God: and, besides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him intirely correspond with those excited. — "Tis like reading himself — and not the book.

In a week's time I shall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but, alas! the ship sails three days too soon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleasure of presenting them to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true esteem, your obliged humble servant,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

## LETTERS

### LETTER CLXX

To L. S[elvi]n, Esq.

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON],  
Wednesday, [February 17? 1768].\*

DEAR SIR,— Your commendations are very flattering. I know no one whose judgment I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only instance in which I can call it in question.— Thanks, my good sir, for the prints—I am much your debtor for them—if I recover from my ill state of health, and live to revisit Coxwold this summer, I will decorate my study with them, along with six beautiful pictures I have already of the sculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome.— It grieves one to think such a man should have dy'd in exile, who wrote so well on the art of love.— Do not think me encroaching if I sollicit a favour—'tis either to borrow, or beg (to beg if you please) some of those touched with chalk which

\* [“ Wednesday ” is the only indication of date in the early editions.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

you brought from Italy — I believe you have three sets, and if you can spare the imperfect one of cattle on colour'd paper, 'twill answer my purpose, which is namely this, to give a friend of ours. — You may be ignorant she has a genius for drawing, and whatever she excels in, she conceals, and her humility adds lustre to her accomplishments — I presented her last year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her several lessons before I left town. — I wish her to follow this art, to be a compleat mistress of it — and it is singular enough, but not more singular than true, that she does not know how to make a cow or a sheep, tho' she draws figures and landscapes perfectly well; which makes me wish her to copy from good prints. — If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you — I breakfast with Mr. Beauclerc, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with Lord O[ssory] so let our meeting be either at your house or my lodgings — do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to see a picture executed by West, most admirably — he has caught the character of our friend — such goodness is painted in that face,

## LETTERS

that when one looks at it, let the soul be ever so much un-harmonized, it is impossible it should remain so. —— I will send you a set of my books — they will take with the generality — the women will read this book in the parlour, and Tristram in the bed-chamber. — Good night, dear sir — I am going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## LETTER CLXXI

*To Miss Sterne*

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON, March, 1768]. \*

MY DEAREST LYDIA,— My Sentimental Journey, you say, is admired in York by every one — and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no less admired here — but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion? — The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breast — this vile influenza — be not alarm'd, I think I shall get the better of it — and shall be with you both the first of May, and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child — unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me. — The subject of thy letter has astonish'd me. — She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the supposition I should survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to [Mrs. Draper]. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whose virtues I

\* [The first and all subsequent editions give February 20 as the date. But the letter was undoubtedly written in the first week of March.]

## LETTERS

wish thee to imitate, that I shall entrust my girl to — I mean that friend whom I have so often talk'd and wrote about — from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend — and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of. — Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England. — But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me — do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account. — I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the same to your mother. — My girl cannot form a wish that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in — and I cannot, in justice be less kind to thy mother. — I am never alone — The kindness of my friends is ever the same — I wish tho' I had thee to nurse me — but I am deny'd that. — Write to me twice a week, at least. — God bless thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy affectionate father,

L. S.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

### LETTER CLXXII

*To Mrs. J[ames]*

[OLD BOND STREET, LONDON],  
Tuesday [March 15,\* 1768].

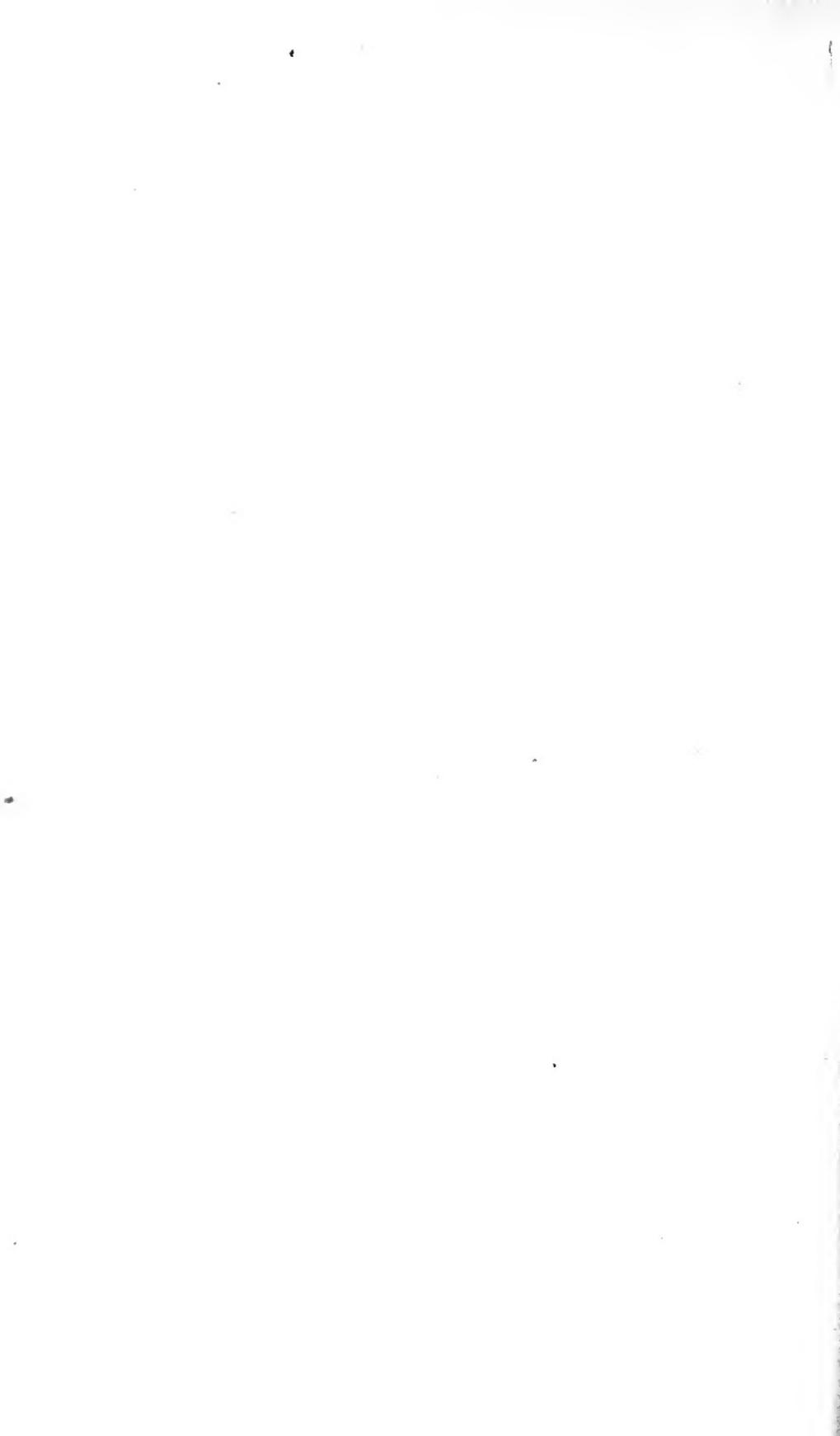
YOUR poor friend is scarce able to write — he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy — I was bled three times on Thursday, and blister'd on Friday — The physician says I am better — God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong, and shall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength. — Before I have gone thro' half this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hand above a dozen times. — Mr. J[ames] was so good to call upon me yesterday. I felt emotions not to be described at the sight of him, and he overjoy'd me by talking a great deal of you. — Do, dear Mrs. J[ames], entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours to live — I want to ask a favour of him, if I find myself worse — that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror — my spirits are fled — 'tis a bad

\* [Only "Tuesday" in 1775; the edition of 1780 assigned the letter to March 8.]

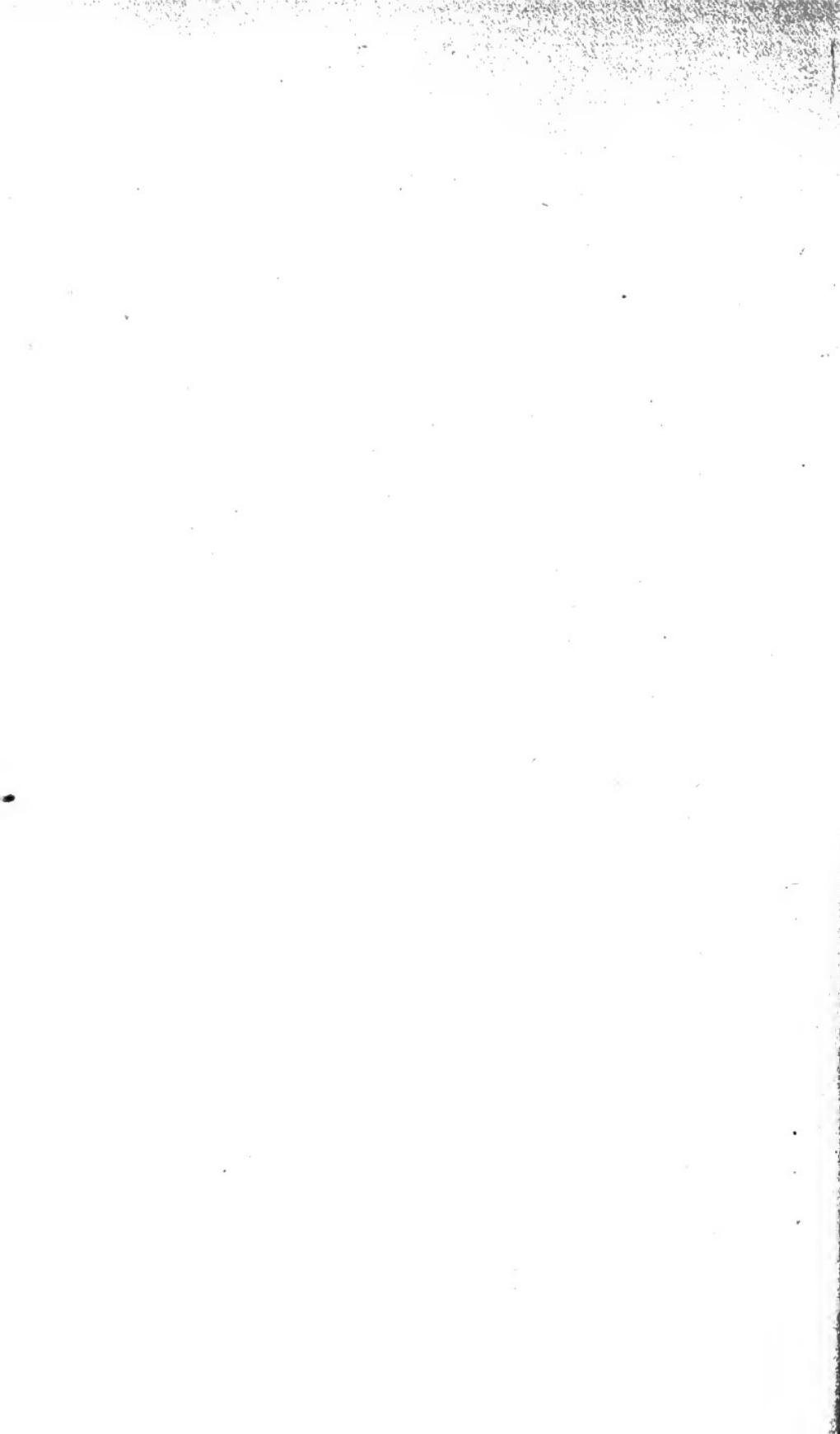
## LETTERS

omen — do not weep my dear Lady — your tears are too precious to shed for me — bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn. — Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women ! may health, peace, and happiness prove your handmaids.— If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemn'd — which my heart, not my head, betray'd me into. Should my child, my Lydia want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom ? — You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action. — I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what I trust she will find in you. — Mr. J[ames] will be a father to her — he will protect her from every insult, for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence — Command me to him — as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world. — Adieu — all grateful thanks to you and Mr. J[ames]. Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.



## **MISCELLANIES**



THE HISTORY  
OF A  
GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT,\*  
WITH WHICH THE PRESENT POSSESSOR  
*IS NOT CONTENT TO COVER HIS OWN SHOULDERS,*  
UNLESS HE CAN CUT OUT OF IT  
*A PETTICOAT FOR HIS WIFE, AND A PAIR OF  
BREECHES FOR HIS SON*

---

A POLITICAL ROMANCE

---

SIR,—In my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of fending and proving we have had of late, in this little village † of ours, about an old cast-off pair of black plush-breeches,‡ which *John*,§ our

\* As the following piece was suppressed during the lifetime of Mr. Sterne, and as there are some grounds to believe that it was not intended by him for publication, an apology may be deemed neces-

† York.

‡ The Commissaryship of Pickering and Pocklington.

§ Dr. John Fountayne, Dean of York.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

parish clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one *Trim*,\* who is our sexton and dog-whipper. — To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a great deal of the shifty behaviour of the said Master *Trim* — and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain,

sary for inserting it in the present edition of his Works. It must be acknowledged, that a mere *jeu d'esprit* relating to a private dispute which could interest only a few, and which was intended to divert a small circle of friends, was with great propriety concealed while it might tend to revive departed animosities, or give pain to any of the persons who were concerned in so trifling a contest. And these considerations seem to have had weight with those to whom the MS. was intrusted ; it not having been made public until many years after it was written, nor until most of the gentlemen mentioned in it were dead. After the lapse of more than twenty years, it may be presumed that there can be no impropriety in giving one of the earliest of Mr. Sterne's *bagatelles* a place among his more important performances. The slightest sketches of a genius are too valuable to be neglected ; and the present edition would be incomplete, if this composition, written immediately before Tristram Shandy, and which may be considered as the precursor of it, was omitted. As the whole of it alludes to facts and circumstances confined to the city of York, it will be necessary to observe, that it was occasioned by a controversy between Dr. Fountayne and Dr. Topham, in the year 1758, on a charge made by the latter, against the former, of a breach of promise, in withholding from him some preferment which he had reason to expect. For the better illustration of this little satire, a few notes are added, from the pamphlets which appeared while this insignificant difference was agitating.

\* Dr. Topham.

## MISCELLANIES

could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented. —

Now, though you do not say expressly, you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity, and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as to the true cause of all this uproar amongst us — which does not take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it. — To understand which you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble was not betwixt *John* the parish-clerk and *Trim* the sexton, but betwixt the parson \* of the parish and the said master *Trim*, about an old *watch-coat* † that had hung up many years in the church, which *Trim* had set his heart upon ; and nothing would serve *Trim* but he must

\* Dr. Hutton, Archbishop of York.

† A patent place, in the gift of the Archbishop, which had been given to Dr. Topham for his life, and which, in 1758, he solicited to have granted to one of his family after his death.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

take it home in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himself against winter ; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right ; — the parson was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime — for no sooner did the distinct words — *petticoat* — *poor wife* — *warm* — *winter*, strike upon his ear — but his heart warmed — and before *Trim* had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul. — But, *Trim*, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose, or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not — you must have a week or ten days' patience, till I can make some inquiries about it — and, if I find

## MISCELLANIES

it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve *Trim* in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was by making some sort of recompense for a multitude of small services which *Trim* had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way.—For all these reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve *Trim* in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if any one had a *claim* to it, or whether, as it had time im[me]morial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raise a clamour in the parish. These inquiries were the things that *Trim* dreaded in his heart — he knew very well, that, if the parson should but say one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some other reasons not

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

necessary to be told you at present, *Trim* was for allowing no time in this matter — but on the contrary doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-house — plagued the whole family to death — prest his suit morning, noon, and night, and, to shorten my story, teased the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the side of Master *Trim*, produced its natural effect on the side of the parson, and that was a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his study, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over *Trim's* behaviour throughout — he was just saying to himself — *it must be so* — when a sudden rap at the door put an end to the soliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too ; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia list — and he had come with a groat in his hand to search the parish-register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat

## MISCELLANIES

into his pocket, and go into the kitchen — then shutting the study door, and taking down the parish register — *who knows*, says he, *but I may find something here about this selfsame watch-coat?* He had scarce unclasped the book, in saying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page, pasted to the inside of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in question, in these express words — *Memorandum.* “The great watch-coat was purchased and given, above two hundred years ago, by the lord of the manor to this parish church, to the sole use and behoof of the poor sexton[s] thereof, and their successors for ever, to be worn by them respectively in winterly cold nights in ringing *complines, passing bells, &c.* which the said lord of the manor had done in piety to keep the poor wretches warm, and for the good of his own soul, for which they were directed to pray, &c.” *Just Heaven!* said the parson to himself looking upwards, *what an escape have I had! give this for an under-petticoat to Trim’s wife! I would not have consented to such a desecration to be Primate of all England — nay, I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my tithes.*

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops *Trim* with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms — I say under both his arms — for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to show the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good similes subsisting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation which this unexpected stroke of *Trim's* impudence impressed upon the parson's looks — let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description — as well as all power of proper resentment — except this, that *Trim* was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table — to go about his business, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely. — Against this hour, like a wise man, the parson had sent to desire *John* the parish clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty free-hold of about eighteen pounds a year in the

## MISCELLANIES

township, was a leading man in it ; and, upon the whole, was such a one of whom it might be said, that he rather did honour to his office, than that his office did honour to him — him he sends for with the churchwardens, and one of the sidesmen, a grave, knowing old man, to be present — for, as *Trim* had withheld the whole truth from the parson touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the same thing to others. Tho' this, I said, was wise, the trouble of the precaution might have been spared — because the parson's character was unblemished — and he had ever been held by the world in the estimation of a man of honour and integrity. — *Trim's* character on the contrary was as well known, if not in the world at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettyfogging, ambidextrous fellow — who neither cared what he did or said of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I said, have made any precaution needless — but you must know, as the parson had in a manner but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his first entrance among his parishioners, which would have disabled

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

him from doing them the good he wished — so that out of regard to his flock, more than the necessary care due to himself — he was resolved not to lie at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to. —

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearsed, from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of *John* the parish clerk, and in the presence of *Trim*.

*Trim* had little to say for himself, except “that the parson had absolutely promised to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmost of his power ; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased.”

To this the parson's reply was short, but strong, “That nothing was in his *power* to do but what he could do *honestly* — that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the *next* sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place — that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to, and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promising that coat

## MISCELLANIES

was charity to *Trim*, but *wrong* to no man — that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: and he declared solemnly, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was so understood by *Trim* himself."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good sense and strong reason which accompanied all the parson said on the subject — poor *Trim* was driven to his last shift — and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by *promise*, at least by *servitude* — it was well known how much he was intitled to it upon these scores: that he had black'd the parson's shoes without count, and greased his boots above fifty times — that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions — whetted the knives at all hours — catched his horse, and rubbed him down — that, for his wife, she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale. — To this account of his services, he begged leave to add those of his wishes, which, he said, had been equally great — he affirmed, and was ready he said, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, "he had drank his reverence's

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

health a thousand times — (by the bye he did not add out of the parson's own ale) — that he had not only drank his health but wished it, and never came to the house but asked his man kindly how he did ; that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile \* to ask a cunning woman what was good to staunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches pocket. Nay, says *Trim*, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that strong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a closestool — and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witness, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." *Trim* concluded this pathetic remonstrance with saying " he hoped his reverence's heart would not suffer him to requite so many faithful services by so unkind a return : — that if it was so, as he was the first, so he hoped he should be the last example of a man of his condition so treated." — This

\* " Long before anything of my patent was thought of, I not only most sincerely lamented the Archbishop's illness, but made it my business to inquire after every place and remedy that might help his Grace in his complaint." — Extract of a letter from Dr. Topham, p. 26 of *Dr. Fountayne's Answer*.

## MISCELLANIES

plan of *Trim's* defence, which *Trim* had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than [ a ] general smile. — Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be said *pro* and *con*, on both sides, being fairly heard, it was plain that *Trim* in every part of this affair had behaved very ill — and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the course of this debate to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in his parish,\* that *John* his parish clerk — his church-wardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels. — Upon the upshot, *Trim* was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At first, *Trim* huff'd and bounced most terribly — swore he would get a warrant — that nothing would serve him but he would call a bye-law, and tell the whole parish how the parson had misused him ; but cooling of that, as fearing the parson might possibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught

\* In Dr. Fountayne's Pamphlet, pp. 18 and 19, Dr. Topham is charged with having assured Archbishop Hutton, before he came into the Diocese, that the Dean and Chapter of York were a set of *strange people*, and that he would find it *very difficult*, if *not impossible*, to live upon good terms with them.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

he knew, might send him to the house of correction, he lets the parson alone, and to revenge himself falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I — rips up the promise of the old — cast — pair of black — plush — breeches ; and raises an uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had slept ten years — but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful stroke of generalship in *Trim* to raise a dust, and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone. —

If your curiosity is not yet satisfied — I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the same exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat. —

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when *John* was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this said *Trim* took no small pains to get into *John's* good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which *John* had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing — *Trim* only begged, for God's sake, to have them bestowed upon him when *John* should think fit to cast them. —

*Trim* was one of those kind of men who

## MISCELLANIES

loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

*John*, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty of promising the breeches than the parson had done in promising the great coat ; and indeed with something less reserve — because the breeches were *John's own*, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to say unluckily, but I should rather say most luckily, for *Trim*, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about some six or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt *the late* parson \* of the parish and *John* the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but *Trim*) had put it into the parson's head, “that *John's* desk † in the church was at least four inches higher than it should be — that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inasmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself.” — This hardship the parson complained

\* Archbishop Herring.

† This alludes to the right of appointing Preachers for the vacant stalls, which Dr. Fountayne, as Dean of York, claimed against the Archbishop.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

of loudly, and told *John*, one day after prayers, “he could bear it no longer — and would have it altered, and brought down as it should be.” *John* made no other reply, but “that the desk was not of his raising :— that ‘twas not one hair breadth higher than he found it — and that as he found it so he would leave it. — In short, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he suffer one.” — The *late* parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility* — so that *John’s* stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters. — This was *Trim’s* harvest.

After a friendly hint to *John* to stand his ground, away hies *Trim* to make his market at the vicarage. — What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable ; so shall content myself with only guessing at it from the sudden change that appeared in *Trim’s* dress for the better — for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the church-yard, yclad in a good charitable cast coat, large hat, and wig, which the parson had just given him. — Ho ! ho ! hollo ! *John*, cries *Trim*, in an insolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl — see here, my lad, how fine I am. — The more

## MISCELLANIES

shame for you, answered *John* seriously — Do you think, *Trim*, says he, such finery, gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well? — Fie upon it, *Trim*, I could not have expected this from you, considering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you — how many shillings, and sixpences, I have generously lent you in your distresses. — Nay, it was but the other day that I promised you these black plush breeches I have on. — Rot your breeches, quoth *Trim* (for *Trim's* brain was half turn'd with his new finery) rot your breeches, says he — I would not take them up were they laid at my door — give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like — I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parson's any day in the week. — *John* told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his insolence in giving them away to another — but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favours of that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the same services, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

Here *John* mentioned *Mark Slender*\* (who it seems the day before had asked *John* for them) not knowing they were under promise to *Trim* — “Come, Trim,† says he, let poor *Mark* have them — you know he has not a pair to his a —, besides, you see he is just of my size, and they will fit to a T, whereas if I give ‘em to you, look ye, they are not worth much, and besides, you could not get your backside into them, if you had them, without tearing them to pieces.” — Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true, for *Trim*, you must know, by foul-feeding, and playing the good-fellow at the parson’s, was grown somewhat gross about the lower parts, *if not higher*; so that, as all *John* said upon the occasion was fact, *Trim* with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at last, out of mere compassion to *Mark*, *signs,† seals, and delivers up ALL RIGHT INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER, IN, AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, AD-*

\* Dr. Braithwaite.

† Extract of a Letter from Dr. Topham to Dr. Fountayne: “As Dr. Ward has proposed to resign the jurisdiction of Pickering and Pocklington to Dr. Braithwaite, if you have not any other objection, I shall very readily give up what INTEREST arises to me in these jurisdictions from your friendship and regard.” — P. 5. of *Dr. Fountayne’s Answer to Dr. Topham*.

## MISCELLANIES

MINISTRATORS, AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION.— All this renunciation was set forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to *Mark's* nakedness — but the secret was, *Trim* had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind the great green pulpit-cloth,\* and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down — which, by the by, could he have wheedled *John* a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches seven fold.

Now, you must know, this pulpit-cloth and cushion were not in *John's* gift, but in the church-wardens,† &c. However, as I said above, that *John* was a leading man in the parish, *Trim* knew he could help him to 'em if he would — but *John* had got a surfeit of him — so, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (*John* having a great say in it) to *William Doe*,‡ who understood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor *Mark* lived

\* The Commissaryship of Dean of York, and the Commissaryship of the Dean and Chapter of York.

† The Members of the Chapter.

‡ Mr. Stables.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possession of *Lorry Slim*,\* an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn — in truth, as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But *Lorry* has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that *Trim*, let him say what he will to the contrary, still envies the *possessor* of them, and with all his pride would be very glad to wear them after *him*.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years — and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh ; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that *Trim* met and † insulted *John* in the public town-way before a hundred people — tax'd him with the promise of the old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding *Trim's* solemn renunciation — twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cushion — as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship ; adding, very inso-

\* Mr. Sterne himself.

† At the Sessions dinner, where Dr. Topham charged Dr. Fountainye with the breach of his promise, in giving the Commissaryship of Pocklington and Pickering to another person.

## MISCELLANIES

lently, that he knew not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

*John* contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that *Trim* had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours who remembered the whole affair — and, as he knew there was never anything to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going to take his leave of *Trim* for ever. But hold — the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having *Trim* tried upon the spot. —

*Trim* was accordingly tried, and after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's. —

*Trim*, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbours together by the ears, about an old — worn — out — pair of cast — breeches not worth half a crown ? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up like a greedy hound as you are. —

In the first place, are you not sexton and

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

dog-whipper,\* worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen shillings and fourpence; then you have six shillings and eightpence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Easter — the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a year, you have got that too — you are the bailiff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have six pounds a year, paid you quarterly for being mole-catcher to the parish. Aye, says the luckless wight above-mentioned (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on) “you are not only mole-catcher, *Trim*, but you catch STRAY CONIES too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter sessions.” I maintain

\* “In the first place, would any one imagine that Dr. Topham, who was now Master to the Faculties — Commissary to the Archbishop of York — Official to the Archdeacon of York — Official to the Archdeacon of the East Riding — Official to the Archdeacon of Cleveland — Official to the Peculiar Jurisdiction of Howdenshire — Official to the Precentor — Official to the Chancellor of the Church of York — and Official to several of the Prebendaries thereof, could accept of so poor an addition as a Commissaryship of five guineas per annum?” — *P.S. of Dr. Fountayne's Answer to Dr. Topham.*

## MISCELLANIES

it, I have a licence, says *Trim*, blushing as red as scarlet — I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. — *You catch conies!* says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except *Trim*, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none. I am, sir, yours, &c. &c.

### *POSTSCRIPT.*

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who I expected would have called upon me on his return through this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me — I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) *Trim* had met with so thorough a rebuff from *John*

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

the parish clerk, and the town's-folks, who all took against him, that *Trim* would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since *Trim*\* sallied forth again, and, having borrowed a sowgelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again — alleged that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog, not by *John* the parish clerk, for I should not, quoth *Trim*, have valued him a rush single-hands — but all the town sided with him, and twelve men in *buckram*† set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth *Trim*, there were two misbegotten knaves in *Kendal green*, who lay all the while in ambush in *John's* own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together — a plague, says *Trim*, of all cowards.

*Trim* repeated his story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him,

\* Alluding to Dr. Topham's Reply to Dr. Fountayne's Answer.

† In Dr. Topham's Reply, he asserts that Dr. Fountayne's Answer was *the child and offspring of many parents*, p. 1.

## MISCELLANIES

thinking the poor fellow crack-brained, and that he actually believed what he said.

After this *Trim* dropped the affair of the breeches, and began afresh dispute about the reading-desk, which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the *late* parson and *John* some years ago. — This reading-desk, as you will observe, was but an episode wove into the main story by the bye, for the main affair was *the battle of the breeches and the great coat*.

However, *Trim* being at last driven out of these two citadels — he has seized hold, in his retreat, of this reading-desk, with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out obstinately enough, and, had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the *great watch-coat*, you see he did not run away; no — he retreated behind the breeches; and, when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-desk. To what other hold *Trim* will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson's boot; but, as it is thought he

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that *Trim* will once more in his life get hold of the parson's horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him ; but, as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading-desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *close-stool*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If *Trim* should make this movement, by my advice he should be left, beside his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep everybody a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as *Trim* seems bent upon purging himself, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation — Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand *Trim* has actually made behind the said desk : “ Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before my lord mayor, that *John* and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abused me worse than a dog ; for they told you that I play'd fast and go

## MISCELLANIES

loose with the *late* parson and him in that old dispute of theirs about the *reading-desk*, and that I made matters worse between them and not better."

Of this charge *Trim* declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn — that he would be book-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover insinuated, that *John* himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him — Aye, *Trim*, says the wight in the plush-breeches, but that was, *Trim*, the day before *John* found thee out. Besides, *Trim*, there is nothing in that, for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knowest well that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover gave thee a good warm supper for turning *John Lund's* cows and horses out of my hard corn close, which if thou hadst not done, (as thou toldst me) I should have lost my whole crop; whereas *John Lund* and *Thomas Patt*, who are both here to testify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyself was the very man who set the gate open — and after all, it was not thee, *Trim*, 'twas the blacksmith's poor lad who turned them out — so

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

*Trim* could not sustain this unexpected stroke — so *Trim* marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of honour whatever. — Whether after this *Trim* intends to rally a second time — or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory — none but *Trim* himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three several pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been so *trimm'd* as never disastrous hero was *trimm'd* before.

# MISCELLANIES

## THE FRAGMENT

### CHAPTER I

*Shewing two Things ; first, what a Rabelaic Fellow LONGINUS RABELAICUS is, and secondly, how cavalierly he begins his Book.*

My dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbishops and bishops, as the *rest* of the inferior clergy ! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongst us for such a work, was fully bent within himself, to sit down immediately and compose a thorough-stitch'd system of the KERUKOPAEDIA, fairly setting forth, to the best of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpose all that is needful to be known, and understood of that art ? — Of what art cried PANURGE ? Good God ! answered LONGINUS (making an exclamation, but taking care at the same time to moderate his voice) why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdodomical, rostrummical, humdrummical what d'ye call 'ems — I will be shot, quoth EPISTE-

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

MON, if all this story of thine of a roasted horse, is simply no more than S—— Sausages? quoth PANURGE. Thou hast fallen twelve feet and about five inches below the mark, answer'd EPISTEMON, for I hold them to be *Sermons*— which said word, (as I take the matter) being but a word of low degree, for a book of high rhetoric — LONGINUS RABELAICUS was fore-minded to usher and lead into his dissertation, with as much pomp and parade as he could afford; and for my own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horse, or the KERUKOPAEDIA is nothing but the art of making 'em — And why not, quoth GYMNAST, of preaching them when we have done? — Believe me, dear souls, this is half in half—and if some skilful body would but put us in a way to do this to some *tune* — Thou wouldest not have them *charted* surely, quoth TRIBOULET, laughing? — No, nor *canted* neither, quoth GYMNAST, crying! — but what I mean, my friends, says LONGINUS RABELAICUS (who is certainly one of the greatest critics in the western world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever existed) what I mean, says he, interrupting them both and resuming his discourse, is this, that if all the scatter'd rules of the KER-

## MISCELLANIES

UKOPAEDIA could be but once carefully collected into one code, as thick as PANURGE's head, and the whole *cleanly* digested — (pooh, says PANURGE, who felt himself aggrieved) and bound up continued LONGINUS, by way of a regular institute, and then put into the hands of every licensed preacher in Great Britain, and Ireland, just before he began to compose, I maintain it — I deny it flatly, quoth PANURGE — What? answered LONGINUS RABELLAICUS with all the temper in the world.

## CHAPTER II

*In which the Reader will begin to form a Judgment, of what an Historical, Dramatical, Anecdotal, Allegorical, and Comical Kind of a Work he has got hold of.*

HOMENAS who had to preach next Sunday (before God knows whom) knowing nothing at all of the matter — was all this while at it as hard as he could drive in the very next room : — for having fouled two clean sheets of his own, and being quite stuck fast in the entrance upon his third general *division*, and finding himself unable to get either forwards or backwards with any grace — “Curse it,” says he, (thereby excommunicating every mother's son

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

who should think differently) “why may not a man lawfully call in for help in this, as well as any other human emergency ? ” — So without any more argumentation, except starting up and nimming down from the top shelf but one, the second volume of CLARK — tho’ without any felonious intention in so doing, he had begun to clap me in ( making a joint first) five whole pages, nine round paragraphs, and a dozen and a half of good thoughts all of a row ; and because there was a confounded high gallery — was transcribing it away like a little devil. — Now — quoth HOMENAS to himself, “tho’ I hold all this to be fair and square, yet, if I am found out, there will be the deuce and all to pay.” — *Why are the bells ringing backwards, you lad? what is all that crowd about, honest man?* HOMENAS was got upon Doctor CLARK’s back, sir — and what of that, my lad? *Why an please you, he has broke his neck, and fractured his skull, and befoaled himself into the bargain, by a fall from the pulpit two stories high.* Alas ! poor HOMENAS ! HOMENAS has done his business ! — HOMENAS will never preach more while breath is in his body. — No, faith, I shall never again be able to tickle it off as I have done. I may

## MISCELLANIES

sit up whole winter nights baking my blood with hectic watchings, and write as solid as a FATHER of the church — or, I may sit down whole summer days evaporating my spirits into the finest thoughts, and write as florid as a MOTHER of it. — In a word, I may compose myself off my legs, and preach till I burst — and when I have done, it will be worse than if not done at all. — *Pray Mr. Such-a-one, who held forth last Sunday? Doctor CLARK, I trow; says one. Pray what Doctor CLARK says a second? Why HOMENAS's Doctor CLARK, quoth a third.* O rare HOMENAS! cries a fourth; your servant, Mr. HOMENAS, quoth a fifth. — 'Twill be all over with me, by Heav'n — I may as well put the book from whence I took it. — Here HOMENAS burst into a flood of tears, which falling down helter-skelter, ding dong without any kind of intermission for six minutes and almost twenty five seconds, had a marvellous effect upon his discourse; for the aforesaid tears, do you mind, did so temper the wind that was rising upon the aforesaid discourse, but falling for the most part perpendicularly, and hitting the spirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally all over the surface of his ha-

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

rangue, they not only play'd the devil and all with the sublimity — but moreover the said tears, by their nitrous quality, did so refrigerate, precipitate, and hurry down to the bottom of his soul, all the unsavory particles which lay fermenting (as you saw) in the middle of his conception, that he went on in the coolest and chastest stile (for a *soliloquy* I think) that ever mortal man uttered.

“This is really and truly a very hard case, continued HOMENAS to himself” — PANURGE, by the bye, and all the company in the next room hearing all along every syllable he spoke ; for you must know, that notwithstanding PANURGE had open'd his mouth as wide as he could for his blood, in order to give a round answer to LONGINUS RABELAICUS’s interroga-tion, which concluded the last chapter — yet HOMENAS’s rhetoric had pour’d in so like a torrent, slap-dash thro’ the wainscot amongst them, and happening at that *uncritical* crisis, when PANURGE had just put his ugly face into the above-said posture of defence — that he stopt short — he did indeed, and, tho’ his head was full of matter, and he had screw’d up every nerve and muscle belonging to it, till all cryed *crack* again, in order to give a due

## MISCELLANIES

projectile force to what he was going to let fly, full in **LONGINUS RABELAICUS**'s teeth who sat over against him. — Yet for all that, he had the continence to contain himself, for he stopt short, I say, without uttering one word except, **Z—ds** — many reasons may be assign'd for this, but the most true, the most strong, the most hydrostatical, and the most philosophical reason, why **PANURGE** did not go on, was — that the fore-mention'd *torrent* did so *drown* his voice, that he had none left to go on with. — God help him, poor fellow ! so he stopt short (as I have told you before) and all the time **HOMENAS** was speaking he said not another word, good or bad, but stood gaping, and staring, like what you please — so that the break, mark'd thus — which **HOMENAS**'s grief had made in the middle of his discourse, which he could no more help than he could fly — produced no other change in the room where **LONGINUS RABELAICUS**, **PISTEMON**, **GYMNAST**, **TRIBOULET**, and nine or ten more honest blades had got Kerukopaëdizing together, but that it gave time to **GYMNAST** to give **PANURGE** a good squashing chuck under his double chin ; which **PANURGE** taking in good part, and just as it was meant by **GYMNAST**, he forthwith

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

shut his mouth — and gently sitting down upon a stool though somewhat excentrically and out of neighbours row, but listening, as all the rest did, with might and main, they plainly and distinctly heard every syllable of what you will find recorded in the very next chapter.

## MISCELLANIES

### AN IMPROMPTU \*

No — not one farthing would I give for such a coat in wet weather, or dry — If the sun shines you are sure of being melted, because it closes so tight about one — if it rains it is no more a defence than a cobweb — a very sieve, o' my conscience ! that lets through every drop, and like many other things that

\* [While Becket, the London publisher, was preparing the correspondence of Sterne for the press, he received this mad piece with the following letter :

*To Mr. Becket*

EXETER, July, 1775.

SIR, — This was quite an *Impromptu* of Yorick's after he had been thoroughly *soused*. — He drew it up in a few moments without stopping his pen. I should be glad to see it in your intended collection of Mr. Sterne's memoirs, &c. If you should have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a misapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of, as one great excellency of his writings lies in the most happy choice of metaphors and allusions — such as shewed his philosophic judgement, at the same time that they displayed his wit and genius — but it is not for me to comment on, or correct so great an original. I should have sent this fragment as soon as I saw Mrs. Medalle's advertisement, had I not been at a distance from my papers. I expect much entertainment from this posthumous work of a man to whom no one is more indebted for amusement and instruction, than, sir, your humble servant,

S. P.]

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

are put on only for a cover, mortifies you with disappointment and makes you curse the impostor, when it is too late to avail one's self of the discovery. Had I been wise I should have examined the claim the coat had to the title of "defender of the body"—before I had trusted my body in it—I should have held it up to the light like other suspicious matters I have seen, how much it was likely to admit of that which I wanted to keep out—whether it was no more than such a frail, flimsy contexture of flesh and blood, as I am fated to carry about with me through every tract of this dirty world, could have comfortably and safely dispensed within so short a journey—taking into my account the chance of spreading trees—thick hedges o'erhanging the road—with twenty other coverts that a man may thrust his head under—if he is not violently pushed on by that d—d stimulus—you know where—that will not let a man sit still in one place for half a minute together—but, like a young nettlesome tit is eternally on the fret, and is for pushing on still farther—or if the poor scared devil is not hunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gives and a halter dangling before his eyes—now in either case he has not

## MISCELLANIES

a minute to throw away in standing still, but like king Lear must brave "the peltings of a pitiless storm" and give heaven leave to "rumble its belly full — spit fire — or spout rain" as spitefully as it pleaseth, without finding the inclination or the resolution to slacken his pace lest something should be lost that might have been gained, or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of — Now had I acted with as much prudence as some other good folks — I could name many of them who have been made b——ps within my remembrance for having been hooded and muffled up in a larger quantity of this dark drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my share — and absolutely for nothing else — as will be seen when they are undressed another day — Had I had but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth without lessening much of the size, or injuring in the least the shape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or confining to a less circumference, the superb sweep of any one cloak that any one b——p ever wrapt himself up in — I should never have given this coat a place upon my shoulders. I should have seen by the light at one glance, how little it would keep out of

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

rain, by how little it would keep in of darkness — This a coat for a rainy day ? do pray madam hold it up to that window — did you ever see such an *illustrious* coat since the day you could distinguish between a coat and a pair of breeches ? — My lady did not understand derivatives, and so she could not see quite through my splendid pun. Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the same “darkness of excessive light.” What a flood of it breaks in thro’ this rent ? what an irradiation beams through that ? what twinklings — what sparklings as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the sun ? Make a fan out of it for the ladies to look at their gallants with at church — It has not served me for one purpose — it will serve them for two — This is coarse stuff — of worse manufacture than the cloth — put it to its proper use, for I love when things sort and join well — make a philtre \* of it — while there is a drop to be ex-

\* This allusion is improper. A philtre originally signifies a love-potion — and as it is used as a noun from the verb *philitrate* — it must signify a *strainer*, not a *sucker*. — Cloth is sometimes used for the purpose of *draining* by means of its pores or capillary tubes, but its action is contrary to filtration. His meaning is obvious enough ; but as he drew up this fragment without stopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of some of his terms.

## MISCELLANIES

tracted — I know but one thing in the world  
that will draw, drain, or suck like it —— and  
that is —— neither wool nor flax — make —  
make anything of it, but a vile, hypocritical  
coat for me — for I never can say *sub Jove*  
(whatever Juno might) that “it is a pleasure  
to be wet.”\*   L. STERNE.

\* [Adapted from Rochester's “"Twas so pleasant to be wet !” —  
*A Dialogue.*]   ]

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## A DREAM

*To Mr. Cook*

I HAVE just been sporting myself with some wild Fancys, w<sup>ch</sup> to amuse myself I have wrote down. I dare trust them to your Candour, as a Friend. — Do not examine the Allusions, till you have read quite thro.

As I walked in y<sup>e</sup> Orchard last night by star light, I was raising my imagination to the sublime notions of y<sup>e</sup> modern philosophy, w<sup>ch</sup> makes y<sup>e</sup> earth to be of y<sup>e</sup> nature of a planet, moving round y<sup>e</sup> sun, and supposes all y<sup>e</sup> fixed stars to be suns in their respective systems, each of them surrounded, like this of ours, by a Quire of Planets. And why, thought I, may not all these Planets be inhabited, as well as this our globe? Has not y<sup>e</sup> microscope given us sensible evidence of a vast number of *new worlds*, if I may so speak, w<sup>ch</sup> before were not imagin'd to exist? And w<sup>t</sup> Limits can we set to y<sup>e</sup> works of God and Nature? Thus thinking, I stop'd close to a

## MISCELLANIES

Plumb-tree, and went on w<sup>th</sup> my Reverie thus —

This notion is laugh'd at as a wild chimerical fancy by ye generality of ye inhabitants of this our globe, and probably it w<sup>d</sup> find ye same reception with those of any other. The inhabitants of ye most inconsiderable Planet that revolves round ye most inconsiderable Star I can pick out of this vast number, look upon *their world*, I'll warrant you, as ye only one yt exists. They believe it the center of ye universe, and suppose yt ye whole system of ye Heavens turns round them, and was made, and moves purely for *their sakes*. So considerable do they imagine themselves as doubtless to hold that all these numerous stars (our sun among ye rest) were created with ye only view of twinkling upon such of them, as have occasion to follow their cattle late at night.

A set of worlds moving round another great world make up ye system of a primary planet ; several of these systems moving round a sun make up a solar system ; each of these solar systems may again make a part of a still higher system, and so on as far as ye imagination pleases. On ye other side, an animal body

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

may afford support, and sustenance, and be as it were an *earth* to a world of other animals w<sup>ch</sup> live upon it, each of these again may be peopled with a world of others, and so on as before. . . . We are situate on a kind of isthmus, w<sup>ch</sup> separates two Infinitys. The mind can in Idea multiply and increase any finite space or quantity infinitely, and also infinitely divide and subdivide it: nor can it find any where on either side any necessity of setting bounds to the works of creation, or fixing y<sup>e</sup> stage where y<sup>e</sup> scale of being must end.

It's hard to say whether side of y<sup>e</sup> prospects strikes y<sup>e</sup> imagination most; whether y<sup>e</sup> solar system or a drop of pepper water afford a nobler subject of contemplation; in short whether we owe more to y<sup>e</sup> Telescope or microscope. On one side infinite Power and wisdom appear drawn at *full extent*; on y<sup>e</sup> other, in *miniature*. The infinitely *strong and bold Strokes there*, y<sup>e</sup> infinitely *nice and delicate Touches here*, shew equally in both y<sup>e</sup> divine hand.

By a different conformation of its senses a Creature might be made to apprehend any given Portion of space, as greater, or less in any Proportion, than it appears to us. This

## MISCELLANIES

we are assured of from Optics. I doubt not also but that by a *different conformation* of ye Brain a Creature might be made to apprehend any given portion of time as longer or shorter in any proportion than it appears to us. Glasses can make an *inch* seem a *mile*. I leave it to future ages to invent a method for making a *minute* seem a *year*. One cannot help recollecting a very fine Spectator\* on this occasion.

The vigour w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> ye mind acts does no way depend on ye Bulk of ye body. The mind in a less body may act with ye same intenseness, tho' it cannot produce the same outward effects. So a man that fights only with a club may be as brave and resolute as one that fires of[f] ye battering cannon. That part of us w<sup>ch</sup> is ye immediate vehicle of ye active, thinking principle within us is perhaps *small* beyond conception. I can imagine that I might possess all ye same mental powers and capacitys, and exert as vigorous acts of thinking and willing as I now do, tho' my body were no bigger than ye millionth part of a grain of sand.

So that for ought I know, two nations on

\* No. 94.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

each side a Fibre of a green leaf may meet and perform actions as truly great as any we read of in ye history of Alexander. Their courage, resolution, and patience of P&in may be as great, as yt exhibited by ye Macedonian army, nay and even ye prize of ye contest no way inferior to that w<sup>ch</sup> animated ye brave Greeks. The possession or conquest of ye Leaf may gratify as many and as strong desires in them, as that of ye earth in us.

Upon ye whole, ye surface of a grain of sand to a creature that lives upon it may appear as great and give as grand and striking an Idea, as ye surface of ye earth to us, and may no less abound w<sup>th</sup> variety of ye accommodations of life. An hour or minute to a creature of that duration may appear as long as 4 score and 10 years to us, and be fill'd with as numerous and no less intense enjoyments and troubles. So that I can conceive not only an Illiad, but a kind of universe included within ye sphere of a Nutshell ; as great a number and variety of beings, events as numerous and various, nay as great and important within ye space of a *natural day*, as fall within ye reach of sense in the whole solar system during ye revolution of the great *platonic year*.

## MISCELLANIES

So far I had indulg'd ye extravagance of my fancy when I bethought myself it was bed-time, and I dare swear you will say it was high time for me to go to sleep.

I went to bed accordingly. From that time I know not what happen'd to me, till by degrees I found myself in a new state of being, without any remembrance or suspicion that I had ever existed before, growing up gradually to reason and manhood, as I had done here. The world I was in was vast and commodious. The heavens were enlighten'd with abundance of smaller luminarys resembling stars, and one glaring one resembling the moon ; but with this difference that they seem'd fix'd in the heavens, and had no apparent motion. There were also a set of Luminarys (A) of a different nature, that gave a dimmer light. They were of various magnitudes, and appear'd in different forms. Some had ye form of crescents ; others, that shone opposite to ye great light, appear'd round. We call'd them by a name, w<sup>ch</sup> in our language wd sound like second stars. Besides these, there were several luminous (B) streaks running across ye heavens like our milky way ; and many variable glimmerings (C) like our north-lights.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

After having made my escape from the follies of youth, I betook myself to the study of natural philosophy. The philosophy there profess'd was reckon'd the most excellent in y<sup>e</sup> world and was said to have receiv'd its utmost perfection. After long and tedious study, I found that it was little else, than a heap of unintelligible jargon. All I could make out of it was, that y<sup>e</sup> world we liv'd on was flat, immensely extended every way, and that the sky was spread over it like a tent.

Dissatisfy'd w<sup>th</sup> this, I resolv'd to travel in quest of knowledge to a foreign country renown'd for wisdom; but found there instead of knowledge only a vain affectation of mystery in order to gain y<sup>e</sup> veneration of y<sup>e</sup> vulgar, and thereby serve y<sup>e</sup> ends of government. Disappcinted here, I resolv'd to travel further, and continu'd y<sup>e</sup> same route thro' infinite dangers and difficulties. By degrees I found a considerable alteration in y<sup>e</sup> heavens. The stars behind me were grown lower, those before me appear'd higher. A huge *dusky veil* (D) like a Cloud w<sup>ch</sup> was only tinsel'd over with a faint glimmer of light was rising upon y<sup>e</sup> heavens. In process of time, as I continu'd my journey, it quite covered y<sup>e</sup> Hemisphere,

## MISCELLANIES

y<sup>e</sup> luminarys having all successively set behind me. Still continuing my wearisome travels, I found y<sup>e</sup> dusky veil began in its turn to remove towards that part of y<sup>e</sup> heavens behind my back. Stars arose before me, w<sup>ch</sup> I recollect'd to have seen formerly. To be short, in process of time I found myself in the same country from whence I set out, and y<sup>e</sup> heavenly bodys all in the same position, as I had left them.

I no longer doubted that the world was globular, I openly declar'd my opinion, and y<sup>e</sup> grounds of it. But it being thought contrary to the doctrines of a religion w<sup>ch</sup> then prevail'd, I narrowly escap'd being burnt for a Heretick.

I retired from y<sup>e</sup> world to indulge my speculations. I began by degrees to perceive that I was exempt from y<sup>e</sup> Fate of the other inhabitants of that world, whose life was limited to a term, that seem'd about the length of 3 or 4 score years, as time is reckon'd here. I spent in my solitude 3 or 4 ages. During this time I had observ'd that y<sup>e</sup> heavens had a motion, tho' slow, and found that celestial as well as terrestrial things were in some measure subject to change. I even foresaw, w<sup>th</sup> great

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

grief, y<sup>e</sup> time when y<sup>e</sup> great light shou'd (as I observ'd several stars had done), sink under the dark veil, and leave us in eternal night.

I now return'd to y<sup>e</sup> world. I found y<sup>t</sup> a great Revolution had happened there. That free-thinking was now y<sup>e</sup> fashion, as much as religion had been formerly. This gave me great encouragement, I propos'd my notions, that y<sup>e</sup> heavens had a motion, that this our world was a globe inhabited all round ; that notwithstanding its vast dimensions, w<sup>ch</sup> I had experienc'd by my Travels, y<sup>e</sup> heavenly bodys were even the measure of several of its *diameters* distant from us. That probably some of these, particularly the *great light* might be of a magnitude equal to y<sup>e</sup> whole continent we liv'd upon. This gave occasion to infinite mirth, and was a most pregnant subject of wit, and humour among y<sup>e</sup> gay world. I found I was like to be persecuted as much now with y<sup>e</sup> Raillerie of free-thinkers, as before by y<sup>e</sup> fury of bigots. So true it is that superstition and Infidelity are both founded in y<sup>e</sup> same narrow way of thinking. A small party, however, encourag'd and supported me. But within an age an army of Barbarians overwhelm'd our land like an inundation, defac'd all footsteps of learn-

## MISCELLANIES

ing, and I with great difficulty escap'd into another country.

Here I open'd a school, and met w<sup>th</sup> some followers. We form'd a society and in Time invented some curious optical instruments, w<sup>ch</sup> assisted us in our Researches. We now began to think that ye second stars borrow'd all their light from ye great one ; and in process of time found reason to suspect that these second stars were even not in ye same sphere w<sup>th</sup> ye rest of ye Luminarys, but hung very much below them, a discovery w<sup>ch</sup> much surprised ye learned world : and some time after we ventur'd to teach that ye heavenly bodys were many of them as large even as ye world we liv'd on ; and that ye second stars were worlds inhabited like ours ; w<sup>ch</sup> last extremely diverted the wits.

In process of time, a vast streak of light (E) appear'd on ye edge of the *dusky veil*, I examin'd ye Phenomenon, and declar'd my opinion that some vast luminary wou'd issue thence, and enlighten ye world with surprising splendour. I was confirm'd in this op[inion] by some old broken Remain of tradition I had met with [when] I first began to study philosophy, and w<sup>ch</sup> were by all look'd on as

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

fabulous. They import'd that there had formerly been a *golden age* when ye' heavens and earth were deck'd with a sevenfold lustre. Mountains sweat w<sup>th</sup> honey, and Rivers flow'd with wine ; but that the golden god who then govern'd ye' world, pursu'd by ye' silver goddess his daughter, had plung'd and hid himself in ye' vast abyss. It was from thence, that I, who was acquainted with the slow revolution of the heavens, expected his return. The wits however rally'd it, as ye' most absurd position, to assert, that ye' great streak of light I spoke of had not always appear'd in ye' same manner.

At this time began to be heard all over the world a huge noise and fragor in ye' skys, as if all nature was approaching to her dissolution. The stars seem'd to be torn from their orbits, and to wander at random thro' ye' heavens. I observ'd however that they did not change their position with regard to each other ; and thence concluded from ye' depth of my philosophy, that this unnatural motion was to be ascrib'd rather to ye' globe we liv'd on, than to ye' heavens, and that the former underwent some violent concussion. I fix'd my attention on a constellation of ye' second stars. I found that they considerably chang'd their position

## MISCELLANIES

w<sup>th</sup> regard to each other, and seem'd to suffer some cruel agitation. It was not long before I observ'd several of them to separate from, and forsake y<sup>e</sup> rest. I watch'd their motions carefully; mark'd on my globe their courses among y<sup>e</sup> stars, as one wou'd that of a comet. I perceiv'd their swiftness continually increas'd, and by degrees saw them lost in y<sup>e</sup> 'great *dark veil*.

And now y<sup>e</sup> fragor increas'd; y<sup>e</sup> world was alarm'd; all was consternation, horrour, and amaze; no less was expected than an universal wreck of nature. What ensu'd I know not. All of a sudden, I knew not how, I found myself in bed, as just waking from a sound sleep.

I recollect'd y<sup>e</sup> bed, y<sup>e</sup> hangings, y<sup>e</sup> room, my last night's thoughts, y<sup>e</sup> whole series of my former life. All this wou'd seem to persuade me that I had been in a dream. On y<sup>e</sup> other hand, my whole existence in the present state appear'd so small and so inconsiderable, and there appear'd so much of soli[dit]y and regularity in the other state, wherein I had spent thousand of years, that I could not be persuaded but I was at present in a *dream*. I rub'd my face, pull'd myself by the nose and ears in order to awake myself. I got up, ran

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

into the house, enquir'd what was the name of ye world we lived in, what nation this was call'd? what king at present reign'd? I hurry'd into the orchard, and by a sort of natural instinct made to ye plumb-tree under w<sup>ch</sup> pass'd my last night's reverie. I observ'd ye face of ye heavens was just the same as it had appear'd to me immediately before I left my former state; and that a brisk gale of wind, w<sup>ch</sup> is common about sun rising, was abroad. I recollect a hint I had read in *Fontenelle* who intimates that there is reason to suppose that ye *Blue* on *Plumbs* is no other than an immense number of living creatures. I got into ye tree, examin'd ye clusters of plumbs; found that they hung in ye same position, and made ye same appearance with ye constellations of second stars, I had been so familiarly acquainted with, excepting that some few were wanting, which I myself had seen fall. I cou'd then no longer doubt how ye matter was.

O ye vanity of worldly things, and even of worlds themselves! o world, wherein I have spent so many happy days! o ye comforts, and enjoyments I am separated from; ye acquaintance and friends I have left behind me there! O ye mountains, rivers, rocks and plains, w<sup>ch</sup>

## MISCELLANIES

ages had familiariz'd to my view! with you I seem'd at home; here I am like a banish'd man; every thing appears strange, wild and savage! O y<sup>e</sup> projects I had form'd! y<sup>e</sup> designs I had set on foot, y<sup>e</sup> friendships I had cultivated! How has one blast of wind dash'd you to pieces! . . . But thus it is: *Plumbs* fall, and *Planets* shall perish. . . .

“And now a Bubble burst, and now a world.”\* The time will come when y<sup>e</sup> powers of heaven shall be shaken, and y<sup>e</sup> stars shall fall like y<sup>e</sup> fruit of a tree, when it is shaken by a mighty wind.

- (A) Y<sup>e</sup> fruit.
- (B) Y<sup>e</sup> branches.
- (C) Y<sup>e</sup> playing of y<sup>e</sup> leaves in y<sup>e</sup> moonbeams.
- (D) Y<sup>e</sup> earth.
- (E) Day-break.

\* [Pope's *Essay on Man*, Epistle 1, l. 90.]

# LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

## THE UNKNOWN ◉

*Verses occasioned by hearing a Pass-Bell*

By y<sup>e</sup> Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> ST—N

Hark<sup>e</sup> my gay Fr<sup>d</sup> y<sup>t</sup> solemn Toll  
Speaks y<sup>e</sup> departure of a soul ;  
'Tis gone, y<sup>t</sup>: all we know — not where  
Or how y<sup>e</sup> unbody<sup>d</sup> soul do's fare —  
In that mysterious ◉ none knows  
But ◉ alone to w<sup>m</sup> it goes ;  
To whom departed souls return  
To take their doom to smile or mourn.

Oh ! by w<sup>t</sup> glimmering light we view  
The unknown ◉ we're hast'ning to !  
God has lock'd up y<sup>e</sup> mystic Page,  
And curtained darkness round y<sup>e</sup> stage !  
Wise 8 to render search perplext  
Has drawn 'twixt y<sup>s</sup> ◉ & y<sup>s</sup> next  
A dark impenetrable screen  
All behind w<sup>ch</sup> is yet unseen !  
We talk of 8, we talk of Hell,  
But w<sup>t</sup> yy mean no tongue can tell !  
Heaven is the realm where angels are  
And Hell the chaos of despair.  
But what y<sup>ee</sup> awful truths imply,  
None of us know before we die !

## MISCELLANIES

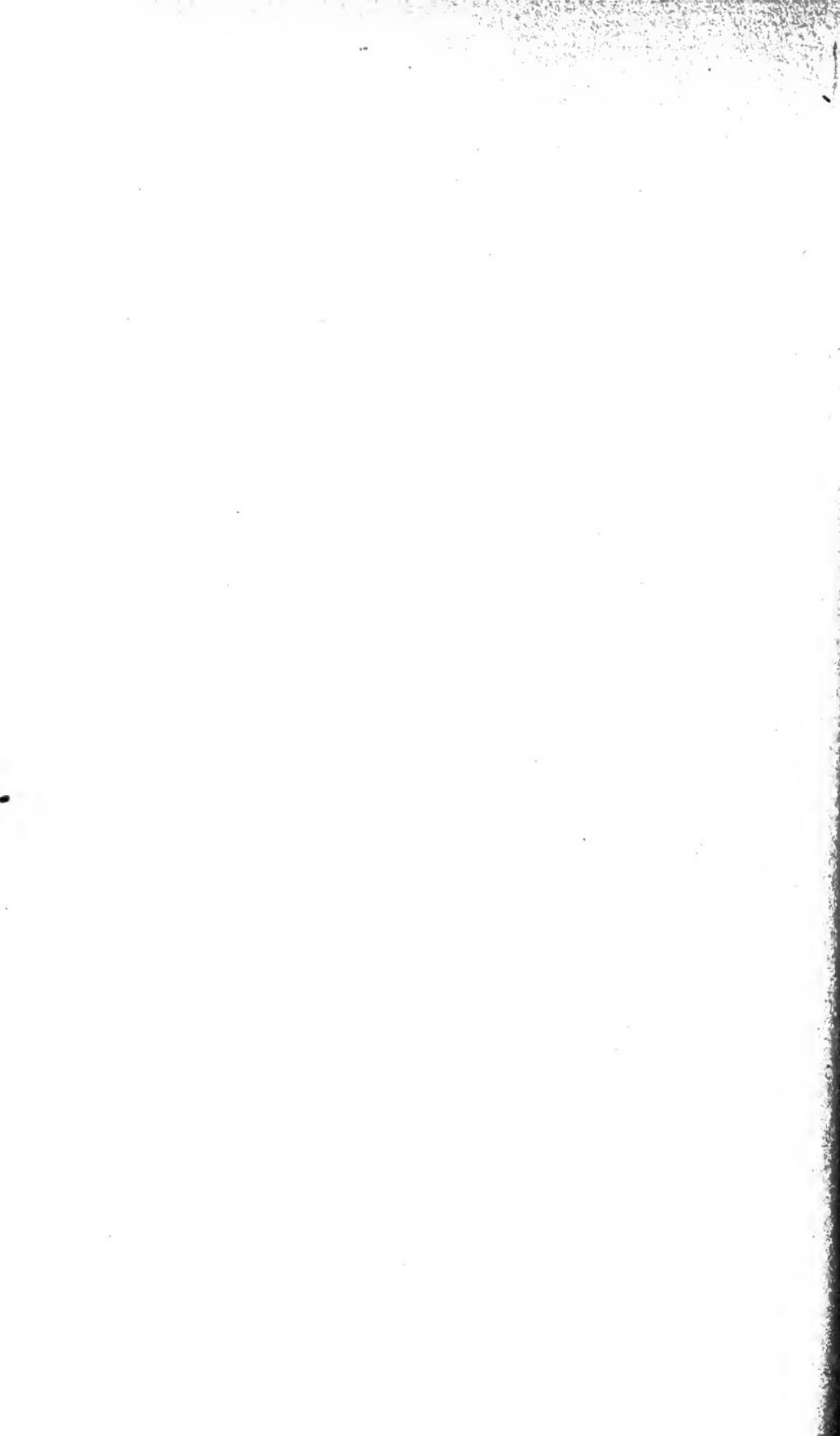
Wheth<sup>r</sup> we will or no, we must  
Take the succeeding **O** on trust.

This hour perhaps O! F<sup>rd</sup> is well,  
Death-struck y<sup>e</sup> next he cries, Farewell,  
I die ! and yet for ought we see,  
Ceases at once to breath and be —  
Thus launch'd f<sup>m</sup> life's ambiguous shore  
Ingulph'd in Death appears no more,  
Then undirected to repair,  
To distant **O** we know not where.  
Swift flies the **U**, perhaps 'tis gone  
A thousand leagues beyond the sun ;  
Or 2<sup>ee</sup> 10 thousand more 3<sup>ee</sup> told  
Ere the forsaken clay is cold !  
And yet who knows if Fr<sup>nd</sup>s we lov'd  
Tho' dead may be so far removed ;  
Only y<sup>e</sup> veil of flesh between,  
Perhaps yy watch us though unseen.  
Whilst we, y<sup>ir</sup> loss lamenting, say,  
They're out of hearing far away ;  
Guardians to us perhaps they're near  
Concealed in vehicles of air —  
And yet no notices yy give  
Nor tell us where, nor how yy live ;  
Tho' conscious whilst with us below,  
How much y<sup>ma</sup> desired to know —  
As if bound up by solemn Fate  
To keep the secret of y<sup>ir</sup> state,  
To tell y<sup>ir</sup> joys or pains to none,  
That man might live by Faith alone.  
Well, let my sovereign if he please,  
Lock up his marvellous decrees ;

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

Why sh<sup>d</sup> I wish him to reveal  
W<sup>t</sup> he thinks proper to conceal ?  
It is enough y<sup>t</sup> I believe  
Heaven's bright<sup>r</sup> y<sup>n</sup> I can conceive ;  
And he y<sup>t</sup> makes it all his care  
To serve God here shall see him there !  
But oh ! w<sup>t</sup> ~~o~~s shall I survey  
The moment y<sup>t</sup> I leave y<sup>t</sup> clay ?  
How sudden y<sup>t</sup> surprise, how new !  
Let it, my God, be happy too —

## **NOTES**



## NOTES ON STERNE'S CORRESPONDENTS

**THOMAS BECKET.** The bookseller in the Strand, who took Dodsley's place as Sterne's publisher in 1762. Letters LXV., LXXX., LXXXVIII., XCIV., CXIII.

**THOMAS BELASYSE** of Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire; created Earl of Fauconberg in 1756. He was Sterne's patron in the North, who presented him with the living at Coxwold in March 1760. He died in 1774. Letters LXIV., LXXXIX., CXXXII., CXXXIII.

**MR. BERRENGER.** "A person of fashion, well known in London, and Master of the Horse at the Palace."—Fitzgerald. Letter XL.

**FRANCIS BLACKBURNE** (1705–1787). In 1739 he was appointed to the living of Richmond in Yorkshire, where he passed the rest of his life. In 1750 he was collated to the archdeaconry of Cleveland and to the prebend of Bilton. His *Confessional* (1766), aimed against confessions of faith and doctrine, occasioned a lively controversy, and barred further ecclesiastical honors. Letters V., VI., VII.

**JOHN BLAKE.** A prebendary of York, whom Sterne advised in matrimonial difficulties. Letters IX.–XIX.

**JOHN CROFT** (1732–1820). A younger brother to Stephen Croft, the Squire of Stillington, one of Sterne's most intimate friends during the Sutton period. As a young man, John Croft was sent to Oporto to learn the wine trade. After spending many years in Portugal, he returned to

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

York and joined a firm of wine merchants there. As wit and antiquary, he gained more than local fame. Among his publications are a miscellany of jest, called *Scrapeana* (1792) and *Excerpta Antiqua; or a Collection of original Manuscripts* (1797). See the first letter among the *Anecdotes*.

STEPHEN CROFT. The Squire of Stillington, a congenial and confidential friend, who rescued the manuscript of *Tristram Shandy* from the fire. Letters XLII., XLIII., LI., LII., LIII., LIV.

J. DILLON. "One of the March, Selwyn, and Gilly Williams coterie." — Fitzgerald. Letter CXLI. Dillon is mentioned in the *Journal to Eliza* under date of June 30, 1767.

JAMES DODSLEY (1724–1797). The great London publisher in Pall Mall. From his house were issued the first four volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Letter XXII.

ROBERT HAY DRUMMOND (1711–1776). In succession royal Chaplain to George the Second, Prebendary of Westminster, Bishop of St. Asaph, Bishop of Salisbury, and Archbishop of York (1761). According to Horace Walpole, he was "a man of parts and of the world." Letters LXVI., LXXXIV., CI. Consult *Journal to Eliza* for July 18 for Sterne's high estimation of him.

LADY D—. Not identified. Letters LX., LXXII.

DR. EUSTACE. A friend of Arthur Dobbs, the colonial Governor of North Carolina from 1754 to 1765. Letters CLXVIII., CLXIX.

MR. E—. A London friend whose name seems to have been Edmundson. Letter LXXIII.

## NOTES

**FAUCONBERG, THE EARL OF.** See Thomas Belasyse.

**MRS. FERGUSON.** A "witty widow," with whom Sterne made acquaintance in the pre-Shandean period. She was apparently a Yorkshire woman, who passed much of her time in London and Bath. Letters XXIII., XLVIII., XCIII., CLVI.

**MR. FOLEY.** Sterne's banker at Paris, of the firm of Panchaud and Foley, Rue Sauveur. Letters LXXV., LXXVII., LXXVIII., LXXIX., LXXXI., LXXXII., LXXXIII., LXXXV., LXXXVI., LXXXVII., XC., XCI., XCII., XCVII., C., CII., CIV., CVII., CXI., CXII., CXX., CXXVIII.

**CATHERINE DE FOURMANTELLE.** Consult the sketch by John Murray, introductory to Letters XXV.-XXXVII.

**DAVID GARRICK (1717-1779).** The great actor. Sterne made his acquaintance early in March 1760. Letters XXXVIII., XXXIX., LVIII., LIX., LXII., LXIII., CV., CVI.

**JOHN HALL-STEVENSON.** See Stevenson, John Hall-.

**MRS. H—.** Some woman named Hannah, whom Mrs. Medalle transformed into Mrs. H. in order to shield her father. Letters CLVII., CLIX.

**SIR WILLIAM JAMES (1721-1783).** Commodore and commander-in-chief of the East Indian Company's Marine force at Bombay. Retiring from service in 1759, he settled in England. He purchased an estate near Eltham, and married Anne, daughter of Edmond Goddard of Hartham in Wiltshire. Beginning with January 1767, Sterne was a frequent visitor of the Jameses at their house in Gerrard

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

street, Soho. There he must have first met Mrs. Draper. Letters CXXXVIII., CXLVI., CXLVIII., CXLIX., CLV., CLVIII., CLXIV., CLXV., CLXVI., CLXVII., CLXXII.

A. LEE. "A gentleman of York and a bachelor of a liberal turn of mind," who lent Sterne "one hundred pounds towards the printing" of the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Letters CXLI., CXLIV., CLX., CLXIII.

MISS LUMLEY. See Mrs. Sterne.

SIR GEORGE MACARTNEY (1737–1806). A diplomatist. He was accounted "one of the handsomest and most accomplished young men of his day." He was knighted in 1764. A few months before the date of Sterne's letter to him, he declined the embassy to St. Petersburg. At a later period, Macartney became in turn Captain-General and Governor of the Caribbee Islands and Governor and President of Madras, and he might have succeeded Warren Hastings as Governor-General of India. Letter CLXII.

MRS. MEADOWS. A shadowy and perhaps wholly mythical character. She may be the Mrs. M—— who is several times mentioned in the correspondence. Letter CX.

MR. PANCHAUD. Of the firm of Panchaud and Foley, Sterne's bankers at Paris. Letters CXIV., CXV., CXVI., CXVII., CXXI., CXXIII., CXXVII., CXXIX., CXXXIV., CXXXVI., CXLVII., CLIV.

LADY PERCY. Anne, daughter to John Stuart, third Earl of Bute. She was married in 1764 to Hugh, second Earl of Northumberland, and she was divorced from him in 1779. Consult the note to Letter CVIII.

WILLIAM Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham (1708–1788). Letter XLI.

## NOTES

**IGNATIUS SANCHO** (1729–1780). A negro born on a slave-ship. He was baptized at Carthagena by a Portuguese bishop in the name of Ignatius. When two years old, he was brought to England, where he was made over to three maiden ladies who treated him harshly. They called him Sancho, from a fancied resemblance to the famous squire in *Don Quixote*. Fleeing from these women, he came into the service of the Montagu family. He learned to read, and late in life he wrote letters in imitation of Sterne, which were collected and published in 1782, two years after his death. Letters CXXV., CXXVI., CXXXIX., CXLV.

**JAQUES STERNE, LL.D.** (died in 1759). Uncle of Laurence Sterne. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rice, and Rector of Hornsea cum Riston. It was by his influence that Laurence Sterne was appointed Vicar of Sutton (1738), and a Prebendary of York (1741). The alienation of uncle and nephew became complete by 1751. Letters VII., VIII.

**MRS. STERNE.** Wife of Laurence Sterne. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Lumley. She was a daughter of Richard Lumley, Rector of Bedale, “one of the best livings in Yorkshire,” by Lydia, daughter to Anthony Light of Durham. On the death of her parents, she came to York, where Sterne made her acquaintance. The marriage, which proved uncomfortable to both parties, took place in York Cathedral on March 30, 1741. In later life Mrs. Sterne lived much in southern France, where she died at Alby in Languedoc, in January 1773. Letters I., II., III., IV., LXI., LXVII., LXVIII., LXIX., LXX., LXXI.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

**MISS STERNE.** Lydia Sterne, the second and only surviving daughter of Laurence and Elizabeth Sterne, was born on December 1, 1747. She grew up a pretty and sprightly girl, and became the delight of her father's heart. She went abroad with her mother in 1762, and thereafter lived mostly in France, with stretches of some months at Coxwold and York. On April 28, 1772, she abjured the Protestant religion to become on that day the wife of Alexander Anne Medalle, son of a Receveur des Décimes in the customs at Alby, an old town in Languedoc. In the summer of 1775, she came to England to supervise the publication of her father's correspondence. In the same year she returned to southern France, where she died before 1783. A son born of the marriage died in childhood. Letters XCV., CXVIII., CXXXV., CXXXVII., CLI., CLXXI.

**JOHN HALL-STEVENSON (1718–1785).** His original name was Hall, and he is frequently so addressed by Sterne. The name Stevenson he took from his wife. Sterne and Stevenson became acquainted at Cambridge, and they kept up a close intimacy till separated by death. Stevenson settled at Skelton Castle — which he called Crazy Castle — over on the Yorkshire coast, where he lived an idle and eccentric life and dabbled in literature. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, who met him at Harrogate, described him as “a highly-accomplished and well-bred gentleman.” Among his publications is a series of stories in verse, entitled, *Crazy Tales* (1762), one of which Sterne is supposed to relate. The volume was dedicated by the author to himself — an “ever honoured and worthy Sir.” In 1769, Hall-Stevenson published a continuation of Sterne’s *Sentimental Journey* (reprinted by the Georgian Society, London 1902). Letters

## NOTES

L., LV., LVI., LXXIV., LXXVI., XCVI., XCVIII., XCIX.,  
CIII., CXIX., CXXII., CXXX., CXLII., CL.

**THE EARL OF S—.** Probably William Petty (1737–1805), created Earl of Shelburne in 1764. He is mentioned in Letter CIV. and in the *Journal to Eliza* for May 2, 1767. Letter CXL.

**MR. S—.** Not identified. Letter CXXIV.

**L. S—n.** Perhaps the Mr. Selwin who was the London agent of Panchaud and Foley, the bankers at Paris. Letter CLXX.

**M. TOLLOT.** A friend of Sterne and Stevenson in France. He gayly describes the ways of Sterne on the first French journey. See quotations from his two letters in the *Anecdotes*.

**WILLIAM WARBURTON** (1698–1779). The noted Bishop of Gloucester. Letters XXXIX., XLIV., XLV., XLVI., XLVII.

**CALEB WHITEFOORD** (1734–1810). A wit and diplomatist. Like Croft he began his career in the wine trade, and gained repute for his *bon mots*. In 1783, he was one of the representatives in the negotiations at Paris that led to the treaty of peace between England, France, and the United States. In early life he was a friend of Goldsmith, who described him as a “rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun.” See the first letter among the *Anecdotes*.

**MR. WOODHOUSE.** “A most amiable worthy man” with whom Sterne associated at York, in London, and abroad. Letters CIX., CXXXI.

## LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES

SIR W——. "A certain Sir William," one of Sterne's friends among the London smart set. Letters CLII., CLIII.

LADY ——. Not identified. Letter LVII.

THE EARL OF ——. Not identified. Letter CLXI.

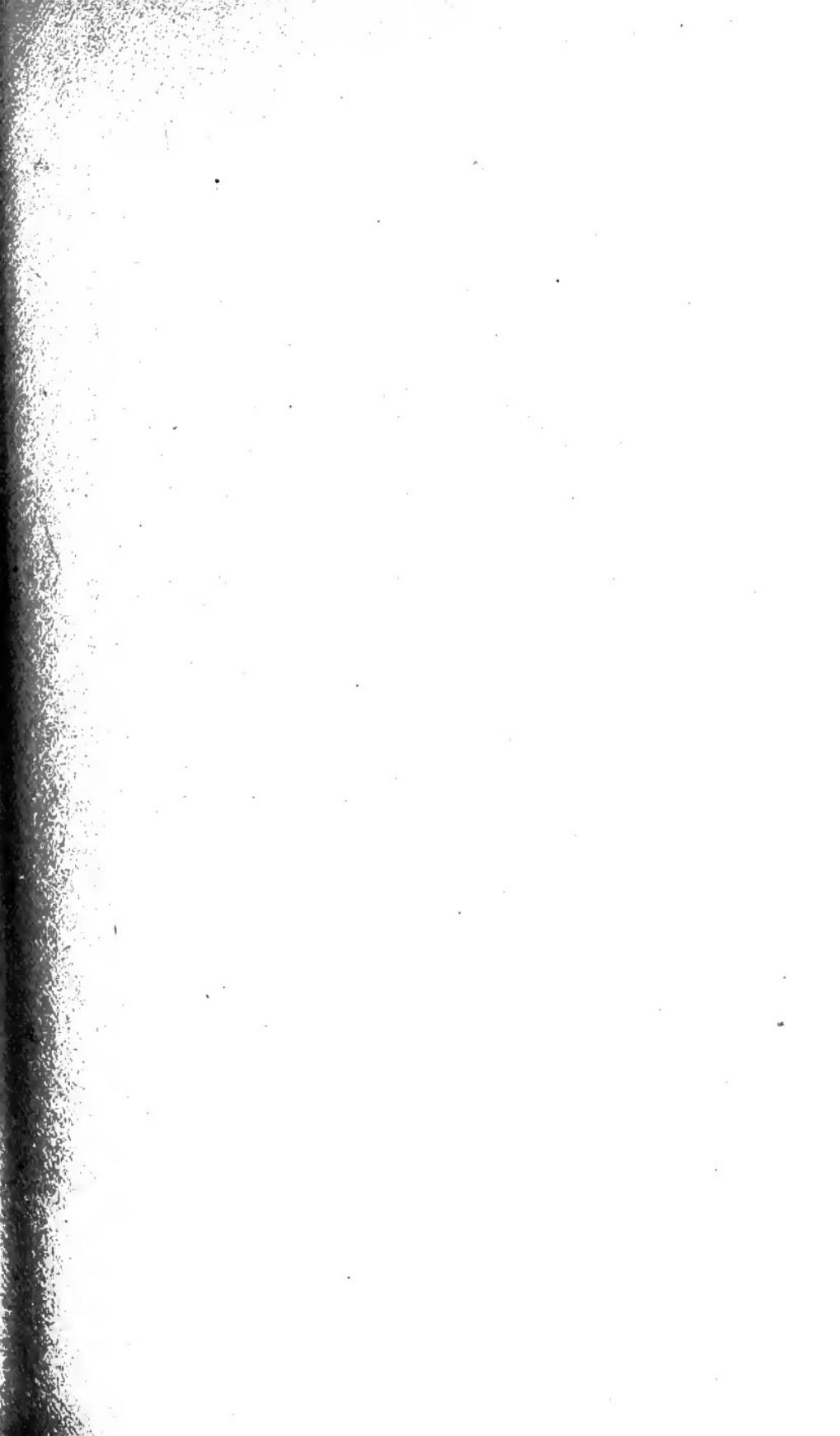
DR. \*\*\*\*\* This medical friend, who writes from London, protesting against Sterne's treatment of Dr. Richard Mead — the Dr. Kunastrokius of *Tristram Shandy* — may be Sir Noah Thomas, soon to become physician to George the Third. Letter XXIV.

\*\*\*\*. Some friend who had remonstrated with Sterne for the indecorums of *Tristram Shandy*. Letter XLIX.

\*\*\*\*\* Not identified. Letter XX.

——. A York chemist, or apothecary. Letter XXI.

W. L. C.

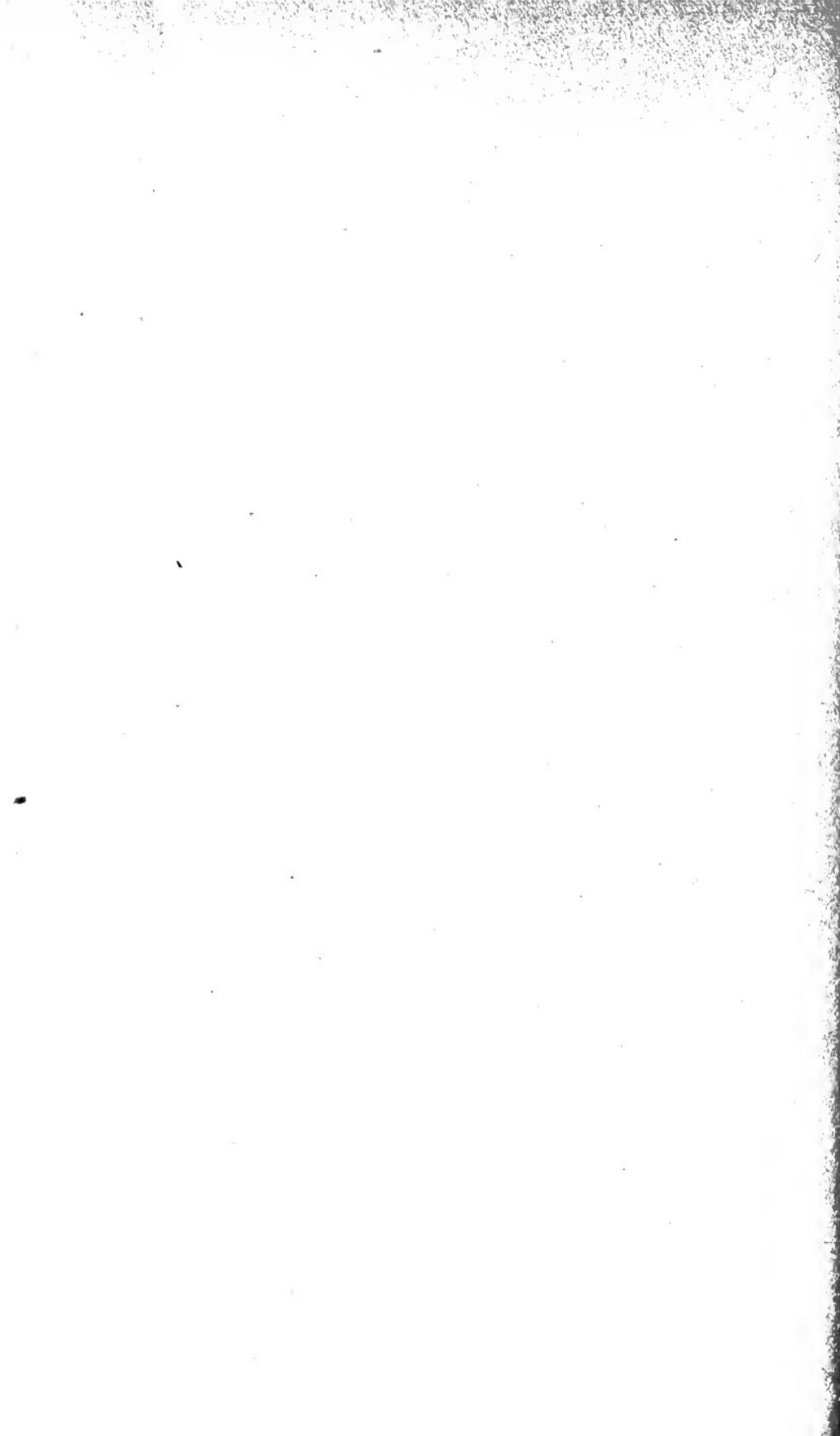




LAURENCE STERNE

## C O N T E N T S

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	ii
LETTERS FROM YORICK TO ELIZA . . . . .	15
THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA . . . . .	51
ORIGINAL LETTERS OF LAURENCE STERNE . . . . .	155
LETTERS OF ELIZABETH DRAPER . . . . .	165
AN EULOGY BY THE ABBÉ RAYNAL . . . . .	281



# I N T R O D U C T I O N



## I N T R O D U C T I O N.

### ELIZABETH DRAPER.

**S**TERNE married Miss Lumley of York. He afterwards held sentimental converse with Miss Fourmantelle, Lady Percy, “My witty widow Mrs. F—,” &c., &c. But his one passion was for the Eliza to whom this volume is dedicated. “Not Swift,” he wrote to her just before she sailed for India, “so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect! All those names, eminent as they are, shall give place to thine, Eliza.”

Mrs. Elizabeth Draper was daughter to one May Sclater who went out to India when a mere boy. He married there a Miss Whitehill, and settled at Anjengo, a small factory on the coast of Malabar, where Elizabeth was born on April 5, 1744. In

## INTRODUCTION

due time she was sent to England for the “frivolous education” accorded to “girls destined for India.” “The generality of us,” she wrote in sorrowful retrospect, “\* \* \* were never instructed in the Importance of any thing, but one Worldly Point, that of getting an Establishment of the Lucrative kind, as soon as possible, a tolerable complexion, an Easy manner, some degree of taste in the adjustment of our ornaments, some little skill in dancing a minuet, and singing an air.” With no training in “useful Employments,” she returned to India in her fourteenth year to become, six months later, the wife of Daniel Draper, her elder by some twenty years. Since 1750 Draper had been in the service of the East India Company, and in 1759, the year after his marriage, he was appointed Secretary to the Government at Bombay, where with some interruptions he continued for the rest of his life in India. His faithful services were eventually rewarded by a seat in the Council and the post of Accountant General. If a somewhat heavy official, he was described by a friend and admirer as “a very noble and

## INTRODUCTION

good-humoured man.” There was nothing unusual about the Draper marriage, which now seems so ill-sorted in respect to age; and we may suppose that neither husband nor wife found it too uncomfortable. A boy was born in 1759, and two years later a girl, named for her mother—the Eliza or Betsey who figures in one of the letters. In 1765, the Drapers brought their children to England that they might be given an English education. Later in the same year Mr. Draper went back to Bombay, but his wife remained in England to recover her health, which had been much weakened by child-bearing and the heat of India.

There was then living in Gerrard Street, Soho, a retired Indian commodore named William James. After making a fortune in the Bombay Marine Service, he returned to England, married an attractive wife, and soon won a place in the “best” London society. Early in 1767, Sterne began going to the Jameses for dinner, especially of a Sunday; and the friendship quickly became intimate. Under date of February 23, Sterne wrote to his daughter Lydia: “I wish I had you with me—and I would introduce you to

## INTRODUCTION

one of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, whom I have just been with—\* \* \* a Mrs. James, the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with—I esteem them both.” It was no doubt at the house of these “kind friends in Gerrard Street” that Sterne made the acquaintance of Mrs. Draper—and most likely on his arrival in London at the very beginning of January, 1767. Half in love on first sight, Sterne soon became completely engrossed with his new passion. And well he might, for though Eliza may not have been handsome, she was young, good looking at least, and most agreeable in manner. “Your eyes,” Sterne wrote to her, “and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) \* \* \* are equal to any of God’s works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels.” Mrs. Draper was then called by her London friends, says one of her letters, the *Belle Indian*. Sterne saw much of her at the Jameses; she visited his lodgings in Old Bond Street; they made excursions together in and about London; and when separated from her, Sterne communed with her “sweet sentimental picture.” As the time was ap-

## INTRODUCTION

proaching for her to return to India—she sailed on April 3, 1767—he addressed to her the extraordinary epistles that all the world knows, and for months afterwards he recorded his sensations in a journal which he hoped some day to place in her hands.

The sojourn of Mrs. Draper in England had been to the change and harm of her character. With her little knowledge of the world, she took Sterne and her flatterers too seriously. She was no doubt attractive in appearance, with her oval face and light airs, but her admirers said to her face that she was beautiful; and worse than that, they tried to make out that she possessed qualities of mind which, if cultivated, would surely lead to distinction in literature. They sent her back to the dull humdrum of India with the literary ambitions of Mrs. Montagu and the blue-stockings. Henceforth she was to find at Bombay a great “Dearth of every thing which could charm the Heart—please the Fancy, or speak to the judgment.” Still Mrs. Draper seems for a time to have made the best of the situation. Writing from Tellicherry in 1769 to a friend in England, she spoke with respect if not with enthusiasm of

## INTRODUCTION

her husband, whom she was assisting in his official correspondence. But by 1772 she became thoroughly sick of India and of her husband in particular. In a letter to Mrs. James from Bombay she lamented that she was compelled to remain in a detestable country, where her health was declining, and her mind was tortured by the desire to return to England and be with her daughter. At this time she was no longer living with Draper as a wife, and for sufficient reasons, for he was engaged in open intrigue with an attendant—a Mrs. Leeds. In retaliation and despair, Mrs. Draper abruptly left her husband on the night of January 14–15, 1773, in company with Sir John Clark of the Navy, then in command of a frigate at Bombay. She sought refuge for a time with a “kind uncle,” Tom Whitehill, at Rajahmandry, and the next year she returned to England, where much attention was paid to her as Sterne’s Eliza. She associated, perhaps not to her good fame, with John Wilkes the politician; and, if an anecdote of Rogers is to be trusted, William Combe, the literary hack, could boast “that it was with him, not

## INTRODUCTION

with Sterne, that Eliza was in love." More to be pitied than to be censured, the unfortunate Mrs. Draper died at Bristol on August 3, 1778, in the thirty-fifth year of her age.

Mrs. Draper was buried in the cloisters of Bristol Cathedral, where to her memory stands a monument symbolizing in its two draped figures Genius and Benevolence, the qualities given her in the inscription. The next year the Abbé Raynal, the French historian of the Indies—over whom Mrs. Draper had cast her spells, first in India and afterwards in England—wrote about her in mad eulogy. He had wept, he said, with Eliza over Sterne; and at the time of her death, she was intending to quit her country for a life with him in France. "A statuary," he goes on to say in description of Mrs. Draper, "who would have wished to represent Voluptuousness, would have taken her for his model; and she would equally have served for him who might have had a figure of Modesty to display. \* \* \* Every instant increased the delight she inspired; every instant rendered her more interesting. \* \* \* Eliza then was very beautiful? No,

## INTRODUCTION

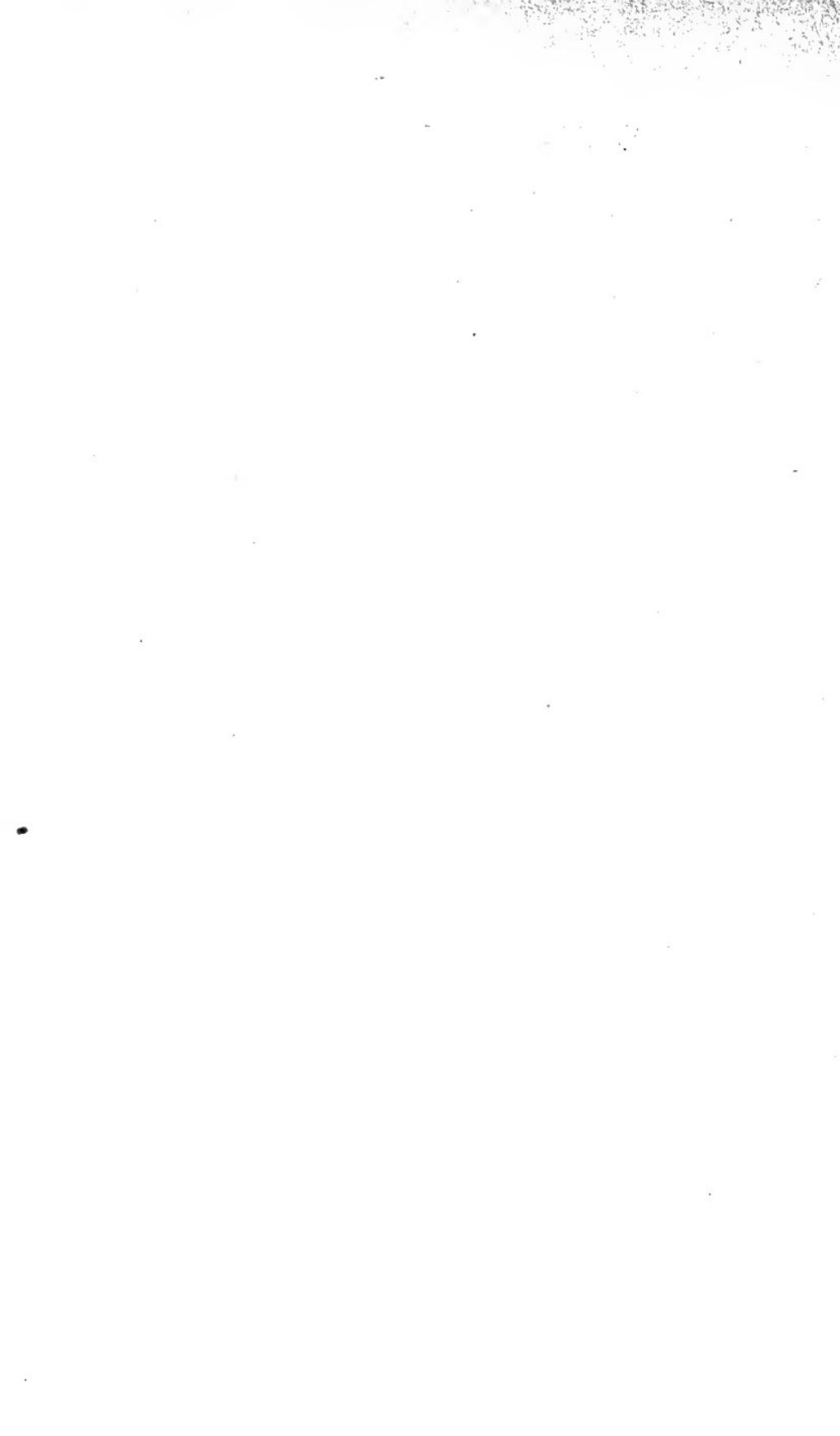
she was simply beautiful: but there was no beauty she did not eclipse, because she was the only one that was like herself.” \* And long afterwards, James Forbes, to whose *Oriental Memoirs* we owe so much for the social India of those days, paid his tribute to Mrs. Draper. Anjengo he averred would ever be celebrated as the birthplace of Eliza: “a lady with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted at Bombay, whose refined tastes and elegant accomplishments require no encomium from my pen.” To the various places where Mrs. Draper lived in India the curious long made pilgrimages. Colonel James Welsh of the Madras infantry visited the house at Anjengo where she was supposed to be born, and carried away from a broken window pieces of oyster-shell and mother-of-pearl as mementos. He took pains to write also in his *Memoirs* that the house she lived in at Tellicherry was still standing in 1812. Belvidere House, at Mazagon, overlooking the harbour at Bombay—the house from an upper window of which Eliza escaped by a rope ladder to the ship of Sir

\* Quoted from the English translation in *The European Magazine*, March, 1784. Consult Raynal, *Histoire Philosophique et Politique* (Book III, new edition, Paris, 1780).

## INTRODUCTION

John Clark—was long believed to be haunted by her spirit, “flitting about in corridor or verandah in hoop and farthingale.” Sketches of Belvidere were brought to England by J. B. Fraser, the traveller and explorer; and from them Robert Burford painted a panorama\* for public exhibition in London. For nearly a century, it is said, a tree on the estate of her uncle Tom Whitehill at Masulipatam was called Eliza’s tree in memory of her sojourn there.

\* A vignette of the view was made for *The Mirror of Literature, Amusement and Instruction* (July 9, 1831).



## INTRODUCTION

### LETTERS FROM YORICK TO ELIZA.

AS narrated in the introduction to the first volume of *Letters and Miscellanies*, Mrs. Draper was induced to print some of the letters that she received from Sterne in the spring of 1767. The slight volume, with the dedication and preface reproduced here, made its appearance in February, 1775. Except for the ten letters that this volume contained, the correspondence between Sterne and Mrs. Draper seems to have been lost. Among the lost letters, were several from Sterne, and all of Mrs. Draper's replies covering the same period. The latter were so many that Sterne spent an entire afternoon in sorting and arranging them. And to be lamented much more is the disappearance of the long ship letters that passed between the Bramin and Bramine in the summer and fall of the same year. In May, Sterne took four days for an overland letter to Mrs. Draper and in August he dispatched another to *chaperon* one from Mrs. James. While in his retreat at

## INTRODUCTION

Coxwold he wept for an evening and a morning over Eliza's narration of the dangers and miseries of her voyage. "Thou wouldest win me by thy Letters," he records in his journal to her, "had I never seen thy face or known thy heart."

The ten letters that have survived bore when written no date except the hour of the day or the day of the week, and they were published by Mrs. Draper without any indication of date whatever. The first brief note, sent with a present of the *Sermons* and *Tristram Shandy*, evidently belongs to January, perhaps to the last week of the month when appeared the ninth volume of *Shandy*. And very soon afterwards, no doubt, Sterne dispatched the second note in which he would persuade Eliza to admit him as physician in her illness, notwithstanding "the etiquettes of this town say otherwise." The succeeding eight letters were daily missives from Sterne to Eliza while she was at Deal waiting for the signal of embarkation from the *Earl of Chatham*, which was to bear her to India. On her departure the blood broke from poor Yorick's heart.

## INTRODUCTION

### THE GIBBS MANUSCRIPTS.

THESE manuscripts are by far the most important Sterne discovery of the nineteenth century. They are named from their former owner, Thomas Washbourne Gibbs, a gentleman of Bath, into whose possession they came midway in the century. How this piece of good fortune happened to him, we leave to his own pen to relate:

“Upon the death of my father,” he writes, “when I was eleven years old, a pile of old account books, letters, common-place books, and other papers of no documentary value was set aside as waste, and placed in a room where I used to play. I looked through the papers, and found the journal and letters. An early fondness for reading had made me acquainted with the well-known extracts from the writings of Sterne—‘The Story of Maria,’ ‘The Sword,’ ‘The Monk,’ ‘Le Fevre,’ and a small book containing the ‘Letters of Yorick and Eliza,’ ”

## INTRODUCTION

and finding these names in the letters and book, I took all I could find, and obtained permission to preserve them, and they have been in my possession ever since. How they came into the hands of my father, who was a great reader, and had a large collection of books, I never had any means of knowing."

Mr. Gibbs showed the curious manuscripts to his friends, and in May, 1851, sent a part of them to Thackeray, then at work upon the *English Humourists*. Except for a mention of this incident in a *Roundabout* (the pages were afterwards suppressed), nothing was publicly known concerning the manuscripts until March, 1878, when Mr. Gibbs read before the Bath Literary Institution a paper on "Some Memorials of Laurence Sterne," the substance of which was printed in *The Athenæum* for March 30, 1878. On the death of Mr. Gibbs in 1894, the manuscripts passed under his bequest to the British Museum. They are numbered 34527 among the additional manuscripts acquired in 1894–1899. They contain:

1. The Journal to Eliza.
2. A Letter from Sterne at Coxwold to

## INTRODUCTION

Mr. and Mrs. James, dated August 10, 1767.

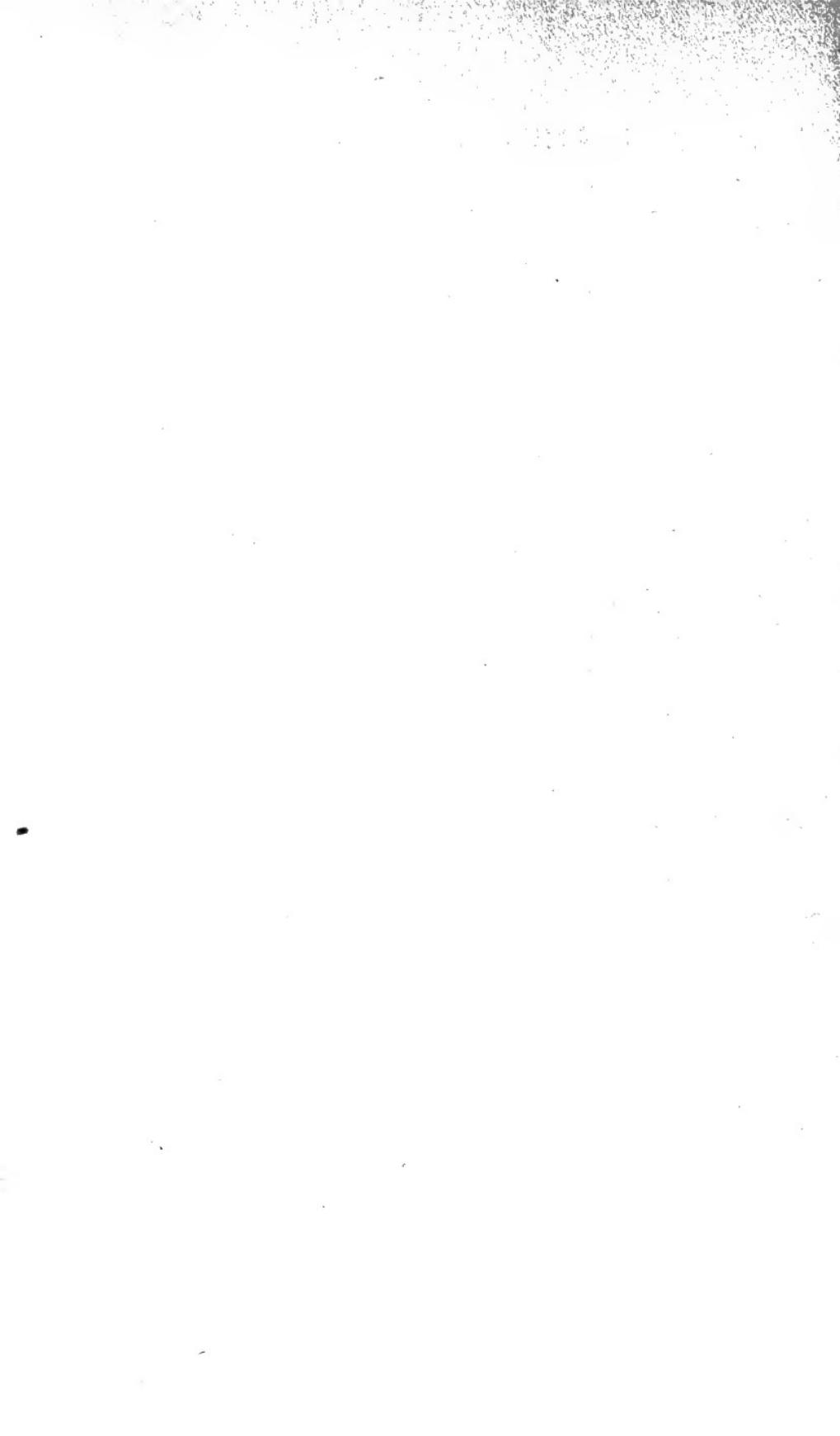
3. A Letter from Sterne at York to Mr. and Mrs. James, dated December 28, 1767.

4. Draft of a Letter from Laurence Sterne to Daniel Draper.

5. A Letter from Elizabeth Draper at Bombay to Anne James, dated April 15, 1772.

6. Two Letters from W. M. Thackeray to J. W. Gibbs dated May 31, and September 12, [1851.]

About the genuineness of every part of this manuscript material there can be no doubt. The *Journal to Eliza* and the letters to Mr. and Mrs. James and to Daniel Draper are in Sterne's own hand-writing. The first letter "has been through the post, and is franked by Lord Fauconberg, the patron of the Coxwold living." The second letter has also passed through the post. The letter from Mrs. Draper is likewise in her own hand. And to the Thackeray letters have been preserved the original covering envelopes.



## INTRODUCTION

### THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA.

NEARLY one half of the manuscript volume just described is occupied by *The Journal to Eliza*, or *The Bramine's Journal*, as Sterne perhaps intended to call it. On the first page is a note by Sterne himself, wherein it is said, with a characteristic attempt at mystification, that the names "Yorick and Draper—and sometimes the Bramin and Bramine"\*\*—are fictitious, and that the entire record is "a copy from a French manuscript—in Mr. S—s hands." Then follow seventy-six pages of writing, with about twenty-eight lines to the page, and finally a page with only a few words upon it. The leaves are folio in size, and except in the case of the first and the last, both sides are written upon.

This curious diary was composed during the first months after Sterne's separation from

\* Mrs. Draper called Sterne the Bramin in allusion to his priestly character; and he kept up the fiction by addressing her as the Bramine.

## INTRODUCTION

Mrs. Draper. On a certain day late in March 1767, Sterne handed Mrs. Draper into a postchaise for Deal, and turned away to his London lodgings "in anguish." Before parting, each promised to keep an intimate journal that they might have "mutual testimonies to deliver hereafter to each other," should they again meet. While Mrs. Draper was at Deal making preparations for her voyage to India, Sterne sent her all that he had written; and on the thirteenth of April he forwarded by a Mr. Watts, then departing for Bombay, a second instalment of his record. These two sections of Sterne's journal—and likewise all of Mrs. Draper's, for we know that she kept one—have disappeared. The extant part begins on the thirteenth of April, 1767 and comes down to the fourth of August in the same year. The sudden break was occasioned by the expected return of Mrs. Sterne from France, where she had been living for some time. After her arrival at Coxwold, the journal could be carried on only by stealth; and besides that, Sterne felt her presence—and even the thought of it—a restraint upon the fancy. A postscript was added on the

## INTRODUCTION

first of November announcing that Mrs. Sterne and Lydia had just gone to York for the winter, while he himself was to remain at Coxwold to complete the *Sentimental Journey*. There were hints that the journal would be resumed as soon as he reached London in the following January. But Sterne probably did not carry out his intention. At least nothing is known of a later effort.

In Sterne's introductory note, the *Journal* is described as "a Diary of the miserable feelings of a person separated from a Lady for whose Society he languish'd." Already worn out by a long stretch of dinners, Sterne completely broke down under the strain of Mrs. Draper's departure for India. "Poor sick-headed, sick-hearted Yorick!" he exclaims, "Eliza has made a shadow of thee." As his illness increased, the Sunday visits in Gerrard Street were broken-off, and the sick and dejected lover shut himself up in his lodgings to abstinence and reflection. To allay the "fever of the heart" with which he was wasting, he had recourse to Dr. James's Powder, a popular remedy of the period which, so said the advertisement,

## INTRODUCTION

would cure “any acute fever in a few hours, though attended with convulsions.” On going out too soon after taking the nostrum, Sterne caught cold and came near dying. Physicians were called in, and twelve ounces of blood were taken from the patient in order “to quiet,” says Sterne, “what was left in me.” The next day the bandage on his arm broke loose and he “half bled to death” before he was aware of it. Four days later he found himself much “improved in body and mind.” On feeling his pulse, the doctors “stroked their beards and look’d ten per cent wiser.” The patient was now in condition for their last prescription: I “am still,” he writes, “to run thro’ a Course of Van Sweeten’s corrosive Mercury, or rather Van Sweeten’s Course of Mercury is to run thro’ me.” The doctors dismissed, Sterne finally experimented at his own risk with a French tincture called *L’Extraite de Saturne*, and on the next day he was able to dine out once more.

During his illness his “room was allways full of friendly Visitors,” and the “rappet eternally going with Cards and enquiries.” With these friends, among whom were

## INTRODUCTION

Lord and Lady Spencer, he had yet to dine; and then on the twenty second of May he set out for Yorkshire. On the twenty eighth he reached his “thatched cottage” at Coxwold, and began another course of corrosive Mercury. His “face as pale and clear as a Lady after her Lying in,” he rose from his bed to take the air every day in his postchaise drawn by “two fine horses,” and by the middle of June he was “well and alert.” So he went over to Hall-Stevenson’s at Crazy Castle, where on the neighboring beach, “as even as a mirrour of 5 miles in Length,” squire and parson ran daily races in their chaises, “with one wheel in the Sea, & the other in the Sand.” In the course of the summer, Sterne paid another visit to Crazy Castle; Hall-Stevenson came to Coxwold for a day or two, and they went together to Harrogate to drink the waters. By the 27th of July they were back at York for the races. At the beginning of the next month, Sterne was “hurried backwards and forwards ab<sup>t</sup> the arrival of Madame”—an event that had long been impending to the suspense and torture of his mind.

## INTRODUCTION

To some the *Journal* will be most interesting for the light it sheds upon Sterne's doings for four months in the last year of his life. By it may be determined the dates of letters and the order of Sterne's movements in London and then in Yorkshire. It is no doubt a fragment of trustworthy autobiography. To others it may appeal as a Shandean essay. Indeed Sterne himself thought the story of his illness—especially in its first stages—as good as any of the accidents that befell Mr. Tristram Shandy. All will see that the *Journal* is a sentimental document. For just as in the *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne here lets his fancy play about trivial incidents and trivial things. A cat as well as a donkey may become an emotional theme:

“Eating my fowl,” he records for July 8, “and my trouts & my cream & my strawberries, as melancholly as a Cat; for want of you—by the by, I have got one which sits quietly besides me, purring all day to my sorrows—& looking up gravely from time to time in my face, as if she knew my Situation.—how soothable my heart is Eliza, when such little things sooth it! for in

## INTRODUCTION

some pathetic sinkings I feel even some support from this poor Cat—I attend to her purrings—& think they harmonize me—they are *pianissimo* at least, & do not disturb me.—poor Yorick! to be driven, w<sup>th</sup> all his sensibilities, to these resources—all powerful Eliza, that has had this magicl authority over him; to bend him thus to the dust.”

With him was always the picture of Eliza, who had sat for him just before going down to Deal. It may have been one of Cosway’s; but we do not know, for it has disappeared along with all other portraits of Mrs. Draper. It rested upon his table as he wrote his daily record of incident and emotion. To it he said his matins and vespers, and felt all his murmurs quieted by the spirit that spoke to him from the “gentle sweet face.” “I’ve been,” he says, “as far as York to day with no Soul with me in my Chase, but y<sup>r</sup> Picture—for it has a *Soul* I think—or something like one which has talk’d to me, & been the best Company I ever took a Journey with.” He showed the portrait to the Archbishop of York—“his Grace, his

## INTRODUCTION

Lady and Sister”—and told them “a short but interesting Story” of his “friendship for the original.” It was taken over to Crazy Castle where it went round the table after supper and Eliza’s health with it. And finally, says Sterne, in allusion to the *Sentimental Journey*, “I have brought y<sup>r</sup> name *Eliza!* and Picture into my work—where they will remain—when you and I are at rest for ever.” But with Sterne sentiment must end in humor; and so came that daring fancy of some Dryasdust commenting in a far distant time on Yorick and Eliza: “Some Annotator,” says Sterne, “or explainer of my works in this place will take occasion to speak of the Friendship w<sup>ch</sup> subsisted so long & faithfully betwixt Yorick & the Lady he speaks of—Her Name he will tell the world was Draper—a Native of India—married there to a gentleman in the India Service of that Name—who brought her over to England for the recovery of her health in the Year 65—where She continued to April the year 1767. It was ab<sup>t</sup> three months before her Return to India, That our Author’s acquaintance & hers began. Mrs Draper had a great thirst for knowl-

## INTRODUCTION

edge—was handsome—genteel—engaging—and of such gentle disposition & so enlightend an understanding,—That Yorick (whether he made much opposition is not known) from an acquaintance—soon became her Admirer—they caught fire, at each other at the same time—& they w<sup>d</sup> often say, without reserve to the world, & without any Idea of saying wrong in it, That their Affections for each other were *unbounded*—M<sup>r</sup> Draper dying in the Year \* \* \* \* \* This Lady return'd to England & Yorick the year after becoming a Widower—They were married—& retiring to one of his Livings in Yorkshire, where was a most romantic Situation—they lived & died happily—and are spoke of with honour in the parish to this day.”

Sterne felt sure that the marriage with Eliza would take place within three years. He had so written on the impulse of the moment in dedicating an almanac to her, and he believed that impulse came from heaven. In the meantime Eliza was omnipresent in the spirit. “In proportion,” writes Sterne, “as I am thus torn from yr embraces—I *cling the closer to the Idea of*

## INTRODUCTION

*you.* Your Figure is ever before my eyes —the sound of yr voice vibrates with its sweetest tones the live long day in my ear—I can see & hear nothing but my Eliza.” As he sat down to his *Sentimental Journey*, Eliza entered the library without tapping, and he had to shut her out before he could begin writing. On another day, the dear Bramine was asked to stay that her presence might “soften and modulate” his feelings for a sentimental portrait —the fair Fleming, it may be, or the beautiful Grisette, or the heartbroken Maria. To Eliza he dedicated “a sweet little apartment” in his “thatched palace,” and entered there ten times every day to render his devotions to her in “the sweetest of earthly Tabernacles.” And for his future “Partner and Companion” he built a pavilion in “a retired corner” of his garden, where he sat in reverie, and longed and waited for that day’s sleep when he might say with Adam—“*Behold the Woman Thou has given me for Wife.*”

The woman that had been given him for wife twenty-five years before was still in France. But she was then about to visit

## INTRODUCTION

her husband for the purpose of obtaining from him provision for the support of herself and daughter in southern France. After repeated delays Mrs. Sterne reached Coxwold on the second of October. As Sterne looks forward to this visit, his “heart sinks down to the earth.” He would be in health and strength, if it were not for this cloud hanging over him with “its tormenting consequences.” Taking this distress for theme, his friend Hall-Stevenson wrote “an affecting little poem” which Sterne promised to transcribe for Eliza. When illness prevented Mrs. Sterne from setting out from France as soon as she expected, her husband became impatient at the detention, for he was anxious “to know certainly *the day and hour of this Judgment.*” “The period of misery,” covering a month at length came and passed. Half in love with her husband because of his humanity and generosity, Mrs. Sterne went to York to spend the winter. In the spring she was to retire into France, “whence,” says Sterne, “she purposes not to stir, till her death.— & never, has she vow’d, will give me another sorrowful or discontented hour.” These last

## INTRODUCTION

weeks with his wife brought to Sterne one consolation more.—Mrs. Sterne confessed to her husband that at the time of her marriage she made herself out ten years younger than she really was. “God bless,” he writes to Eliza, “& make the remainder of her Life happy—in order to w<sup>ch</sup> I am to remit her three hundred guineas a year.”

Much that was said, in an earlier volume, of the *Sentimental Journey* might be appropriately repeated here of the *Journal to Eliza*. Once Sterne was at the point of dying broken hearted because of his separation from Miss Lumley. Twenty-five years after marriage she became “a restless unreasonable Wife whom neither gentleness or generosity can conquer.” With Mrs. Draper, Sterne was no doubt more deeply in love than he had ever been with his wife. He would have married her, but for the barriers. And yet, had he married her, the time must surely have come when even Eliza would have found her place supplanted. For sincere as Sterne may have been for the moment, his emotions were fugitive and volatile. If one woman were not at hand for evoking them, another would answer as well; if not one

## INTRODUCTION

object, why then another. Whole passages—and this is one of the Sterne curiosities—are taken from the letters to Miss Lumley and carried over into the *Journal to Eliza*, as applicable, with a few minor changes, to the new situation. It was hardly more than writing “Molly” for “Fanny,” or “our faithful friend Mrs. James” for “the good Miss S——” and the old “sentimental repasts” once graced by Miss Lumley could be served anew for Eliza.\*

To explain these remarkable parallelisms,—sometimes word for word—Mr. Sidney Lee has recently suggested that Mrs. Medalle, in editing her father’s correspondence, “foisted some passages from the *Journal* on her mother’s love-letters.”† Mrs. Medalle was certainly unscrupulous enough for that; but it is more likely that Sterne deliberately adjusted the letters to the *Journal* from copies preserved at Coxwold. Miss S—— of York consoled with him in the earlier days while Miss Lumley was away in Staffordshire. Mrs. James now consoles with

\* Compare the letters to Miss Lumley with the *Journal* for April 15, 16, 19, 26.

† Article on Sterne in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

## INTRODUCTION

him for the loss of Eliza. The situations are similar; and why should not the same or similar language be used in describing them. Sterne's plagiarism from himself in the *Journal* is by no means confined to the sentimental passages. The letter dated June 7, 1767, to A. Lee Esq., descriptive of the golden age at Coxwold, was worked into the *Journal* for the second of July. And in reverse order, the Shandean story of Sterne's illness recorded in the *Journal* for the twenty-second of April, was retold on the twenty-first of May in a letter to the Earl of S——. This was, as has been seen, the manner of the sermons, of which two were nearly alike except for the different texts.

## INTRODUCTION

### THACKERAY AND THE JOURNAL.

WHILE Thackeray was preparing his lectures on the *English Humourists*, Mr. Gibbs sent him the *Journal to Eliza* in a parcel which seems to have contained also the copy of the *Letters from Yorick to Eliza* now bound with the Gibbs Manuscripts. Surprise has been expressed by Sterne's biographers—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and Mr. Sidney Lee—that Thackeray “made no use” of the *Journal*, as if he thought it “of slight importance.” The biographers also say that it was lent to Thackeray “while he was lecturing on Sterne.” As a matter of fact, Thackeray must have received the Manuscripts nearly a month before his lecture; and as will be seen, he did make some use of them. But we will let Thackeray first speak for himself. The following letter to Mr. Gibbs is postmarked May 31, 1851 and June 1, 1851.

## INTRODUCTION

13 Young St.  
Kensington  
May 31 [1851.]

Dear Sir

I thank you very much for your obliging offer, and the kind terms in w<sup>h</sup> you make it. If you will send me the MSS I will take great care of them, and gratefully restore them to their owner.

Your very faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>

W M THACKERAY

It may be taken for granted that the Manuscripts reached Thackeray in the course of a week. The lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith—the last of the series—was read at Willis's Rooms on the afternoon of Thursday July 3, 1851.\* After a long delay, the Manuscripts were returned to Mr. Gibbs, with a comment on the man Sterne as revealed by the *Journal*. I give the letter just as Thackeray wrote it, save for erasures and substitutions :

\* The London *Times* for July 4.

## INTRODUCTION

Kensington

12 September [1851.]

Dear Sir

Immediately after my lectures I went abroad and beg your pardon for having forgotten in the hurry of my departure to return the MSS wh. you were good enough to lend me. I am sorry that reading the Brahmin's letters to his Brahmee did not increase my respect for the Reverend Laurence Sterne.

In his printed letters there is one XCII † addressed to Lady P. full of love and despair for my Lady & pronouncing that he had got a ticket for Miss xxx benefit that night, which he might use if deprived of the superior delight of seeing Lady P. I looked in the Dramatic Register (I think is the name of the book) to find what lady took a benefit on a Tuesday, & found the names of 2, 1 at Covent Garden, & one at Drury Lane, on the same Tuesday evening, and no other Miss's benefit on a Tuesday during the Season. Miss Poyntz I think is one of the names, but I'm 5 miles from the book as I

† No. CVIII in this edition.

## INTRODUCTION

write to you, and forget the lady's name & the day.

However on the day Sterne was writing to Lady P., and going to Miss —'s benefit, he is *dying* in his Journal to the Brahmine, can't eat, has the Doctor, & is in a dreadful way.

He wasn't dying, but lying I'm afraid—God help him—a falser & wickeder man its difficult to read of. Do you know the accompanying pamphlet.\* (My friend Mr Cooper gave me this copy, wh he had previously sent to the Reform club, & has since given the club another copy) there is more of Yorick's love making in these letters, with blasphemy to flavor the compositions, and indications of a scornful unbelief. Of course any man is welcome to believe as he likes for me *except* a parson, and I can't help looking upon Swift & Sterne as a couple of traitors and renegades (as one does upon Bonneval or poor Bem the other day,) with a scornful pity for them in spite of all their genius and greatness.

\* *Seven Letters written by Sterne and his Friends*, edited by W. Durrant Cooper (London, printed for private circulation, 1844). The letter Thackeray thought blasphemous is evidently the one addressed to John Hall-Stevenson from Coxwold on December 17, 1766.

## INTRODUCTION

With many thanks for your loan believe  
me Dear Sir

Very faithfully yours

W. M. THACKERAY

It may be that Thackeray left the *Journal* unread until after the lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith. No positive statement can be made about that. But it is not probable that he would fail to examine at once Sterne manuscripts that he “gratefully” received. True, no quotation is made from the *Journal* for the lecture—and in that sense Thackeray “made no use of it”—but a careless perusal of the document is precisely what would lead one to the unreasonable view that Thackeray took of Sterne. He was evidently much amused by the account Sterne gives of a fever brought on by the loss of Eliza—the minute circumstances of the blood letting and the wise physicians, the farewell to Eliza and the announcement on an evening that “I am going,” to be corrected the next morning by “So shall not depart as I apprehended.” At this point Thackeray turned to that famous letter written on an

## INTRODUCTION

afternoon at the Mount Coffee-house to Lady P., which bears no date except "Tuesday, 3 o'clock," though in the standard editions of Sterne it is among the letters for April 1767. Sterne writes to "my dear lady" that if she will permit him to spend the evening with her, he will gladly stay away from Miss \*\*\*\*\*'s benefit, for which he has purchased a box ticket. On consulting the Dramatic Register, Thackeray discovered that the only actresses to receive benefits on a Tuesday in April 1767 were Miss Pope at Drury Lane and Miss Poitier at Covent Garden. The date for each was the twenty-first. The very day then, that Sterne was dying for Eliza, he was also dining in the Mount Coffee-house and trying to make an assignation with Lady P. Cleverly forged as Thackeray's chain may seem, it has one weak link. The date of the letter to Lady P. is undetermined. In Mrs. Medalle's edition of the correspondence, the letter was placed near the end as if it belonged to December 1767 or to January 1768. In the collected edition of Sterne's works, it first appeared with the letters for April 1767.

## INTRODUCTION

April 21, 1767 is impossible, for Sterne was surely too ill then to leave his lodgings. On that very day, as Thackeray might have observed, Sterne wrote to Mr. and Mrs. James that he was "almost dead" from the bleeding. It may be supposed, if you like, that Sterne could exaggerate or even sham an illness to awaken Eliza's pity for him, but he could have had no motive for deceiving his friends in Gerrard street. Without much doubt the correct date for the letter is Tuesday, April 23, 1765. As he sat in the Mount Coffee-house, Sterne was debating within himself whether he should pass the evening with Lady Percy, or attend the benefit to be given at Covent Garden to Miss Wilford, a popular dancer, who was to appear on that evening as Miranda in Mrs. Centlivre's *Busy Body*.\*

How much Thackeray's unfortunate mistake may have contributed to the violence of his essay in the *Humourists* we shall never know. It may have been the very thing which clenched his opinion that Sterne's word was never to be trusted. At any rate, no one can longer say that Thackeray

\* See note to Letter CVIII.

## INTRODUCTION

“made no use of” the *Journal to Eliza*. Thereafter Thackeray usually assumed a more genial tone when Sterne became the theme. Nobody can object to that letter he wrote in Sterne’s room at Dessein’s Hôtel for Miss Baxter in America. “Sterne’s picture”—to quote a sentence or two from the delightful passage—“Sterne’s picture is looking down on me from the chimney piece at which he warmed his lean old shanks ninety years ago. He seems to say ‘You are right. I *was* a humbug: and you, my lad, are you not as great?’ Come, come Mr. Sterne none of these tu quoques. Some of the London papers are abusing me as hard as ever I assaulted you.” Then there is this same fancy elaborated into a *Roundabout*: Thackeray is again in Sterne’s room at midnight, when a lean figure in black-satin breeches appears in the moonlight to call him to account with menacing finger for that mistrust and abuse of ten years back. But there is also another *Roundabout* in which Sterne figures—*Notes of a Week’s Holiday*,\* wherein Thackeray returns to the old assault with terrific fury. The *Journal to*

\* *Cornhill Magazine* for November 1860.

## INTRODUCTION

*Eliza*, there mentioned by title, is focussed with an anecdote misread from Dutens' *Memoirs*, for a scathing portrait of a “wretched old sinner.” Thackeray seems to have immediately repented of his loss of temper, for the passage—two pages in length—was not allowed to go into the collected *Roundabouts*. It has, I think, never been reprinted. Hence the biographers may be pardoned for saying that Thackeray made no use of “Sterne’s own Journal to Eliza,” sent him by “a gentleman from Bath.”

## INTRODUCTION

### THE AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

THE two letters from Sterne to Mr. and Mrs. James are not original drafts that were, according to the usual statement, afterwards recast and elaborated. They are the very letters that went through the mails to their destination; and their counterparts found in the printed collections are only mutilated forms for which Sterne's daughter is responsible. Mrs. Medalle possessed every quality that should damn the editor. She was ignorant; she was careless; she was dishonest. That the letters as Sterne wrote them may be easily compared with the mutilations, I have printed the two sets side by side in their due place among the *Letters and Miscellanies*; and I here reprint the authentic copies, that the material of the Gibbs Manuscripts may be all together. To both letters Mrs. Medalle gave wrong dates. Words and phrases were inserted for the improvement of her father's style. An

## INTRODUCTION

amusing passage on the impending visit of Mrs. Sterne was stricken out. And the references to Mrs. Draper—her journal, letters, and Sterne's anxiety for her—were either deleted or emasculated. This want of the literary conscience no doubt vitiates the entire Sterne correspondence that appeared under the supervision of Mrs. Medalle.

In the Sterne curiosity-shop, where one strange thing lies hidden beneath another, nothing has been uncovered quite so curious as the draft of a letter to Daniel Draper, Esq., of Bombay. Sterne evidently found it difficult to explain to the husband of Eliza the kind of love he felt for her; for he begins a sentence, breaks it off, starts in anew, draws pen through word and phrase once more, and finally passes into chaos on arriving at the verge of a proposal that Mrs. Draper shall be permitted to return to England and live under his platonic protection. The letter bears no date, but as its substance is contained in the *Journal* for the second of June, it was probably written soon after Sterne's coming to Coxwold in the early summer of 1767.

## INTRODUCTION

That Sterne completed the sketch and sent it off to Draper may seem improbable. But Sterne was certainly corresponding with Draper at this time.\* A photograph of the letter is given here along with Mr. Gibbs's own version.†

\*See Letter CXLIV.

† *Athenaeum*, 30 March, 1878.

## INTRODUCTION

### THE LETTERS OF ELIZABETH DRAPER.

NO apology is necessary for including in the works of Sterne the letters of Mrs. Draper. If the journal she kept for him on the voyage to India and the letters to him covering the year 1767 may not be recovered, we have in their stead several letters, of which some have appeared in print and others are in manuscripts that are accessible.\* Most important of all is the long ship-letter (forming a part of the Gibbs Manuscripts) from Bombay to Mrs. James in London. It is really the fragment of an autobiography, down to 1772. Now thoroughly disillusioned, Mrs. Draper passes in review her early education, the ill-starred marriage, the friendship with Sterne, the efforts to aid widow and daughter, her literary aims and ambitions, and the sorrow that was fast settling close

\* For spurious letters, see the introduction to the first volume of *Letters and Miscellanies* in this edition.

## INTRODUCTION

upon her. Of Sterne she says: “I was almost an Idolator of His Worth, while I fancied Him the Mild, Generous, Good Yorick, We had so often thought him to be.” But “his Death,” she must add with words underscored, “gave me to know, that he was tainted with the Vices of Injustice, meanness & Folly.” Of her treatment by Mrs. Sterne and Lydia she makes bitter complaint, and for the best of reasons. For them she collected, with the aid of Colonel Campbell, twelve hundred rupees among her friends in India; and Lydia she invited to come and live with her. Her kindness was met with a threat to publish her letters to Sterne, then in the hands of the widow and daughter. The sad record is relieved by many charming feminine traits of character, and it is ennobled by the mother yearning to be with her children left behind in England.

One aspect of the self-drawn portrait has especial interest. Mrs. Draper was—I have said it—a blue-stocking. She was probably not acquainted with Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, whose assemblies of blue-stockings were then famous; but the *Essay on the Writings and*

## INTRODUCTION

*Genius of Shakespear* had reached India. After reading Mrs. Montagu's book, Mrs. Draper declared that she "would rather be an Attendant on her Person, than the first Peeress of the Realm." And so under this new inspiration Mrs. Draper resumed the scribbling to which she had been encouraged by Sterne. "A little piece or two" that she "discarded some years ago," were completed; they were "not perhaps unworthy of the press," but they were never printed. Though these efforts seem to be lost, Mrs. Draper took advantage of the occasion to weave into her letter to Mrs. James various little essays which may be described in her phrase as "of the moral kind," because they have to do with practical conduct. Anxiety for the welfare of her daughter Betsey, who had been put to school at Kensington, leads to several pages on the boarding-school and the parlor-boarder, which are good enough to find a place in one of Mrs. Chapone's letters. A little way on, she relates the "story of a married pair, which," she says, "pleased me greatly, from the sensible singularity of it." The tale tells of a wealthy and indolent man in

## INTRODUCTION

North India who married a smart young woman to “rouse his mind from its usual state of Inactivity”—and he succeeded. The wife, too, discarded her light airs, and became a most agreeable woman. It all reads like a character sketch from Margaret Duchess of Newcastle. There is also an experiment in the sentimental style, wherein is told the story of “a smart pretty French woman,” who, shutting out all promiscuous loves and friendships, kept her heart for her dear husband alone and one “sweet woman” across the Alps. “The lovely Janatone,” writes Mrs. Draper, “died three Years ago—after surviving her Husband about a Week and her Friend a twelvemonth.” And besides these, there are other sketches from life, and vivid descriptions of society at Bombay. If Eliza did not write exactly, as Sterne flattered her, “with an angel’s pen,” she knew how to ramble agreeably.

Of other letters by Mrs. Draper, thirteen are now owned by Lord Basing of Hoddington, a descendant of Mrs. Draper’s uncle, Richard Slater. These letters, which are said to relate mostly to family affairs, have not been procured for this collection. But

## INTRODUCTION

their tenor may perhaps be inferred from the letter dated Tellicherry, April 1769, which is here printed from the autograph copy in the British Museum. Though the name of the man to whom it was addressed is left blank, the contents show that he was a friend of the Drapers who had retired from the service and returned to England. The letter presents a portrait of Mrs. Draper, not the blue-stocking but the sensible wife who has resolved to adjust herself to the humdrum and drudgery of official India. Her husband, she says, has lost his two clerks, and so she is "maintaining his correspondence for him." Quite remarkable, too, as her good sense, is the knowledge she shows of the intrigues and blunders that culminated in the troubles with Hyder Ali, then besieging Madras and striking terror throughout South India.

Mrs. Draper's career in India is brought to a close by the letters written on the eve of her elopement. Now in private hands at Bombay, they were published, with an introductory essay, in the *Times of India* for February 24, 1894, and in the overland weekly issue for March 3, 1894. In the

## INTRODUCTION

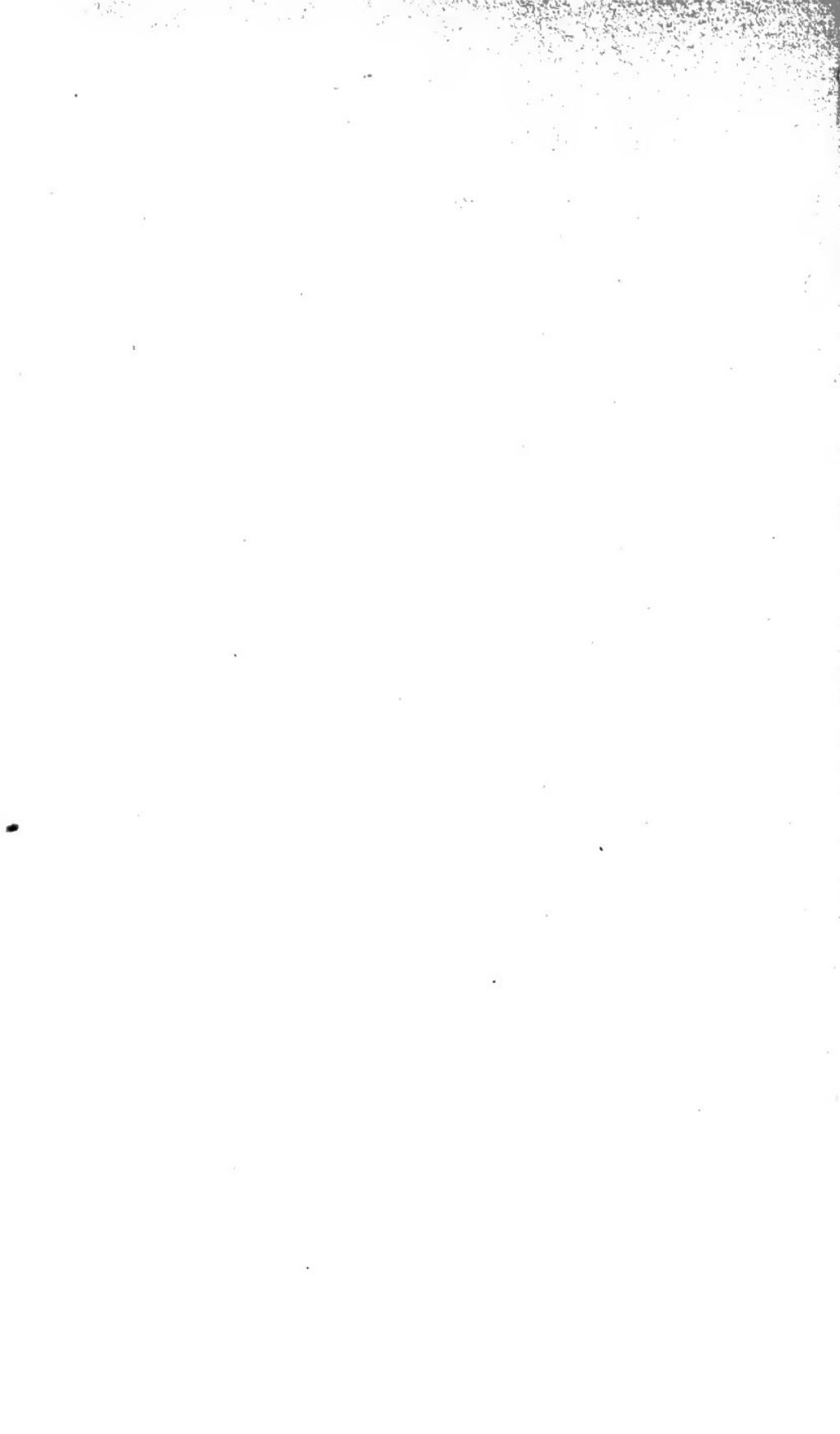
first of them Mrs. Draper gives “a faithful servant and friend”—one Eliza Mihill—an order on George Horsley, Esq., in England for all her jewels, valued at 500l. or more. Accept them, the generous woman writes, “as the best token in my power, expressive of my good-will to you.” Of the Mr. Horsley, one of Mrs. Draper’s closest friends, who had gone to England for his health, a pretty character-sketch was made two years before in the long letter to Mrs. James. To him she addressed a brief impassioned note—the second of the series—explaining what she has done for Betty Mihill and what she is about to do for her own freedom. The third letter, which is to her husband, in justification of her conduct, was composed under great agitation of mind, as she was awaiting the moment of the last perilous step. Her pearls and silk clothes she left behind, taking, of all her ornaments, only the picture of Betty—“my dearest girl,” far off in England.

For Mrs. Draper after her escape to England, material is scant. There is really nothing very trustworthy except an undated

## INTRODUCTION

letter to Wilkes the politician, thanking him for a “French volume” and beseeching him to cease from his flattery. This letter, of which the original is in the British Museum, is here printed from Mr. Fitzgerald’s copy. A degrading anecdote of Combe’s is omitted, as it seems more likely to be false than true. We conclude with the eulogy on Eliza by the Abbé Raynal, the second ecclesiastic to be startled out of propriety by that oval face and those brilliant eyes.

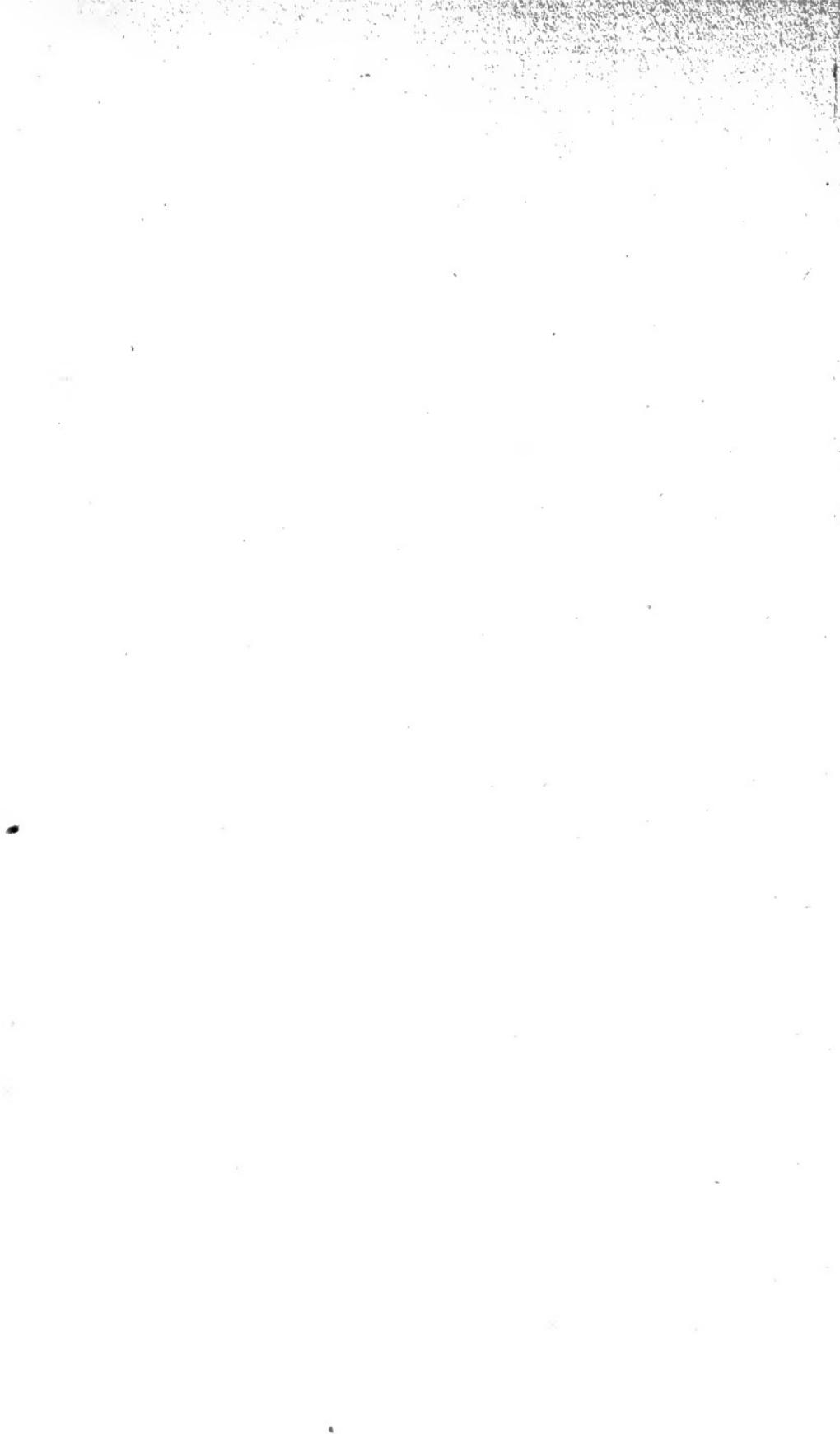
W. L. C.



**L E T T E R S**

**FROM**

**YORICK TO ELIZA.**



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
L O R D A P S L E Y,  
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR  
OF ENGLAND.\*

MY LORD,

THE Editor of the following Letters is so far from having tasted your Lordship's bounty, that he is, and perhaps ever must remain, a stranger to your person, consequently no adulation is to be apprehended from him——

He leaves it to the weak and oppressed, the widow and orphan, to proclaim your

\* From the original edition.

## DEDICATION

Lordship's virtues in your public capacity; that which he would celebrate is of a private nature, namely, your filial affection, which is so conspicuous, that he flatters himself a Volume of Letters written by such a person as Mr. STERNE, in which your noble father\* is placed in a light so truly amiable, cannot fail of engaging your Lordship's gracious acceptance and protection—in this hope, and upon this foundation, he presumes to dedicate these papers to your Lordship, and to have the honour of subscribing himself,

My Lord,  
your Lordship's  
most obedient,  
and most humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

\* Lord Bathurst.

## P R E F A C E.\*

THE foul and infamous traffic, between dishonest booksellers, and profligate scribblers, which has subsisted for more than a century, has justly brought posthumous publications under suspicion, in England, France, and more especially in Holland: ministers of state in every European court, great generals, royal mistresses, authors of established reputation, in a word, all such as have had the misfortune to advance themselves to eminence, have been obliged to leave behind them parcels of letters, and other memoirs, of the most secret and important transactions of their times, in which, every fact beyond the information of a news-paper, or coffee-house chat, is so faithfully misrepresented, every character delineated with such punctual deviation from the truth, and causes and

\* From the original edition.

## PREFACE

effects which have no possible relation, are with such amazing effrontery obtruded upon the public, that it is no wonder if men of sense, who read for instruction as well as entertainment, generally condemn them in the lump, never, or very rarely, affording them the honour of a perusal,—the publisher of these letters, however, has not the smallest apprehension that any part of this well grounded censure can fall to his share; he deals not in surprising events to astonish the reader, nor in characters (one excepted) which have figured on the great theatre of the world; he purposely waves all proofs which might be drawn concerning their authenticity, from the character of the gentleman who had the perusal of the originals, and, with Eliza's permission, faithfully copied them at Bombay in the East Indies; from the testimony of many reputable families in this city, who knew and loved Eliza, caressed and admired Mr. Sterne, and were well acquainted with the tender friendship between them; from many curious anecdotes in the letters themselves, any one of which were fully sufficient to authenticate them, and submits his reputation to the

## PREFACE

taste and discernment of the commonest reader, who must, in one view, perceive that these letters are genuine, beyond any possibility of doubt,—as the public is unquestionably entitled to every kind of information concerning the characters contained in these letters, which consists with the duties of humanity and a good citizen, that is, a minute acquaintance with those of whom honourable mention is made, or the publisher is furnished with authorities to vindicate from Mr. Sterne's censures, which as a man of warm temper and lively imagination, he was perhaps sometimes hurried into without due reflection, he persuades himself that no party concerned, will or can be offended with this publication, especially if it is considered that without such information it would be cold and unentertaining; that by publishing their merits he cannot be understood to intend them any injury, and without it, he would in himself fail in his duty to the public.—Eliza, the lady to whom these letters are addressed, is Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq. counsellor at Bombay, and at present chief of the English factory at Su-

## PREFACE

rat, a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe—she is by birth an East-Indian; but the circumstance of being born in the country not proving sufficient to defend her delicate frame against the heats of that burning climate, she came to England for the recovery of her health, when by accident she became acquainted with Mr. Sterne. He immediately discovered in her a mind so congenial with his own, so enlightened, so refined, and so tender, that their mutual attraction presently joined them in the closest union that purity could possibly admit of; he loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became presently his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, her children, were his; his fortune, his time, his country, were at her disposal, so far as the sacrifice of all or any of these might, in his opinion, contribute to her real happiness. If it is asked whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never transported him to a flight beyond the limits of pure Platonism, the publisher will not take upon him absolutely to deny it; but this he thinks, so far from leaving any

## PREFACE

stain upon that gentleman's memory, that it perhaps includes his fairest encomium; since to cherish the seeds of piety and chastity in a heart which the passions are interested to corrupt, must be allowed to be the noblest effort of a soul fraught and fortified with the justest sentiments of religion and virtue.—Mr. and Mrs. James, so frequently and honourably mentioned in these letters, are the worthy heads of an opulent family in this city: their character is too well established to need the aid of the publisher in securing the estimation they so well deserve, and universally possess, yet he cannot restrain one observation; that to have been respected and beloved by Mr. Sterne and Mrs. Draper, is no inconsiderable testimony of their merit, and such as it cannot be displeasing to them to see published to the world.—Miss Light, now Mrs. Stratton, is on all accounts a very amiable young lady—she was accidentally a passenger in the same ship with Eliza, and instantly engaged her friendship and esteem; but being mentioned in one of Mrs. Draper's letters to Mr. Sterne, in somewhat of a comparative manner with herself, his partiality

## PREFACE

for her, as she modestly expressed it, took the alarm, and betrayed him into some expressions, the coarseness of which cannot be excused. Mrs. Draper declares that this lady was entirely unknown to him, and infinitely superior to his idea of her: she has been lately married to George Stratton, Esq. counsellor at Madrass.—The manner in which Mr. Sterne's acquaintance with the celebrated Lord Bathurst, the friend and companion of Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, and all the finest wits of the last age, commenced, cannot fail to attract the attention of the curious reader: here, that great man is social and unreserved, unshackled with that sedulity in supporting a feigned character which exposes most of his rank to the contempt of wise men, and the ridicule of their valets de chambre; here he appears the same as in his hours of festivity and happiness with Swift and Addison, superior to forms and ceremonies, and, in his eighty-fifth year, abounding in wit, vivacity, and humanity: methinks, the pleasure of such a gentleman's acquaintance resembles that of conversing with superior beings; but it is not fit to dwell longer on this pleasing

## PREFACE

topic, lest it should anticipate the reader's pleasure in perusing the letter itself. One remark however it suggests, which may be useful to old men in general, namely, that it appears by his Lordship's example, the sour contracted spirit observable in old age, is not specifically an effect of years, altho' they are commonly pleaded in its excuse. Old men would therefore do well to correct this odious quality in themselves; or, if that must not be, to invent a better apology for it. It is very much to be lamented, that Eliza's modesty was invincible to all the publisher's endeavours to obtain her answers to these letters: her wit, penetration, and judgment, her happiness in the epistolary style, so rapturously recommended by Mr. Sterne, could not fail to furnish a rich entertainment for the public. The publisher could not help telling her, that he wished to God she was really possessed of that vanity with which she was charged; to which she replied, that she was so far from acquitting herself of vanity, that she suspected that to be the cause why she could not prevail on herself to submit her letters to the public eye; for altho' Mr. Sterne

## PREFACE

was partial to every thing of her's, she could not hope that the world would be so too. With this answer he was obliged to be contented; yet cannot reflect without deep concern, that this elegant accomplishment, so peculiarly adapted to the refined and delicate understandings of ladies should be yet so rare, that we can boast of only one Lady Wortley Montagu among us; and that Eliza, in particular, could not be prevailed on to follow the example of that admired lady.—The reader will remark that these letters have various signatures; sometimes he signs Sterne, sometimes Yorick, and to one or two he signs Her Bramin. Altho' it is pretty generally known who the Bramins are, yet lest any body should be at a loss, it may not be amiss to observe, that the principal cast or tribe among the idolatrous Indians are the Bramins, and out of the chief class of this cast comes the priests so famous for their austerities, and the shocking torments, and frequently death, they voluntarily expose themselves to, on a religious account. Now, as Mr. Sterne was a clergyman, and Eliza an Indian by birth, it was customary with her to call him her Bramin,

## PREFACE

which he accordingly, in his pleasant moods, uses as a signature.—

It remains only to take some notice of the family, marked with asterisks, on whom Mr. Sterne has thought proper to shed the bitterest gall of his pen. It is however evident, even from some passages in the letters themselves, that Mrs. Draper could not be easily prevailed on to see this family in the same odious light in which they appeared to her perhaps over-zealous friend. He, in the heat, or I may say, hurry of his affection, might have accepted suspicious circumstances as real evidences of guilt, or listened too unguardedly to the insinuations of their enemies.

Be that as it may, as the publisher is not furnished with sufficient authorities to exculpate them, he chuses to drop the ungrateful subject, heartily wishing, that this family may not only be innocent of the shocking treachery with which they are charged, but may be able to make their innocence appear clearly to the world; otherwise, that no person may be industrious enough to make known their name.



LETTERS  
FROM  
YORICK TO ELIZA

LETTER I.\*

**E**LIZA will receive my books with this. The sermons came all hot from the heart: I wish that I could give them any title to be offered to yours.—The others came from the head—I am more indifferent about their reception.

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you; so adieu.

Yours faithfully,  
if not affectionately,

L. STERNE.

\* The letters to Eliza are without date. The first letter belongs to January, 1767; and the second to January or February; the last eight were written during the week or thereabouts that preceded Mrs. Draper's departure for India (April 3, 1767).

## LETTERS

### LETTER II.

I Cannot rest, Eliza, though I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do—May thy dear face smile, as thou risest, like the sun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed too, at not being let in.—Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise.—No matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven; when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

## LETTERS

### LETTER III.

I Got thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior and (what is far better) in interior merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.— You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.— The manner in which his notice began of me, was as singular as it was polite.—He came up to me, one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court. “ I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you

## L E T T E R S

should know, also, who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard, continued he, of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much: I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast; but have survived them; and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again; but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die; which I now do; so go home and dine with me."—This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us.—And a most sentimental afternoon, 'till nine o'clock, have we passed! But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enliven'd the discourse.—And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and

## L E T T E R S

warmed every thought I uttered; for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee.—Best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words.—Assuredly does Heaven give strength proportioned to the weight he lays upon us! Thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon a poor being; and still thou tellest me, thou art beginning to get ease;—thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side vanishing also.—May every evil so vanish that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens thy fears for a moment!—Fear nothing, my dear!—Hope every thing; and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted.

And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-desk; and wilt consult it in all doubts and difficulties.—Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency!

## L E T T E R S

Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time—how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in; thou leavest me nothing to require, nothing to ask—but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roses come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he is the good, feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale, poor, dejected face, with more transport, than he would be able to do, in the best bloom of all thy beauty;—and so he ought, or I pity him. He must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art!

I am glad Miss Light\* goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.—I am glad your ship-mates are friendly beings. You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza.—It would

\* Miss Light afterwards married George Stratton, Esq., in the service of the East India Company at Madras.

## L E T T E R S

civilize savages.—Though pity were it thou shouldst be tainted with the office! How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter? 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reason you excuse it. Write to me, my child, only such. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself, any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust. Such, Eliza, I write to thee,—and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe; for I am, all that honour and affection can make me,

Thy Bramin.

## L E T T E R S

### LETTER IV.

I Write this, Eliza, at Mr. James's, whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing, beside me, to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness ! Thou art encountered with evils enow, without that additional weight ! I fear it will sink thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovery—Heaven supply thee with fortitude ! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James, and thy Bramin, have mixed their tears a hundred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces.—The \*\*\*\*'s, by heavens, are worthless ! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.—How could you, Eliza, leave them (or suffer them to leave you rather) with impressions the least favourable ? I have told thee enough to plant

## L E T T E R S

disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life ! Yet still, thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness—For God's sake write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with such polluted hearts.—*They* love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that say so? or their zeal for those attachments, which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame? No—But they *weep*, and say *tender things*.—Adieu to all such for ever. Mrs. James's honest heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.—I honour her, and I honour thee, for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which arises only out of that fund of affection I have, and shall preserve for thee to the hour of my death ! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee? think whether I can have any, but what proceed from the cause I

## L E T T E R S

have mentioned ! I think you are a very deserving woman; and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge (though to me it has never been visible); because I think, in a well-turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably shall never see you more ; yet I flatter myself you'll sometimes think of me with pleasure ; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourself. I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast.—It's now out ; so adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza!

Thine,

YORICK.

## LETTERS

### LETTER V.

**T**O whom should Eliza apply in her distress, but to her friend who loves her?

why then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps\*; and your piano forté must be tuned from the brass middle string of your guittar, which is C.—I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of plyers to twist your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort to my hopes! I have bought you ten handsome brass screws, to hang your necessaries upon: I purchased twelve; but stole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin, at Coxwould—I shall never hang, or take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you. I have bought thee, moreover, a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended on than brass, for the globes.

\*A maker of musical instruments.

## L E T T E R S

I have written, also, to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had dispatched these in a packet, directed to his care; which I desired he would seek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what sort of an arm-chair you would want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford, and take it, with the parcel, in the first boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, so supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes! It would be a state of happiness to me.—The journal is as it should be—all but its contents. Poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy, as I figure to myself your distresses. Do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of \*\*\*\*; there was cause; and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, indeed, cannot. But, adieu to the ungrateful subject.

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James—She loves thee tenderly, and unfeignedly.—She is alarmed for thee—She says thou looked'st most ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I shall

## L E T T E R S

visit her every Sunday, while I am in town. As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell.—May the God of Kindness be kind to thee, and approve himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless! And, for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, that whatever measure of sorrow and distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full measure of happiness, by the Being thou hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza; whilst I live, count upon me as the most warm and disinterested of earthly friends.

YORICK.

## L E T T E R S

### LETTER VI.

MY DEAREST ELIZA!

I Began a new journal this morning; you shall see it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. 'Tis a sorrowful page; but I will write chearful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they should be chearful ones too: but few, I fear, will reach thee! However, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post; till then, thou wavest thy hand, and bid'st me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what sort of fortitude Heaven inspires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing, and every thing to me. Depend upon seeing me at Deal, with the James's, should you be detained there by contrary winds.—Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any

## L E T T E R S

service, or doing you kindness. Gracious and merciful GOD! consider the anguish of a poor girl.—Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame must be exposed to. She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the sky seems to smile upon me, as I look up to it. I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.—She has got your picture, and likes it: but Marriot, and some other judges, agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philosopher.—In the one, you are dressed in smiles, with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine;—in the other, simple as a vestal—appearing the good girl nature made you;—which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness, than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest, in a birth-

## L E T T E R S

day suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible.—If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you sat for Mrs. James—Your colour, too, brightened; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simple and unadorned when you sat for me—knowing (as I see with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the silk-worm's aid, or jeweller's polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which, I believe, I have uttered before.—When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress (tho' fashionable) disfigured you.—But nothing now could render you such, but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one.— You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders,—but are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor was there (nor ever will be), that man of sense, tenderness, and feeling,

## L E T T E R S

in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in consequence of it; that is, if you assume, or assumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes, and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

Were your husband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchase the acquisition), to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my *Sentimental Journey*. I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told.—I would not give nine pence for the picture of you, the Newnhams have got executed—It is the resemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw), which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because

## LETTERS

they are equal to any of GOD's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's, or your friend's false taste. The \*\*\*\*'s, who verify the character I once gave of teasing, or sticking like pitch, or bird-lime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. \*\*\* on Friday.—She sent back, she was engaged.—Then to meet at Ranelagh, to-night.—She answered, she did not go.—She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance; which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours ; and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side.

## L E T T E R S

I have my reasons too; the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon. I said I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it.

Adieu.

## LETTER VII.

I Think you could act no otherwise than you did with the young soldier. There was no shutting the door against him, either in politeness or humanity. Thou tellest me he seems susceptible of tender impressions: and that before Miss Light has sailed a fortnight, he will be in love with her.—Now I think it a thousand times

## LETTERS

more likely that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza; because thou art a thousand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza; and in the same room; and an amorous son of Mars besides!—“*It can no be, master.*” The sun, if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial,—I never heard that they were polluted by it.—Just such will thine be, dearest child, in this, and every such situation you will be exposed to, till thou art fixed for life.—But thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors.

Surely, by this time, something is doing for thy accommodation.—But why may not clean washing and rubbing do, instead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung? Paint is so pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you so much longer too, out of your apartment; where, I hope, you will pass some of your happiest hours.—

I fear the best of your ship-mates are only genteel by comparison with the con-

## L E T T E R S

trusted crew, with which thou must behold them. So was—you know who!—from the same fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they are decent, and distant, it is enough; and as much as is to be expected. If any of them are more, I rejoice;—thou wilt want every aid; and 'tis thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them. Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial! Best of God's works, farewell! Love me, I beseech thee; and remember me for ever!

I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the most comprehensive sense,

Thy friend,

YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the Cape de Verd Islands—it will reach me some how.—

## LETTERS

### LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

OH! I greive for your cabin.—And the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing so pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourself, dear girl; and sleep not in it too soon. It will be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy.

I hope you will have left the ship; and that my Letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise, at Deal.—When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order.—The first eight or nine, are numbered: but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together, in chronological order, sew them together under a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of

## L E T T E R S

fools, and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them, and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them, with a single stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better; and what you will feel more suited to your situation—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart, in every one of them; which speak more than the most studied periods; and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick, than all that laboured eloquence could supply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. “ May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame, be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of me.”—With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him, that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly, and honourably with thee! I would not mislead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears.

## L E T T E R S

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may style, and think, yours.—Though sorry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake.—Money and counters are of equal use, in my opinion; they both serve to set up with.

I hope you will answer me this letter; but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it is such a one as thou would'st have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

Honour, and happiness, and health, and comforts of every kind, sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—be rich for the dear children of my heart—gain wisdom, gain fame, and happiness, to share with them—with thee—and her, in my old age.—Once for all, adieu. Preserve thy life; steadily pursue the ends we proposed; and let nothing rob thee of those powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of

## L E T T E R S

the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myself to Heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation, "that we may be happy, and meet again; if not in this world, in the next."—Adieu,—I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlastingly,

YORICK.

## LETTER IX.

I Wish to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone the voyage to India, for another year.—For I am firmly persuaded within my own heart, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B—— has exaggerated matters.—I like not his countenance. It is absolutely killing.—Should evil befall thee, what will he not have to answer for? I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity, or that I shall hate more. He will be an outcast, alien—In which case I will be a father to thy children, my

## L E T T E R S

good girl!—therefore take no thought about them.—

But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill, still put off all thoughts of returning to India this year.—Write to your husband—tell him the truth of your case.—If he is the generous, humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct.—I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England arises only from the dread, which has entered his brain, that thou mayest run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he must discharge them—that such a creature should be sacrificed for the paltry consideration of a few hundreds, is too, too hard! Oh! my child! that I could, with propriety indemnify him for every charge, even to the last mite, that thou hast been of to him! With joy would I give him my whole subsistence—nay, sequester my livings, and trust the treasures Heaven has furnished my head with, for a future subsistence.—

You owe much, I allow, to your husband,—you owe something to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but, trust me, my dear, you owe much likewise to

## LETTERS

yourself.—Return therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill.—I will prescribe for you, gratis.—You are not the first woman, by many, I have done so for, with success. I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you, in pursuit of health, to Montpelier, the wells of Bancois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of its vallies.—And then thou should'st warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee.—“I’m lost, I’m lost”—but we should find thee again, my Eliza.—Of a similar nature to this, was your physician’s prescription: “Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples—with the society of friendly, gentle beings.” Sensible man! He certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whose ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICION OF HER MIND. Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthu-

## LETTERS

siastic a votary to the charming goddess deserves.

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow.—I don't mean to insinuate, hussey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it possible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious.—I am sure, while I have my reason, it is not.—Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob—because I design to marry you myself.—My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces in France already—and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself.—'Tis true, I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this!—but what I want in youth, I will make up in

## L E T T E R S

wit and good humour.—Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love, and sing thee, my wife elect! All those names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal, and that you would (like the Spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper, than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young.—Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

## L E T T E R S

### LETTER X.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

I Have been within the verge of the gates of death.—I was ill the last time I wrote to you, and apprehensive of what would be the consequence.—My fears were but too well founded; for, in ten minutes after I dispatched my letter, this poor, fine-spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it.—It came, I think, from my heart! I fell asleep through weakness. At six I awoke, with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears. I dreamt I was sitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou camest into the room, with a shawl in thy hand, and told me, my spirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my fate; and that you were come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to

## L E T T E R S

receive my parting breath and blessing.—With that you folded the shawl about my waist, and, kneeling, supplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh! my God! “But thou wilt number my tears, and put them all into thy bottle.”—Dear girl! I see thee,—thou art for ever present to my fancy,—embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears—“Bless *me* even also, my father!”— Blessing attend thee, thou child of my heart!

My bleeding is quite stopped, and I feel the principle of life strong within me; so be not alarmed, Eliza—I know I shall do well. I have eat my breakfast with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleasure arising from that prophetic impression in my imagination, that “all will terminate to our heart’s content.” Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion, “that the best of beings (as thou hast sweetly expressed it) could not, by a combination of accidents, produce such a chain of events, merely to be the source of misery to the leading per-

## LETTERS

son engaged in them." The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expressed. I wish my memory did justice to the wording of it.—Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza?—You have absolutely exalted it to a science! When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters, as finished essays, "by an unfortunate Indian lady." The style is new; and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit—but their sense, natural ease, and spirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I will answer for it, by any of your country-women in yours.—I have shewed your letter to Mrs. B—, and to half the literati in town.—You shall not be angry with me for it, because I meant to do you honour by it.—You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits. I only wonder where thou could'st acquire thy graces, thy goodness, thy accomplishments—so connected! so educated! Nature has surely studied to make thee her peculiar care—

## L E T T E R S

for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the best and fairest of all her works.—

And so this is the last letter thou art to receive from me; because the Earl of Chatham\* (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs; and the wind, I find, is fair. If so—blessed woman! take my last, last farewell!—Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee! Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu—let me give thee one streight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms—but I concenter it in one word,

### REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu, once more, Eliza! May no anguish of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again! May no doubt or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children—for they are Yorick's—and Yorick is thy friend for ever!—Adieu, adieu, adieu !

\* By the newspapers of the times it appears that the *Earl of Chatham*, East Indiaman, sailed from Deal, April 3, 1767.

## L E T T E R S

P. S. Remember, that Hope shortens all journies, by sweetening them—so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou arisest, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it.

Blessings, rest, and Hygeia go with thee! May'st thou soon return, in peace and affluence, to illumine my night! I am, and shall be, the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate and hail thy return.—

FARE THEE WELL!

# THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA



## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

THIS Journal wrote under the fictitious names of Yorick & Draper—and sometimes of the Bramin & Bramine—but tis a Diary of the miserable feelings of a person separated from a Lady for whose Society he languish'd—The real Names—are foreigne—& the acc<sup>t</sup> a copy from a french Mans<sup>t</sup>—in Mr S—s hands—but wrote as it is, to cast a Viel over them—There is a Counterpart—which is the Lady's acc<sup>t</sup> what transactions dayly happend—& what Sentiments occupied her mind, during this Separation from her admirer—these are worth reading—the translator cannot say so much in fav<sup>r</sup> of Yoricks which seem to have little merit beyond their honesty & truth.\*

\* *The Journal to Eliza, or The Continuation of the Bramines Journal*—Sterne's phrase written above the first entry—is printed just as Sterne left it, with its wild chronology and all its vagaries in spelling and punctuation. This descriptive title-page, as well as the *Journal* itself, is in Sterne's own hand.

## LETTERS

### CONTINUATION OF THE BRAMINES JOURNAL.

([S]he saild 23\*)

Sunday Ap: 13.†

WROTE the last farewell to Eliza by Mr Wats who sails this day for Bombay—inclosed her likewise the Journal kept from the day we parted, to this—so from hence continue it till the time we meet again—Eliza does the same, so we shall have mutual testimonies to deliver hereafter to each other, That the Sun has not more constantly rose & set upon the earth, than we have thought of & remember'd, what is more chearing than Light itself—eternal Sunshine! Eliza!—dark to me is all this world without thee! & most heavily will every hour pass over my head, till that is come w<sup>ch</sup> brings thee, dear Woman back to Albion. dined with Hall &c. at

\* The mistake in date is obvious.

† Sunday fell on the 12th in April 1767.

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

the brawn's head—the whole Pandamonium assembled—supp'd together at Halls—worn out both in body & mind, & paid a severe reckoning all the night.

Ap: 14. Got up tottering & feeble—then is it Eliza, that I feel the want of thy friendly hand & friendly Council—& yet, with thee beside me, thy Bramin would lose the merit of his virtue—he could not err—but I will take thee upon any terms Eliza! I shall be happy here—& I will be so just, so kind to thee, I will deserve not to be miserable hereafter—a Day dedicated to Abstinence & reflection—& what object will employ the greatest part of mine—full well does my Eliza know.

Munday. Ap: 15.

worn out with fevers of all kinds, but most, by that fever of the heart with w<sup>ch</sup> I'm eternally wasting, & shall waste till I see Eliza again—dreadful Suffering of 15 months!—it may be more—great Controuler of Events! surely thou wilt proportion this, to my Strength, and to that of my Eliza. pass'd the whole afternoon in reading her

## L E T T E R S

Letters, & reducing them to the order in which they were wrote to me—staid the whole evening at home—no pleasure or Interest in either Society or Diversions—What a change, my dear Girl, hast thou made in me!—but the Truth is, thou hast only turn'd the tide of my passions a new way—they flow Eliza to thee—& ebb from every other Object in this world—& Reason tells me they do right—for my heart has rated thee at a Price, that all the world is not rich enough to purchase thee from me, at. In a high fever all the night.

Ap: 16. and got up so ill, I could not go to M<sup>r</sup>s James as I had promised her—took James's Powder however—& leand the whole day with my head upon my hand, sitting most dejectedly at the Table with my Eliza's Picture before me—sympathizing & soothing me—O my Bramine! my Friend! my Help-mate!—for that (if I'm a prophet) is the Lot mark'd out for thee;—& such I consider thee now, & thence it is, Eliza, I share so righteously with thee in all the evil or good which befalls thee—But all our portion is Evil now, & all our hours grief—

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

I look forwards towards the Elysium we have so often and rapturously talk'd of—Cordelia's spirit will fly to tell thee in some sweet Slumber, the moment the door is open'd for thee & The Bramin of the Vally, shall follow the track wherever it leads him, to get to his Eliza, & invite her to his Cottage—

5 in the afternoon—I have just been eating my Chicking, sitting over my repast upon it, with Tears—a bitter Sause—Eliza! but I could eat it with no other—when Molly spread the Table Cloath, my heart fainted within me—one solitary plate—one knife—one fork—one Glass!—O Eliza! twas painfully distressing,—I gave a thousand pensive penetrating Looks at the Arm chair thou so often graced on these quiet, sentimental Repasts—& sighed & laid down my knife & fork,—& took out my handkerchief, clap'd it across my face & wept like a child—I shall read the same affecting acc<sup>t</sup> of many a sad Dinner w<sup>ch</sup> Eliza has had no power to taste of, from the same feelings & recollections, how She and her Bramin have eat their bread in peace and Love together.

## L E T T E R S

April 17. with my friend Mr<sup>s</sup> James in Gerard street, with a present of Colours & apparatus for painting:—Long Conversation about thee my Eliza—sunk my heart w<sup>th</sup> an infamous acc<sup>t</sup> of Draper & his detested Character at Bombay—for what a wretch art thou hazarding thy life, my dear friend, & what thanks is his nature capable of returning?—thou wilt be repaid with Injuries & Insults! Still there is a blessing in store for the meek and gentle, and Eliza will not be disinherited of it: her Bramin is kept alive by this hope only—otherwise he is so sunk both in Spirits and looks, Eliza would scarce know him again. dined alone again to-day; & begin to feel a pleasure in this kind of resigned misery arising from this situation of heart unsupported by aught but its own tenderness—Thou owest me much Eliza!—& I will have patience; for thou wilt pay me all—But the Demand is equal; much I owe thee, & with much shalt thou be requited.—sent for a Chart of the Atlantic Ocean, to make conjectures upon what part of it my Treasure was floating—O! tis but a little way off—and I could venture after it in a Boat, methinks—I'm

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

sure I could, was I to know Eliza was in distress—but fate has chalk'd out other roads for us—We must go on with many a weary step, each in his separate heartless track, till Nature—

Ap: 18.

This day set up my Carriage,—new Subject of heartache, That Eliza is not here to share it with me.

Bought Orm's account of India—why ? Let not my Bramine ask me—her heart will tell her why I do this, & every Thing—

Ap: 19—poor sick-headed, sick hearted Yorick! Eliza has made a shadow of thee—I am absolutely good for nothing, as every mortal is who can think & talk but upon one thing!—how I shall rally my powers alarms me ; for Eliza thou has melted them all into one—the power of loving thee & with such ardent affection as triumphs over all other feelings—was with our faithful friend all the morning ; & dined with her & James—What is the Cause, that I can never talk ab<sup>t</sup> my Eliza

## L E T T E R S

to her, but I am rent in pieces—I burst into tears a dozen different times after dinner, & such affectionate gusts of passion, That she was ready to leave the room,— & sympathize in private for us—I weep for you both, said she (in a whisper,) for Eliza's anguish is as sharp as yours—her heart as tender—her constancy as great—heaven join your hands I'm sure together!—James was occupied in reading a pamphlet upon the East India affairs—so I answerd her with a kind look, a heavy sigh, and a stream of tears—what was passing in Eliza's breast, at this affecting Crisis?—something kind, and pathetic,! I will lay my Life.

8 o'clock—retired to my room, to tell my dear this—to run back the hours of Joy I have pass'd with her—& meditate upon those w<sup>ch</sup> are still in reserve for Us.—By this time M<sup>r</sup> James tells me, You will have got as far from me, as the Maderas—& that in two months more, you will have doubled the Cape of good hope—I shall trace thy track every day in the map, & not allow one hour for contrary Winds, or Currants—every engine of nature shall work together for us

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

—Tis the Language of Love—& I can speak no other. & so, good night to thee, & may the gentlest delusions of love impose upon thy dreams, as I forbode they will, this night, on those of thy Bramine.

Ap: 20. Easter Sunday.

was not disappointed—yet awoke in the most acute pain—Something Eliza is wrong with me—you should be ill, out of Sympathy—& yet you are too ill already—my dear friend—all day at home in extream dejection.

Ap: 21. The Loss of Eliza, and attention to that one Idea, brought on a fever—a consequence, I have for some time, foreseen—but had not a sufficient Stock of cold philosophy to remedy—to satisfy my friends, call'd in a Physician—Alas! alas! the only Physician, & who carries the Balm of my Life along with her,—is Eliza.—why did I suffer thee to go from me? surely thou hast more than once call'd thyself my Eliza, to the same account—twil cost us both dear! but it could not be otherwise—We have submitted—we shall be rewarded. Twas a

## L E T T E R S

prophetic spirit, w<sup>ch</sup> dictated the acc<sup>t</sup> of Corp! Trim's uneasy night when the fair Beguin ran in his head,—for every night & almost every Slumber of mine, since the day we parted, is a repe[ti]tion of the same description—dear Eliza! I am very ill—very ill for thee—but I could still give thee greater proofs of my affection. parted with 12 Ounces of blood, in order to quiet what was left in me—tis a vain experiment,—physicians cannot understand this; tis enough for me that Eliza does—I am worn down my dear Girl to a Shadow, & but that I'm certain thou wilt not read this, till I'm restored—thy Yorick would not let the Winds hear his Complaints——4 °.clock—sorrowful meal! for twas upon our old dish.—we shall live to eat it, my dear Bramine, with comfort.

8 at night, our dear friend M<sup>rs</sup> James, from the forbodings of a good heart, thinking I was ill; sent her maid to enquire after me—I had alarm'd her on Saturday; & not being with her on Sunday,—her friendship supposed the Condition I was in —She suffers most tenderly for Us, my

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Eliza!—& we owe her more than all the Sex—or indeed both Sexes, if not, all the world put together—adieu! my sweet Eliza! for this night—thy Yorick is going to waste himself on a restless bed, where he will turn from side to side a thousand times—& dream by Intervals of things terrible & impossible—That Eliza is false to Yorick, or Yorick is false to Eliza.

Ap: 22<sup>d</sup>—rose with utmost difficulty—my Physician order'd me back to bed as soon as I had got a dish of Tea—was bled again; my arm broke loose & I half bled to death in bed before I felt it. O! Eliza! how did thy Bramine mourn the want of thee to tye up his wounds, & comfort his dejected heart—still something bids me hope—and hope, I will—& it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I part with.

4 o'clock. They are making my bed—how shall I be able to continue my Journal in it?—If there remains a chasm here—think Eliza, how ill thy Yorick must have been.—this moment rec'd a Card from our dear friend, begining me to take [care] of

## L E T T E R S

a Life so valuable to my friends—but most so—she adds, to my poor dear Eliza.—not a word from the Newnhams! but they had no such exhortations in their harts, to send thy Bramine—adieu to em!

Ap: 23.—a poor night, and am only able to quit my bed at 4 this afternoon—to say a word to my dear—& fulfill my engagement to her, of letting no day pass over my head without some kind communication with thee—faint resemblance, my dear girl, of how our days are to pass, when one kingdom holds us—visited in bed by 40 friends, in the Course of the Day—is not one warm affectionate call, of that friend, for whom I sustain Life, worth 'em all?—What thinkest thou my Eliza.

Ap: 24.

So ill, I could not write a word all this morning—not so much, as Eliza! farewell to thee;—I'm going—am a little better.

—so shall not depart, as I apprehended—being this morning something better—& my Symptoms become milder, by a tolerable easy night.—and now, if I have strength & Spirits

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

to trail my pen down to the bottom of the page, I have as whimsical a Story to tell you, and as comically dis-astrous as ever befell one of our family—Shandy's nose—his name—his Sash-Window—are fools to it. It will serve at *least* to amuse you. The Injury I did myself in catching cold upon James's pouder, fell, you must know, upon the worst part it could—the most painful, & most dangerous of any in the human Body—It was on this Crisis, I call'd in an able Surgeon & with him an able physician (both my friends) to inspect my disaster—tis a venereal Case, cried my two Scientifick friends—'tis impossible at least to be that, replied I—for I have had no commerce whatever with the Sex—not even with my wife, added I, these 15 years—You are \* \* \* \* \* however my good friend, said the Surgeon, or there is no such Case in the world—what the Devil! said I without knowing Woman—we will not reason abt it, said the Physician, but you must undergo a course of Mercury,—I'll lose my life first, said I-& trust to Nature, to Time—or at the worst—to Death,—so I put an end with some Indignation to the Conference; and determined to bear all the torments I un-

## L E T T E R S

derwent, & ten times more rather than, submit to be treated as a *Sinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *Saint*. Now as the father of mischief w<sup>d</sup> have it, who has no pleasure like that of dishonouring the righteous—it so fell out, That from the moment I dismiss'd my Doctors—my pains began to rage with a violence not to be express'd, or supported—every hour became more intollerable—I was got to bed—cried out & raved the whole night—& was got up so near dead, That my friends insisted upon my sending again for my Physician & Surgeon—I told them upon the word of a man of Strict honour, They were both mistaken as to my case—but tho' they had reason'd wrong—they might act right—but that sharp as my sufferings were, I felt them not so sharp as the Imputation, w<sup>ch</sup> a venerial treatment of my case, laid me under—They answerd that these taints of the blood laid dormant 20 years—but that they would not reason with me in a matter wherein I was so delicate—but would do all the office for w<sup>ch</sup> they were call'd in—& namely, to put an end to my torment, w<sup>ch</sup> otherwise would put an end to me.—&

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

so have I been compell'd to surrender myself—& thus Eliza is your Yorick, yr Bramine—your friend with all his sensibilities, suffering the chastisement of the grossest Sensualist—Is it not a most ridiculous Embarassm<sup>t</sup> as ever Yorick's Spirit could be involved in—Tis needless to tell Eliza, that nothing but the purest consciousness of Virtue, could have tempted Eliza's friend to have told her this Story—Thou art too good my Eliza to love aught but Virtue—& too discerning not to distinguish the open character w<sup>ch</sup> bears it, from the artful & double one w<sup>ch</sup> affects it—This, by the way, w<sup>d</sup> make no bad anecdote in T. Shandy's Life—however I thought at least it would amuse you, in a country where *less Matters* serve.—This has taken me three Sittings—it ought to be a good picture—I'm more proud, That it is a true one. In ten Days I shall be able to get out—my room allways full of friendly Visitors—& my rapper eternally going with Cards & enquiries after me. I shd be glad of the Testimonies—without the Tax.

Every thing convinces me, Eliza, We shall live to meet again—So—Take care of yr health, to add to the comfort of it.

## L E T T E R S

Ap: 25. after a tolerable night, I am able, Eliza, to sit up and hold a discourse with the sweet Picture thou hast left behind thee of thyself, & tell it how much I had dreaded the catastrophe, of never seeing its dear Original more in this world—never did that look of sweet resignation appear so eloquent as now; it has said more to my heart —& cheard it up more effectually above little fears & *may be's*—Than all the Lectures of philosophy I have strength to apply to it, in my present Debility of mind and body.—as for the latter—my men of Science, will set it properly agoing again—tho' upon what principles—the Wise Men of Gotham know as much as they—if they *act right*—what is it to me, how *wrong they think*, for finding my machine a much less tormenting one to me than before, I become reconciled to my Situation, and to their Ideas of it——but don't you pity me, after all, my dearest and my best of friends? I know to what an amount thou wilt shed over me, this tender Tax—& tis the Consolation springing out of that, of what a good heart it is which pours this friendly balm on mine, That has already, & will for ever heal every evil of my Life.

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

And what is becoming, of my Eliza, all this time!—where is she sailing?—what Sickness or other evils have befallen her? I weep often my dear Girl, for thee my Imagination surrounds them with\*—What w<sup>d</sup> be the measure of my Sorrow, did I know thou wast distressed?—adieu—adieu—& trust my dear friend—my dear Bramine, that there still wants nothing to kill me in a few days, but the certainty, That thou wast suffering, what I am—& yet I know thou art ill—but when thou returnest back to England, all shall be set right—so heaven waft thee to us upon the wings of Mercy—that is, as speedily as the winds & tides can do thee this friendly office. This is the 7<sup>th</sup> day That I have tasted nothing better than Water gruel—am going, at the solicitation of Hall, to eat of a boild fowl—so he dines with me on it—and a dish of Macaruls—

7 o'clock—I have drank to thy Name Eliza! everlasting peace & happiness (for my Toast) in the first glass of Wine I have adventured to drink. My friend has left me—

\* Sterne evidently intended to write “for those my Imagination surrounds thee with.”

## L E T T E R S

& I am alone,—like thee in thy solitary Cabbin after thy return from a tasteless meal in the round house & like thee I fly to my Journal, to tell thee, I never prized thy friendship so high, or loved thee more—or wish'd so ardently to be a Sharer of all the weights w<sup>ch</sup> Providence has laid upon thy tender frame—Than this moment—when upon taking up my pen, my poor pulse quickend—my pale face glowed—and tears stood ready in my Eyes to fall upon the paper, as I traced the word Eliza. O Eliza! Eliza! ever best & blessed of all thy Sex! blessed in thyself and in thy Virtues—& blessed and endearing to all who know thee—to Me, Eliza, most so; because I *know more* of thee than any other—This is the true philtre by which Thou hast charm'd me & wilt for ever charm & hold me thine, whilst Virtue & faith hold this world together; tis the simple Magick, by which I trust, I have won a place in that heart of thine on w<sup>ch</sup> I depend so satisfied, That Time & distance, or change of every thing w<sup>ch</sup> might allarm the little hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspence in mine—It scorns to doubt—& scorns to be doubted—

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

tis the only exception — where Security is not the parent of Danger.

My Illness will keep me three weeks longer in town.— but a Journey in less time would be hazardous, unless a short one across the Desert w<sup>ch</sup> I should set out upon to morrow, could I carry a Medicine with me which I was sure would prolong one month of y<sup>r</sup> Life—or should it happen—

—but why make Suppositions?— when Situations happen—tis time enough to shew thee That thy Bramin is the truest & most friendly of mortal Spirits, & capable of doing more for his Eliza, than his pen will suffer him to promise.

Ap: 26. Slept not till three this morning—was in too delicious Society to think of it; for I was all the time with thee besides me, talking over the projess [sic] of our friendship, & turning the world into a thousand shapes to enjoy it. got up much better for the Conversation—found myself improved in body & mind & recruited beyond any thing I lookd for; my Doctors, stroked their beards, & look'd ten per C<sup>t</sup>

## L E T T E R S

wiser upon feeling my pulse, & enquiring after my Symptoms—am still to run thro' a Course of Van Sweeten's corrosive Mercury, or rather Van Sweeten's Course of Mercury is to run thro' me—I shall be sublimated to an ethereal Substance by the time my Eliza sees me—she must be sublimated and uncorporated too, to be able to see me—but I was always transparent & a Being easy to be seen thro', or Eliza had never loved me nor had Eliza been of any other *Cast* herself could her Bramine have held *Communion* with her. hear every day from our worthy sentimental friend—who rejoices to think that the Name of Eliza is still to vibrate upon Yorick's ear—this, my dear Girl, many who loved me dispair'd off—poor Molly who is all attention to me—& every day brings in the name of poor M<sup>r</sup>s Draper, told me last night, that She and her Mistress had observed, I had never held up my head, since the Day you last dined with me—That I had seldom laughd or smiled—had gone to no Diversions—but twice or thrice at the most, dined out—That they thought I was broken hearted, for she never enterd the room or passd by the door, but she

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

heard me sigh heavily—That I neither eat or slept or took pleasure in any Thing as before, except writing — The Observation will draw a sigh Eliza, from thy feeling heart—& yet, so thy heart w<sup>d</sup> wish to have it—tis fit in truth We suffer equally nor can it be otherwise—when the causes of anguish in two hearts are so proportion'd, as in ours.—; Surely—Surely—Thou art mine Eliza! for dear have have I bought thee!

Ap: 27. Things go better with me, Eliza! and I shall be reestablished soon, except in bodily weakness; not yet being able to rise from thy arm chair, & walk to the other corner of my room, & back to it again without fatigue—I shall double my Journey to morrow, & if the day is warm the day after be got into my Carriage & be transported into Hyde park for the advantage of air and exercise—wast thou but besides me, I could go to Salt hill, I'm sure, & feel the journey short & pleasant.—another Time! \* \* \* \* \*—the present, alas! is not ours. I pore so much on thy Picture—I have it *off by heart*—dear Girl—

## L E T T E R S

oh tis sweet! tis kind! tis reflecting! tis affectionate! tis — thine my Bramine—I say my matins & Vespers to it—I quiet my Murmurs, by the Spirit which speaks in it—“all will end well my Yorick.”—I declare my dear Bramine I am so secured & wrapt up in this Belief, That I would not part with the Imagination, of how happy I am to be with thee, for all the offers of present Interest or Happiness the whole world could tempt me with; in the loneliest cottage that Love & Humility ever dwelt in, with thee along with me, I could possess more refined Content, Than in the most glittering Court; & with thy Love & fidelity, taste truer joys, my Eliza, & make thee also partake of more, than all the senseless parade of this silly world could compensate to either of us—with this, I bound all my desires & worldly views—what are they worth without Eliza? Jesus! grant me but this, I will deserve it—I will make my Bramine as Happy, as thy goodness wills her—I will be the Instrument of her recompense for the sorrows & disappointments thou has suffer'd her to undergo; & if ever I am false, unkind or un-

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

gentle to her, so let me be dealt with by thy Justice.

9 o'clock, I am preparing to go to bed my dear Girl, & first pray for thee, & then to Idolize thee for two wakeful hours upon my pillow—I shall after that, I find dream all night of thee, for all the day have I done nothing but think of thee—something tells, that thou hast this day, been employed in the same way. good night, fair Soul—& may the sweet God of sleep close gently thy eyelids—& govern & direct thy Slumbers—adieu—adieu, adieu!

Ap: 28. I was not deceived Eliza! by my presentiment that I should find thee out in my dreams; for I have been with thee almost the whole night, alternately soothing Thee, or telling thee my sorrows—I have rose up comforted & strengthend—& found myself so much better, that I orderd my Carriage, to carry me to our mutual friend—Tears ran down her cheeks when she saw how pale & wan I was—never gentle creature sympathized more tenderly—I beseech you, cried the good Soul,

## L E T T E R S

not to regard either difficulties or expences, but fly to Eliza directly—I see you will dye without her—save yrself for her—how shall I look her in the face? What can I say to her, when on her return I have to tell her, That her Yorick is no more!—Tell her my dear friend, said I, That I will meet her in a better world—& that I have left this, because I could not live without her; tell Eliza, my dear friend, added I—That I died broken hearted—and that you were a Witness to it—as I said this, She burst into the most pathetick flood of Tears—that ever kindly Nature shed. You never beheld so affecting a Scene—'twas too much for Nature! oh! she is good—I love her as my Sister!—& could Eliza have been a witness, hers would have melted down to Death & scarce have been brought back, an Extacy so celestial & savouring of another world.—I had like to have fainted, & to that Degree was my heart & soul affected, it was w<sup>th</sup> difficulty I could reach the street door; I have got home, & shall lay all day upon my Sopha—& to morrow morning my dear Girl write again to thee; for I have not strength to drag my pen—

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Ap: 29.

I am so ill to day, my dear, I can only tell you so—I wish I was put into a Ship for Bombay—I wish I may otherwise hold out till the hour We might otherwise have met—I have too many evils upon me at once—& yet I will not faint under them—Come!—Come to me soon my Eliza & save me!

Ap: 30. Better to day—but am too much visited & find my strength wasted by the attention I must give to all concern'd for me—I will go Eliza, be it but by ten mile Journeys, home to my thatchd Cottage —& there I shall have no respite—for I shall do nothing but think of thee—and burn out this weak Taper of Life by the flame thou hast superadded to it—fare well my dear \* \* \* \* —to morrow begins a new month—& I hope to give thee in it, a more sunshiny side of myself—Heaven! how is it with my Eliza—

May 1.

got out into the park to day—Sheba there on Horseback; pass'd twice by her

## L E T T E R S

without knowing her—she stop'd the 3<sup>d</sup> time—to ask me how I did—I w<sup>d</sup> not have askd you, Solomon! said She, but y<sup>r</sup> Looks affected me—for you'r half dead I fear—I thank'd Sheba very kindly, but w<sup>th</sup>out any emotion but what sprung from gratitude—Love alas! was fled with thee Eliza!—I did not think Sheba could have changed so much in grace & beauty—Thou hadst shrunk poor Sheba away into Noth-ing, but a good natured girl, without powers or charms—I *fear* your wife is dead; quoth Sheba—no, you don't *fear* it Sheba said I—Upon my word Solomon! I would quarrel with You, was you not so ill—if you knew the cause of my Illness, Sheba, replied I, you w<sup>d</sup> quarrel but the more with me—You lie, Solomon! answerd Sheba, for I know the Cause already—& am so little out of Charity with You upon it—That I give you leave to come & drink Tea with me before you leave Town—you're a good honest Creature Sheba—no! you Rascal, I am not—but I'm in Love, as much as you can be for y<sup>r</sup> Life—I'm glad of it Sheba! said I—You Lie, said Sheba, & so canter'd away.—O my Eliza, had I ever truely loved

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

another (w<sup>ch</sup> I never did) Thou hast long ago, cut the Root of all Affection in me—& planted & waterd & nourish'd it, to bear fruit only for thyself—Continue to give me proofs I have had and shall preserve the same rights over thee my Eliza! and if I ever murmur at the sufferings of Life after that, Let me be numberd with the ungrateful.—I look now forwards with Impatience for the day thou art to get to Madras—& from thence shall I want to hasten thee to Bombay—where heaven will make all things Conspire to lay the Basis of thy health & future happiness—be true my dear girl, to thy self—& the rights of Self preservation which Nature has given thee—persevere—be firm—be pliant—be placid—be courteous—but still be true to thy self—& never give up y<sup>r</sup> Life,—or suffer the disquieting alterations, or small outrages you may undergo in this momentous point, to weigh a Scruple in the Ballance—Firmness—& fortitude & perseverance gain almost impossibilities—& *Skin for Skin*, saith Job, *nay all that a Man has, will he give for his Life'*—oh my Eliza! That I could take the Wings of the Morning, & fly to aid thee in *this* virtuous

## L E T T E R S

Struggle. went to Ranelagh at 8 this night,  
and sat still till ten—came home ill.

May 2<sup>d</sup>

I fear I have relapsed—sent afresh for my Doctor—who has confined me to my sopha —being able neither to walk, stand or sit upright, without aggravating my Symptoms—I'm still to be treated as if I was a Sinner—& in truth have some appearances so strongly implying it, That was I not conscious I had had no Commerce with the Sex these 15 Years, I would decamp to morrow for Montpellier in the South of France, where Maladies of this sort are better treated & all taints more radically driven out of the Blood—than in this Country; but If I continue long ill—I am still determined to repair there—not to undergo a Cure of a distemper I cannot have, but for the bettering my Constitution by a better Climate.—I write this as I lie upon my back—in w<sup>ch</sup> posture I must continue, I fear some days—if I am able—will take up my pen again before night—

4<sup>o</sup> clock.—an hour dedicated to Eliza! for

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

I have dined alone—& ever since the Cloath has been laid, have done nothing but call upon thy dear Name—and ask why tis not permitted thou shouldst sit down, & share my Macarel & fowl—there would be enough, said Molly as she placed it upon the Table to have served both You & poor Mrs Drapper—I never bring in the knives & forks, added she, but I think of her—There was no more trouble with you both, than w<sup>th</sup> one of You—I never heard a high or a hasty word from either of You—You were surely made, added Molly, for one another, you are both so kind so quiet & so friendly—Molly furnishd me with Sause to my Meat—for I wept my plate full, Eliza! & now I have begun, could shed tears till Supper again—& then go to bed weeping for thy absence till morning. Thou hast bewitch'd me with powers, my dear Girl, from which no power shall unlose me—and if fate can put this Journel of my Love into thy hands, before we meet, I know with what warmth it will inflame the kindest of hearts, to receive me. peace be with thee, my Eliza, till that happy moment!

## L E T T E R S

9 at night. I shall never get possession of myself, Eliza! at this rate—I want to Call off my Thoughts from thee, that I may now & then apply them to some concrns w<sup>ch</sup> require both my attention & genius, but to no purpose—I had a Letter to write to Lord Shelburn—& had got my apparatus in order to begin—when a Map of India coming in my Way—I begun to study the length & dangers of my Eliza's Voiage to it, and have been amusing & frightening myself by turns, as I traced the path-way of the Earl of Chatham, the whole afternoon—good god! what a voiage for any one!—but for the poor relax'd frame of my tender Bramine to cross the Line twice, & be subject to the Intolerant heats, & the hazards w<sup>ch</sup> must be the consequence of em to such an unsupported Being! O Eliza! 'tis too much—& if thou conquerest these, and all the other difficulties of so tremendous an alienation from thy Country, thy Children & thy friends, tis the hand of Providence w<sup>ch</sup> watches over thee for most merciful purposes—Let this persuasion, my dear Eliza! stick close to thee in all thy tryals—as it shall in those thy faithful

## 'THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Bramin is put to—till the mark'd hour of deliverance comes. I'm going to sleep upon this religious Elixir—may the Infusion of it distil into the gentlest of hearts—for that Eliza! is thine—sweet, dear, faithful Girl, most kindly does thy Yorick greet thee with the wishes of a good night & of Millions yet to come——

May 3<sup>d</sup> Sunday. What can be the matter with me! Something is wrong, Eliza! in every part of me—I do not gain strength; nor have I the feelings of health returning back to me; even my best moments seem merely the efforts of my mind to get well again, because I cannot reconcile myself to the thoughts of never seeing thee Eliza more.—for something is out of tune in every Chord of me—still with thee to nurse & sooth me, I should soon do well—The want of thee is half my distemper—but not the whole of it—I must see M<sup>r</sup>s James to night, tho' I know not how to get there—but I shall not sleep, if I don't talk of you to her—so shall finish this Days Journal on my return—

May 4<sup>th</sup> Directed by M<sup>r</sup>s James how to

## LETTERS

write Over-Land to thee, my Eliza!—would gladly tear out thus much of my Journal to send to thee—but the Chances are too many against it's getting to Bombay—or of being deliverd into yr own hands—shall write a long long Letter—& trust it to fate & thee. was not able to say three words at M<sup>r</sup>s James, thro' utter weakness of body & mind; & when I got home—could not get up stairs w<sup>th</sup> Molly's aid—have rose a little better, my dear girl—& will live for thee—do the same for thy Bramin, I beseech thee. a Line from thee now, in this state of my Dejection,—would be worth a kingdome to me!—

May 4. Writing by way of Vienna & Bussorah My Eliza.—this & Company took up the day.

5<sup>th</sup> writing to Eliza.—& trying *l'Extraite de Saturne* upon myself.—(a french Nostrum)

6<sup>th</sup> Dined out for the 1<sup>st</sup> time—came home to enjoy a more harmonious evening w<sup>th</sup> my Eliza, than I could expect at Soho

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Concrt\*—every Thing my dear Girl, has lost its former relish to me—& for thee eternally does it quicken! writing to thee over Land all day.

7. continue poorly, my dear!—but my blood warms every mom<sup>t</sup> I think of our future Scenes—so must grow strong upon the Idea—what shall I do upon the Reality?—O God!—

8<sup>th</sup> employ'd in writing to my Dear all day—& in projecting happiness for her—tho in misery myself. O! I have undergone Eliza!—but the worst is over—(I hope)—so adieu to those Evils, & let me hast the happiness to come.

9<sup>th</sup>—10<sup>th</sup>—& 11<sup>th</sup>—so unaccountably disorder'd—I cannot say more—but that I w. suffer ten times more & with wishs for my Eliza—adieu bless'd Woman!—

12<sup>th</sup> O Eliza! That my weary head was now laid upon thy Lap—(tis all that's left

\* One of the famous concerts at Carlisle House under the management of Mrs. Theresa Cornelys.

## L E T T E R S

for it)—or that I had thine, reclining upon my bosome, and there resting all its disquietudes ; — my Bramine—the world or Yorick must perish, before that foundation shall fail thee!—I continue poorly—but I turn my Eyes Eastward the oftener, & with more earnestness for it——Great God of Mercy! shorten the Space betwixt us,— Shorten the space of our miseries!

13<sup>th</sup> Could not get the Genl post office to take charge of my Letters to You—so gave thirty shillings to a Merchant to further them to Aleppo & from thence to Bassorah—so you will receive 'em (I hope in god) say by Christmas—Surely 'tis not impossible, but I may be made as happy as my Eliza, by some transcript from her, by that time—if not I shall hope—& hope every week, and every hour of it, for Tidings of Comfort—we taste not of it *now*, my dear Bramine—but we will make full meals upon it hereafter.—Cards from 7 or 8 of our Grandies to dine with them before I leave Town—shall go like a Lamb to the Slaughter — “*Man delights not me—nor Woman*”

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

14. a little better to day—& would look pert, if my heart would but let me—dined w<sup>th</sup> L<sup>d</sup> & Lady Bellasis.—so beset w<sup>th</sup> Company—not a moment to write.

15. Undone with too much Society yesterday,—You scarce can Conceive my dear Eliza what a poor Soul I am—how I shall be got down to Cox only heaven knows—for I am as weak as a Child—You would not like me the worse for it, Eliza, if you was here—My friends like me, the more,—& Swear I shew more true fortitude & evenness of temper in my Suffering than Seneca, or Socrates—I am, my Bramin,\* resigned.

16. Taken up all day with worldly matters, just as my Eliza was the week before her departure.—breakfasted with Lady Spencer—caught her with the character of y<sup>r</sup> Portrait—caught her passions still more with that of y<sup>r</sup>self—& my Attachment to the most amiable of Beings—drove at night to Ranelagh—staid an hour—returnd to my Lodgings, dissatisfied.

\* Just as Sterne sometimes refers to himself as the Bramine, so he here carelessly addresses Eliza as the Bramin.

## L E T T E R S

17. At Court—every thing in this world seems in Masquerade, but thee dear Woman—and therefore I am sick of all the world but thee—one Evening *so spent*, as the *Saturday's wch preeceeded our Separation—would sicken all the Conversation of the world—I relish no Converse since*—when will the like return?—tis hidden from us both, for the wisest ends—and the hour will come my Eliza! when We shall be convinced, that every event has been order'd for the best for Us—our fruit is not ripend—the accidents of time & Seasons will ripen every Thing *together* for Us—a little better to day—or could not have wrote this. dear Bramine rest thy Sweet Soul in peace!

18. Laid sleepless all night, with thinking of the many dangers & sufferings, my dear Girl! that thou art exposed to—from the Voiage & thy sad state of health—but I find I must think no more upon them—I have rose wan and trembling with the Havock they have made upon my nerves—tis death to me to apprehend for you—I must flatter my Imagination, That every

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Thing goes well with You—Surely no evil can have befallen you—for if it had—I had felt some monitory sympathetic Shock within me, w<sup>ch</sup> would have spoke like Revelation.—So farewell to all tormenting *May be's* in regard to my Eliza—She is well—she thinks of her Yorick w<sup>th</sup> as much Affection and true esteem as ever—and values him as much above the World, as he values his Bramine.

### 19.

Packing up, or rather Molly for me, the whole day—tormenting! had not Molly all the time talk'd of poor Mr<sup>s</sup> Draper—& recounted every Visit She had made me, and every repast she had shared with me—how good a Lady!—How sweet a temper!—how beautiful!—how genteel!—how gentle a Carriage—& how soft & engaging a look!—the poor girl is bewitch'd with us both—infinitely interested in our Story, tho' She knows nothing of it but from her penetration and Conjectures.—She says however, tis Impossible not to be in Love with her—In heart felt truth, Eliza! I'm of Molly's opinion.

## L E T T E R S

20. Taking Leave of all the Town, before my departure to morrow.

21. detain'd by Lord & Lady Spencer who had made a party to dine & sup on my Acc<sup>t</sup> Impatient to set out for my Solitude—there the Mind, Eliza! gains strength, & learns to lean upon herself—and seeks refuge in its own Constancy & Virtue—in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feign'd Compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the Civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive-& bring the Mind back to where mine is retreating—that is Eliza! to itself—to thee who art my second self, to retirement, reflection & Books—when The Stream of Things, dear Bramine, Brings Us both together to this Haven—will not your heart take up its rest for ever? & will not yr head Leave the world to those who can make a better thing of it—if there are any who know how.—Heaven take thee Eliza! under it's Wing—adieu! adieu—

22<sup>d</sup>

Left Bond Street & London w<sup>t</sup> it, this

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Morning—What a Creature I am! my heart has ached this week to get away—& still was ready to bleed in quiting a Place where my Connection with my dear dear Eliza began—Adieu to it! till I am summon'd up to the Downs by a Message, to fly to her—for I think I shall not be able to support Town without you—& w<sup>d</sup> chuse rather to sit solitary here till the end of the next Summer—to be made happy altogether —then seek for happiness—or even suppose I can have it, but in Eliza's Society.

23<sup>d</sup>\* bear my Journey badly—ill—& dispirited all the Way—staid two days on the road at the A-Bishops of Yorks—shewd his Grace & his Lady and Sister yr portrait—w<sup>th</sup> a short but interesting Story of my friendship for the Original—kindly nursed & honourd both—arrived at my Thatchd Cottage the 28<sup>th</sup> of May.

29<sup>th</sup> & 30<sup>th</sup>—confined to my bed—so emaciated, and unlike what I was, I could scarce be angry with thee Eliza, if thou Coulds not remember me, did heaven send me across

\* Only the first clause can belong to the twenty-third.

## LETTERS

thy way—Alas! poor Yorick!—“remember thee! Pale Ghost—remember thee—whilst *Memory holds a seat in this* distracted World—Remember thee—Yes from the Table of her Memory, shall just Eliza wipe away all trivial men—& leave a throne for Yorick—adieu dear constant Girl—adieu—adieu—& Remember my Truth and eternal fidelity—Remember how I Love—remember what I suffer.—Thou art mine Eliza by Purchace—had I not earn'd thee with a bitter price.

### 31.

Going this day upon a long course of Corrosive Mercury—w<sup>ch</sup> in itself, is deadly poyson, but given in a certain preparation, not very dangerous—I was forced to give it up in Town, from the terrible Cholicks both in Stomach & Bowels—but the Faculty thrust it down my Throat again—These Gentry have got it into their Nodelles, That mine is *an Ecclesiastick Rheum* as the french call it—god help em! I submit as my Uncle Toby did, in drinking Water, upon the wound he rec<sup>d</sup> in his Groin—*Merely for quietness sake.*

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

June 1.

The Faculty, my dear Eliza! have mistaken my Case—why not *y<sup>rs</sup>*? I wish I could fly to you & attend you but one month as a physician—You'l Languish & dye where you are,—(if not by the climate)—most certainly by their *Ignorance of yr Case*, & the unskilful Treatment you must be a martyr to in such a place as Bombay.—I'm Languishing here myself with every Aid & help—& tho' I shall conquer it—yet have had a cruel Struggle—w<sup>d</sup> my dear friend, I could ease *y<sup>rs</sup>*, either by my Advice—my attention—my Labour—my purse—They are all at *y<sup>r</sup>* Service, such as they are—and that you know Eliza—or my friendship for you is not worth a rush.

June 2<sup>d</sup>

This morning surpriz'd with a Letter from my Lydia—that She and her Mama, are coming to pay me a Visit—but on Condition I promise not to detain them in England beyond next April—when, they purpose, by my Consent, to retire into France, & establish themselves for Life—To all which I have freely given

## L E T T E R S

my parole of Honour—& so shall have them with me for the Summer—from Oct<sup>r</sup> to April—they take Lodgings in York—when they Leave me for good & all I suppose.

☞—Every thing for the best! Eliza. This unexpected visit, is neither a visit of friendship or form—but tis a visit, such as I know you will never make me,—of pure Interest—to pillage what they can from me. In the first place to sell a small estate I have of sixty p<sup>ds</sup> a year—& lay out the purchase money in joint annuitys for them in the french Funds; by this they will obtain 200 p<sup>ds</sup> a year, to be continued to the longer Liver—and as it rids me of all future care—& moreover transfers their Income to the Kingdom where they purpose to live—I'm truely acquiescent—tho' I lose the Contingency of surviving them—but 'tis no matter—I shall have enough—& a hundred or two hundred Pounds for Eliza when ever She will honour me with putting her hand into my Purse—In the main time, I am not sorry for this Visit, as every Thing will be finally settled between us by jt—only as their Annuity will be too

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

strait—I shall engage to remit them a 100 Guineas a year more, during my Wife's Life—& then, I will think, Eliza, of living for myself & the Being I love as much. But I shall be pillaged in a hundred small Item's by them—w<sup>ch</sup> I have a Spirit above saying, *no*—to; as Provisions of all sorts of Linnens—for house use—Body use—printed Linnens for Gowns—Mazareens of Teas—Plate, (all I have (but 6 Silver Spoons)—In short I shall be pluck'd bare—all but of yr Portrait & Snuff Box & yr other dear Presents—& the neat furniture of my thatch'd Palace—& upon these I set up Stock again, Eliza. What say you, Eliza! shall we join our *little capitals together*?—will Mr Draper give us leave?—he may safely—if yr *Virtue* & Honour are only concernd,—'twould be safe in Yoricks hands, as in a Brothers—I w<sup>d</sup> not wish Mr Draper to allow you above half I allow Mrs Sterne—Our Capital would be too great, & tempt us from the Society of poor Cordelia —who begins to wish for you.

By this time, I trust you have doubled the Cape of good hope—& sat down to yr writing Drawer; & look'd in Yoricks face,

## L E T T E R S

as you took out yr Journal; to tell him so—I hope he seems to smile as kindly upon you Eliza, as ever—yr Attachment & Love for me, will make him do so to eternity—if ever he sh<sup>d</sup> change his Air, Eliza!—I charge you catechize your own Heart—oh! twil never happen!

June 3<sup>d</sup>—Cannot write my Travels, or give one half hours close attention to them, upon Thy Acc<sup>t</sup> my dearest friend—Yet write I must, & what to do with You, whilst I write—I declare I know not—I want to have you ever before my Imagination—& cannot keep you out of my heart or head—In short thou enterst my Library Eliza! (as thou one day shalt) without tapping—or sending for—by thy own Right of ever being close to thy Bramine—now I must shut you out sometimes—or meet you Eliza! with an empty purse upon the Beach —pity my entanglements from other passions—my Wife with me every moment of the Summer—think w<sup>t</sup> restraint upon a Fancy that should Sport & be in all points at its ease—O had I, my dear Bramine this Summer, to soften—& modu-

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

late my feelings—to enrich my fancy, & fill my heart brim full with bounty—my Book w<sup>d</sup> be worth the reading—

It will be by stealth if I am able to go on with my Journal at all—It will have many Interruptions—& Heyho's! most sentimentally utter'd—Thou must take it as it pleases God.—as thou must take the Writer—eternal Blessings be about You Eliza! I am a little better, & now find I shall be set right in all points—my only anxiety is about You—I want to prescribe for you My Eliza—for I think I understand yr Case better than all the Faculty. adieu—adieu.

June 4.

Hussy!—I have employ'd a full hour upon yr sweet sentimental Picture—and a couple of hours upon yourself—& with as much kind friendship, as the hour You left me—I deny it—Time lessens no Affections w<sup>ch</sup> honour & merit have planted—I w<sup>d</sup> give more, and hazard more now for your happiness than in any one period, since I first learn'd to esteem you—is it so with thee my friend? has absence weakend my In-

## L E T T E R S

terest—has time worn out any Impression—or is Yoricks name less Musical in Eliza's ears?—my heart smites me, for asking the question—tis Treason ag<sup>st</sup> thee Eliza and Truth—Ye are dear Sisters, and y<sup>r</sup> Brother Bramin Can never live to see a Separation amongst Us.—What a similitude in our Trials whilst asunder!—Providence has order'd every Step better, than we could have order'd them,—for the particular good we wish each other—This you will comment upon & find the *Sense of* without my explanation.

I wish this Summer & Winter w<sup>th</sup> all I am to go through with in them, in business & Labour & Sorrow, well over—I have much to compose—& much to discompose me—have my Wife's projects—& my own Views arising out of them, to harmonize and turn to account—I have Millions of heart aches to suffer & reason with—& in all this Storm of Passions, I have but one small Anchor, Eliza! to keep this weak Vessel of mine from perishing—I trust all I have to it—as I trust Heaven, which cannot leave me, without a fault, to perish.—may the same just Heaven my Eliza, be

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

that eternal Canopy w<sup>ch</sup> shall shelter thy head from evil *till we* meet—Adieu—adieu—adieu.

June 5.

I sit down to write this day, in good earnest—so read Eliza! quietly besides me—I'll not give you a Look—except one of kindness—dear Girl! if thou lookest so bewitching once more—I'll turn thee out of my Study—You may bid me defiance, Eliza.—You cannot conceive how much & how universally I'm pitied, upon the Score of this unexpected Visit from france—my friends think it will kill me—if I find myself in danger I'll fly to you to Bombay—will Mr. Draper receive me?—he ought—but he will never know what reasons make it his *Interest* and *Duty*—We must leave all all to that Being who is infinitely removed above all Straitness of heart . . . & is a friend to the friendly, as well as to the friendless.

June 6.—am quite alone in the depth of that sweet Recess, I have so often described to You—tis sweet in itself—but

## L E T T E R S

You never come across me—but the perspective brightens up—& every Tree & Hill & Vale & Ruin abt me—smiles as if you was amidst 'em—delusive moments!—how pensive a price do I pay for you—fancy sustains the Vision whilst She has strength—but Eliza! Eliza is not with me!—I sit down upon the first Hillock Solitary as a sequester'd Bramin—I wake from my delusion to a thousand Disquietudes, which many talk of—my Eliza!—but few feel—then weary my Spirit with thinking, plotting, & projecting—& when I've brought my System to my mind—am only Doubly miserable, That I cannot execute it—

Thus—Thus my dear Bramine are we lost at present in this tempest—Some Haven of rest will open to us assuredly—God made us not for Misery! and Ruin—he has orderd all our Steps—& influenced our Attachments for what is worthy of them—It must end well—Eliza!—

June 7

I have this week finish'd a sweet little apartment which all the time it was doing, I flatter'd the most delicious of Ideas, in

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

thinking I was making it for You—Tis a neat little simple elegant room, overlook'd only by the Sun—just big enough to hold a Sopha; for us—a Table, four Chairs, a Bureau, & a Book case—They are to be all y<sup>rs</sup>, Room & all—& there Eliza! shall I enter ten times a day to give thee Testimonies of my Devotion—Was't thou this moment sat down, it w<sup>d</sup> be the sweetest of earthly Tabernacles—I shall enrich it, from time to time, for thee—till Fate lets me lead thee, by the hand Into it—& then it can want no Ornament.—tis a little oblong room—with a large Sash at the end—a little elegant fireplace—w<sup>th</sup> as much room to dine around it, as in Bond street—But in sweetness & Simplicity; & silence beyond any thing—oh my Eliza!—I shall see thee surely Goddesse of this Temple,—and the most sovereign one, of all I have—& of all the powers heaven has trusted me with—They were lent me, Eliza! only for thee—& for thee my dear Girl shall be kept & employ'd.—You know *what rights* You have over me.—wish to heaven I could Convey the Grant more amply than I have *done*—but tis the same—tis register'd where it will

## L E T T E R S

longest last—& that is in the feeling & most sincere of human hearts—You know I mean this reciprocally—& whenever I mention the Word Fidelity & Truth,—in Speaking of yr Reliance on mine—I always Imply the same Reliance upon the same Virtues in my Eliza.—I love thee Eliza! & will love thee for ever—Adieu.—

June 8.

Begin to recover, and sensibly to gain strength every day—and have such an appetite as I have not had for some Years—I prophecy I shall be the better, for the very Accident which has occasiod my Illness—& that the Medicines & Regimen I have submitted to will make a thorough Regeneration of me, and yt I shall have more health and strength, than I have enjoy'd these ten Years—Send me such an Acc<sup>t</sup> of thyself Eliza, by the first sweet Gale—but tis impossible You shd from Bombay—twil be as fatal to You, as it has been to thousands of yr Sex—England & Retirement in it, can only save you—Come!—Come away—

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

June 9<sup>th</sup> I keep a post chaise & a couple of fine horses, & take the Air every day in it—I go out—& return to my Cottage Eliza! alone—'tis melancholly, what sh<sup>d</sup> be matter of enjoyment; & the more so for that reason—I have a thousand things to remark & say as I roll along—but I want you to say them to—I could some times be wise—& often Witty—but I feel it a reproach to be the latter whilst Eliza is so far from hearing me—& what is Wisdome to a foolish weak heart like mine! Tis like the Song of Melody to a broken Spirit—You must teach me fortitude my dear Bramine—for with all the tender qualities w<sup>ch</sup> make you the most precious of Women—& most wanting of all other Women of a kind of protector—yet you have a passive kind of sweet Courage w<sup>ch</sup> bears you up—more than any one Virtue I can summon up in my own Case—We were made with Tempers for each other Eliza! and you are blessd with such a certain turn of Mind & reflection—that if Self love does not blind me—I resemble no Being in the world so nearly as I do you—do you wonder then I have such friendship for you?—for my own

## L E T T E R S

part, I sh<sup>d</sup> not be astonished, Eliza, if you was to declare " You was up to the ears in Love with Me."

June 10<sup>th</sup>

You are stretching over now in the Trade Winds from the Cape to Madrass—(I hope)—but I know it not, some friendly Ship you possibly have met w<sup>th</sup>, & I never read an Acct<sup>t</sup> of an India Man arrived—but I expect that it is the Messenger of the news my heart is upon the rack for.—I calculate, That you will arrive at Bombay by the beginning of October—by February, I shall surely hear from you thence—but from Madrass sooner.—I expect you Eliza in person, by September—& shall scarce go to London till March—for what have I to do there, when (except printing my Books) I have no Interest or Passion to gratify—I shall return in June to Coxwould—& there wait for the glad Tidings of y<sup>r</sup> arrival in the Downs—won't You write to me Eliza? by the first Boat? would not you wish to be greeted by y<sup>r</sup> Yorick upon the Beech?—or be met by him to hand you out of y<sup>r</sup> postchaise, to pay him for the Anguish he

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

underwent, in handing you into it?—I know your answers—my Spirit is with You. farewell dear friend—

June 11.

I am every day negotiating to sell my little Estate besides me—to send the money into France to purchase peace to myself—& a certainty of never having it interrupted by Mrs Sterne—who when She is sensible I have given her all I can part with—will be at rest herself—Indeed her plan to purchase annuities in france—is a pledge of Security to me—That She will live her days out there—otherwise She could have no end in transporting this two thousand pounds out of England—nor w<sup>d</sup> I consent but upon that plan—but I may be at rest!—if my imagination will but let me—Hall says tis no matter where she lives; If we are but separate, tis as good as if the Ocean rolled between us—& so I should argue to another Man—but, tis an Idea w<sup>ch</sup> won't do so well for me—& tho' nonsensical enough—Yet I shall be most at rest when there is that Bar between Us—was I never so sure, I shd never be interrupted by her, in Eng-

## L E T T E R S

land—but I may be at rest I say, on that head—for they have left all their Cloaths & plate and Linnen behind them in france—& have joind in the most earnest Entreaty, That they may return & fix in france—to w<sup>ch</sup> I have give my word & honour—You will be bound with me Eliza! I hope, for performance of my promise—I never yet broke it, in cases where Interest or pleasure could have tempted me,—and shall hardly do it now, when tempted only by misery.— In Truth Eliza! thou art the Object to w<sup>ch</sup> every act of mine is directed—You interfere in every Project—I rise—I go to sleep with this on my Brain—how will my dear Bramine approve of this?—w<sup>ch</sup> way will it conduce to make her happy? and how will it be a proof of my affection to her? are all the Enquiries I make—y<sup>r</sup> Honour, y<sup>r</sup> Conduct, y<sup>r</sup> Truth & regard for my esteem—I know will equally direct every Step—& movement of y<sup>r</sup> Desires—& with that Assurance, is it, my dear Girl, That I sustain Life.—But when will those Sweet eyes of thine, run over these Declarations?—how—& with whom are they to be entrusted; to be conveyed to You?—unless M<sup>r</sup>s James's

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

friendship to us, finds some expedient—I must wait—till the first evening I'm with You—when I shall present You w<sup>th</sup> them as a better Picture of me, than Cosway could do for You..—have been dismally ill all day—owing to my course of Medicines w<sup>ch</sup> are too strong & forcing for this gawsy Constitution of mine—I mend with them however—good God! how is it with You? —

June 12. I have return'd from a delicious walk of Romance, my Bramine, which I am to tread a thousand times over with You swinging upon my arm—tis to my Convent—& I have pluckd up a score [of] Bryars by the roots w<sup>ch</sup> grew near the edge of the foot way, that they might not scratch or incommode you—had I been sure of y<sup>r</sup> taking that walk with me the very next day, I could not have been more serious in my employm<sup>t</sup>—dear Enthusiasm?—thou bringst things forward in a moment, w<sup>ch</sup> Time keeps for Ages back—I have you ten times a day besides me—I talk to you Eliza, for hours together—I take y<sup>r</sup> Council—I hear your reasons—I admire you for

## L E T T E R S

them!—to this magic of a warm Mind, I owe all that's worth living for, during this State of our Trial—Every Trincket you gave or exchanged w<sup>th</sup> me has its force—y<sup>r</sup> Picture is Y<sup>r</sup>self—all Sentiment, Softness & Truth—It speaks—it listens—'tis conc'rened—it resignes—Dearest Original! how like unto thee does it seem—& will seem—till thou makest it vanish, by thy presence—I'm but so, so—but advancing in health—to meet you—to nurse you, to nourish you ag<sup>st</sup> you come—for I fear, You will not arrive, but in a State that calls out to Yorick for support—Thou art Mistress, Eliza, of all the powers he has to sooth & protect thee—for thou art Mistress of his heart; his affections; and his reason—& beyond that, except a paltry purse, he has nothing worth giving thee—.

June 13.

This has been a year of presents to me—my Bramine—How many presents have I rec<sup>d</sup> from You in the first place?—L<sup>d</sup> Spenser has loaded me with a grand Ecritoire of 40 Guineas—I am to receive this week a fourty Guinea - present of a gold Snuff Box,

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

as fine as Paris can fabricate one with an Inscription on it, more valuable, than the Box itself—I have a present of a portrait, (which by the by I have immortalized in my Sentimental Journey) worth them both—I say nothing of a gold Stock buckle & Buttons—tho' I rate them above rubies, because they were Consecrated by the hand of Friendship, as She fitted them to me.—I have a present of the Sculptures upon poor Ovid's Tomb, who died in Exile, tho' he wrote so well upon the Art of Love—These are in six beautiful Pictures executed on Marble at Rome—& these Eliza, I keep sacred as Ornaments for y<sup>r</sup> Cabinet, on Condition I hang them up.—and last of all, I have had a present, Eliza! this Year, of a Heart so finely set—with such rich materials—& Workmanship—That Nature must have had the chief hand in it—if I am able to keep it—I shall be a rich Man—if I lose it—I shall be poor indeed—so poor! I shall stand begging at y<sup>r</sup> gates.—But what can all these presents portend—That it will turn out a fortunate earnest, of what is to be given me hereafter.

## L E T T E R S

June 14.

I want you to comfort me my dear Bramine—& reconcile my mind to 3 months misery—some days I think lightly of it—on others—my heart sinks down to the earth—but tis the last Trial of conjugal Misery—& I wish it was to begin this moment, That it might run its period the faster—for sitting as I do, expecting sorrow—is suffering it—I am going to Hall to be philosophizd with for a week or ten Days on this point—but one hour with you would calm me more & furnish me with stronger Supports under this weight upon my Spirits, than all the world put together—Heaven! to what distressful Encounters hast thou thought fit to expose me—& was it not, that thou hast bleszd me with a chearfulness of disposition —& thrown an object in my way, That is to render that Sun Shine perpetual—Thy dealings with me, would be a mystery.

June 15—from morning to night every mom<sup>t</sup> of this day held in Bondage at my friend L<sup>d</sup> ffauconberg's—so have but a moment left to close the day, as I do every one—with wishing thee a sweet nights rest

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

—would I was at the feet of y<sup>r</sup> Bed fanning breezes to You, in y<sup>r</sup> Slumbers—Mark! —you will dream of me this night—& if it is not recorded in your Journal—I'll say, you could not recollect it the day following —adieu.—

June 16.

My Chaise is so large—so high—so long—so wide—so Crawford's-like, That I am building a coach house on purpose for it—do you dislike it for this gigantick size?—now I remember, I heard you once say—You hated a small post Chaise—w<sup>ch</sup> you must know determined my Choice to this—because I hope to make you a present of it—& if you are squeamish I shall be as squeamish as You, & return you all y<sup>r</sup> presents,—but one—w<sup>ch</sup> I cannot part with—and what that is—I defy you to guess. I have bought a milch Asse this afternoon—& purpose to live by Suction, to save the expences of houskeeping—& have a Score or two guineas in my purse, next

June 17.

I have brought y<sup>r</sup> name *Eliza!* and Pic-

## LETTERS

ture into my work\*—where they will remain—when You & I are at rest for ever—Some Annotator or explainer of my works in this place will take occasion, to speak of the Friendship w<sup>ch</sup> subsisted so long & faithfully betwixt Yorick & the Lady he speaks of—Her Name he will tell the world was Draper—a Native of India—married there to a gentleman in the India Service of that Name—who brought her over to England for the recovery of her health in the Year 65—where She continued to April the Year 1767. It was abt three months before her Return to India, That our Author's acquaintance & hers began. M<sup>rs</sup> Draper had a great thirst for knowledge—was handsome—genteel—engaging—and of such gentle dispositions & so enlightend an understanding,—That Yorick (whether he made much opposition is not known) from an acquaintance—soon became her Admirer—they caught fire, at each other at the same time—& they w<sup>d</sup> often say, without reserve to the world, & without any Idea of saying wrong in it, That their Affections for each other were *unbounded*—M<sup>r</sup> Draper dying in

\* A Sentimental Journey.

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

the Year \* \* \* \* \* This Lady return'd to England & Yorick the Year after becoming a Widower—They were married—& retiring to one of his Livings in Yorkshire, where was a most romantic Situation—they lived & died happily—and are spoke of with honour in the parish to this day—

June 18.

How do you like the History, of this couple, Eliza?—is it to your mind?—or shall it be written better some sentimental Evening after your return—tis a rough sketch—but I could make it a pretty picture, as the outlines are just—we'll put our heads together & try what we can do. This last Sheet has put it out of my power, ever to send you this Journal to India—I had been more guarded—but that You have often told me, 'twas in vain to think of writing by Ships w<sup>ch</sup> sail in March,—as you hoped to be upon y<sup>r</sup> return again by their arrival at Bombay—if I can write a Letter I will—but this Journal must be put into Eliza's hands by Yorick only—God grant you to read it soon.—

## L E T T E R S

June 19.

I never was so well and alert, as I find myself this day—tho' with a face as pale & clear as a Lady after her Lying in. Yet you never saw me so Young by 5 Years—& If you do not leave Bombay soon—You'l find me as young as Y<sup>r</sup>self—at this rate of going on—Summon'd from home—adieu.

June 20.

I think my dear Bramine—That nature is turn'd upside down—for Wives go to visit Husbands, at greater perils & take longer journies to pay them this Civility now a days out of ill Will—than good—Mine is flying post a Journey of a thousand Miles—with as many miles to go back—merely to see how I do, & whether I am fat or lean—& how far are you going to see y<sup>r</sup> Helpmate--and at such hazards to Y<sup>r</sup> Life, as few Wives' best affections w<sup>d</sup> be able to surmount—But Duty & Submission Eliza govern thee—by what impulses my Rib is bent towards me—I have told you—& yet I w<sup>d</sup> to God, Draper but rec<sup>d</sup> & treated you with half the courtesy & good nature—I wish you was with him—for the same

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

reason I wish my Wife at Coxwould—That She might the sooner depart in peace—She is ill—of a Diarhea which she has from a weakness on her bowels ever since her paralitic Stroke—Travelling post in hot weather, is not the best remedy for her—but my girl says—she is determined to venture—She wrote me word in Winter, She w<sup>d</sup> not leave france, till her end approach'd—surely this journey is not prophetick! but twould invert the order of Things on the other side of this Leaf—and what is to be on the next *Leaf*—The Fates, Eliza only can tell us—rest satisfied.

June 21.

have left off all medicnes—not caring to tear my frame to pieces with 'em—as I feel perfectly well.—set out for Crasy Castle to morrow morning—where I stay ten days—take my Sentimental Voyage—and this Journal with me, as certain as the two first Wheels of my Chariot—I cannot go on without them.—I long to see y<sup>rs</sup>—I shall read it a thousand times over If I get it before y<sup>r</sup> arrival—What w<sup>d</sup> I now give for it—tho' I know there are *circumstances*

## LETTERS

in it, That will make my heart bleed & waste within me—but if all blows over—tis enough—we will not recount our Sorrows, but to shed tears of Joy over them—O Eliza! Eliza! Heaven nor any Being it created, never so possessd a Man's heart—as thou possessest mine—use it kindly—Hussy—that is, eternally be true to it.

June 22. Ive been as far as York to day with no Soul with me in my Chase, but yr Picture—for it has a *Soul* I think—or something like one which has talk'd to me, & been the best Company I ever took a Journey with (always excepting a Journey I once took with a friend of yrs to Salt hill, & Enfield Wash—The pleasure I had in those Journies, have left *Impressions* upon my Mind, which will last my Life—You may tell her as much when You see her—she will not take it ill—I set out early to morrow morning to see M<sup>r</sup> Hall—but take my Journal along with me.

June 24<sup>th</sup>

As pleasant a Journey as I am capable of taking Eliza! without thee—Thou shalt

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

take it with me when time & tide serve hereafter, & every other Journey w<sup>ch</sup> ever gave me pleasure, shall be rolled over again with thee besides me—Amo's Vale shall look gay again upon Eliza's Visit—and the Companion of her Journey, will grow young again as he sits upon her Banks with Eliza seated besides him—I have this and a thousand little parties of pleasure—& systems of living out of the coīmon high road of Life, hourly working in my fancy for you—there wants only the *Dramatis Personæ* for the performance—the play is wrote—the Scenes are painted— & the Curtain ready to be drawn up.—the whole Piece waits for thee, my Eliza—

June 25.—In a course of continual visits & Invitations here—*Bombay-Lascelles* dined here to day (his Wife yesterday brought to bed)—(he is a poor sorry soul! but has taken a house two miles from Crasy Castle —What a Stupid, selfish, unsentimental set of Beings are the Bulk of our Sex! by Heaven! not one man out of 50, informd with feelings—or endow'd either with heads or hearts able to possess & fill the mind—of

## L E T T E R S

such a Being as thee,—with one Vibration like its own—I never see or converse with one of my Sex—but I give this point a reflection—how w<sup>d</sup> such a creature please my Bramine? I assure thee Eliza I have not been able to find one, whom I thought could please You—the turn of Sentiment, with w<sup>ch</sup> I left y<sup>r</sup> Character possess'd—must improve, hourly upon You—Truth, fidelity, honour & Love mix'd up with Delicacy, garrantee one another—and a taste so improved as y<sup>rs</sup>, by so delicious fare, can never degenerate—I shall find you, my Bramine, if possible, more valuable & lovely than when you first caught my esteem and kindness for You—and tho' I see not this change—I give you so much Credit for it—that at this moment, my heart glows more warmly as I think of you—& I find myself more your Husband than contracts can make us—I stay here till the 29<sup>th</sup>—had intended a longer Stay—but much company & Dissipation rob me of the only comfort my mind takes, w<sup>ch</sup> is in retirement, where I can think of You Eliza! and enjoy you quietly & without Interruption—tis the way We must expect all that is to be had of

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

*real* enjoyment in this vile world—which being miserable itself—seems so confederated ag<sup>st</sup> the happiness of the Happy, that they are forced to secure it in private—Vanity must still be had;—& that, Eliza! every thing w<sup>th</sup> it, w<sup>ch</sup> Yorick's sense, or generosity has to furnish to one he loves so much as thee—need I tell thee—Thou wilt be as much a Mistress of—as thou art eternally of thy Yorick—adieu—adieu—

June 26—elven at night—out all the day—dined with a large Party—shewd yr Picture from the fullness of my heart—highly admired—alas! said I did you but see the Original!—good night.—

June 27.

Ten in the morning, with my Snuff open at the Top of this sheet,—& your gentle sweet face opposite to mine, & saying “what I write will be cordially read”—possibly you may be precisely engaged at this very hour, the same way—and telling me some interesting Story abt yr health, yr sufferings—yr heart aches—and other Sensations w<sup>ch</sup> friendship—absence & uncertainty

## LETTERS

create within you. for my own part, my dear Eliza, I am a prey to every thing in its turn—& was it not for that sweet clew of hope w<sup>ch</sup> is perpetual opening me a way which is to lead me to thee thro' all this Labyrinth—was it not for this, my Eliza! how could I find rest for this bewilderd heart of mine?—I sh<sup>d</sup> wait for you till September came—& if you did not arrive with it—sh<sup>d</sup> sicken & die—but I will live for thee—so count me Immortal—3 India Men arrived within ten days—will none of 'em bring me Tidings of You?—but I am foolish—but ever thine—my dear, dear Bramine.

June 28.

O what a tormenting night have my dreams led me ab<sup>t</sup> You Eliza—M<sup>r</sup>s Draper a Widow!—with a hand at Liberty to give!—and gave it to another!—She told me—I must acquiesce—it could not be otherwise. Acquiesce! cried I, waking in agonies—God be prais'd cried I—tis a dream—fell asleep after—dreamd You was married to the Captain of the Ship—I waked in a fever—but 'twas the Fever in my blood which brought

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

on this painful chain of Ideas—for I am ill to day—& for want of more cheary Ideas, I torment my Eliza with these—whose Sensibility will suffer, if Yorick could dream but of her Infidelity! & I suffer Eliza in my turn, & think my self at pres<sup>t</sup> little better than an old woman or a Dreamer of Dreams in the Scripture Language—I am going to ride myself into better health & better fancies with Hall—whose Castle lying near the Sea—We have a Beach as even as a mirrour of 5 miles in Length before it, where we dayly run races in our Chaises; with one wheel in the Sea, & the other in the Sand—O Eliza, w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>t</sup> fresh ardour & impatience when I'm viewing the element, do I sigh for thy return—But I need no *memento's* of my Destitution & misery for want of thee—I carry them ab<sup>t</sup> me,—& shall not lay them down—(for I worship & I do Idolize these tender sorrows) till I meet thee upon the Beech & present the handkerchiefs staind with blood w<sup>ch</sup> broke out from my heart upon y<sup>r</sup> departure—This token of what I felt at that Crisis, Eliza, shall never, never be wash'd out. Adieu my dear Wife—you are still mine—

## L E T T E R S

notwithstanding all the Dreams & Dreamers in the World.—Mr Lascells dined w<sup>th</sup> us—Mem<sup>d</sup> I have to tell you a Conversation—I will not write it—

June 29. am got home from Halls—to Coxwould—O 'tis a delicious retreat! both from its beauty, & air of Solitude; & so sweetly does every thing abt it invite y<sup>r</sup> mind to rest from its Labours and be at peace with itself & the world—That tis the only place, Eliza, I could live in at this juncture—I hope one day, You will like it as much as y<sup>r</sup> Bramine—It shall be decorated & made more worthy of You—by the time fate encourages me to look for you—I have made you a sweet Sitting Room (as I told You) already—and am projecting a good Bed-Chamber adjoing it, with a pretty dressing room for You, which connects them together—& when they are finishd, will be as sweet a set of romantic apartments, as You ever beheld—the Sleeping room will be very large—The dressing room, thro' w<sup>ch</sup> You pass into y<sup>r</sup> Temple, will be little—but Big enough to hold a dressing Table—a couple of chairs, with room for y<sup>r</sup> Nymph

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

to stand at her ease both behind and on either side of you—w<sup>th</sup> spare Room to hang a dozen petticoats—gowns, &c—& Shelves for as many Bandboxes—y<sup>r</sup> little Temple I have described—and what it will hold—but if it ever it holds You & I, my Eliza—the Room will not be too little for us—but We shall be *too big* for the Room.—

June 30.—Tis now a quarter of a year (wanting 3 days) since You sail'd from the Downs—in one month more—You will be (I trust) at Madras—& there you will stay I suppose 2 long long months, before you set out for Bombay—Tis there I shall want to hear from you,—most impatiently—because the most interesting Letters must come from Eliza when she is there—at present, I can hear of y<sup>r</sup> health, & tho' that of all Acc<sup>ts</sup> affects me most—yet still I have hopes taking their Rise from that—& those are—What Impression you can make upon Mr Draper, towards setting you at Liberty—& leaving you to pursue the best measures for y<sup>r</sup> preservation—and these are points, I

## L E T T E R S

w<sup>d</sup> go to Aleppo, to know certainty\*: I have been possess'd all day & night with an opinion, That Draper will change his behaviour totally towards you—That he will grow friendly & caressing—and as he knows y<sup>r</sup> nature is easily to be won with gentleness, he will practice it to turn you from y<sup>r</sup> purpose of quitting him—In short when it comes to the point of y<sup>r</sup> going from him to England—it will have so much the face, if not the reality, of an alienation on y<sup>r</sup> side from India for ever, as a place you cannot live at—that he will part with You by no means, he can prevent—You will be cajolled my dear Eliza thus out of y<sup>r</sup> Life—but what serves it to write this, unless means can be found for You to read it—if you come not—I will take the Safest Cautions I can to have it got to You—& risk every thing, rather than You should not know how much I think of You—& how much stronger hold you have got of me, than ever.—Dillon has obtain'd his fair Indian—& has this post wrote a kind Letter of enquiry after Yorick and his Bramine—he is a good Soul—&

\* This is probably a slip for "certainly," though Sterne may have intended "for a certainty."

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

interests himself much in our fate—I have wrote him a whole Sheet\* of paper abt us—it ought to have been copied into this Journal—but the uncertainty of yr ever reading it, makes me omit that, with a thousand other things, which when we meet, shall beguile us of many a long winters night.—*those precious Nights!*—my Eliza! You rate them as high as I do—& look back upon the manner the hours glided over our heads in them, with the same Interest & Delight as the Man you *spent them with*—They are all that remains to us—except the *Expectation* of their return—the Space between us is a dismal Void—full of doubts & suspence—Heaven & its kindest Spirits, my dear rest over yr thoughts by day—& free them from all disturbance at night adieu—adieu Eliza!—I have got over this Month—so fare wel to it, & the Sorrows it has brought with it—the next month, I prophecy will be worse.

July 1.—But who can foretell what a month may produce—Eliza—I have no less than seven different chances—not one of

\* This letter is probably lost. Consult Letter CXLI.

## L E T T E R S

w<sup>ch</sup> is improbable—and any one of [’em] would set me much at Liberty—& some of ’em render me compleatly happy—as they w<sup>d</sup> facilitate & open the road to thee—what these chances are I leave thee to conjecture, my Eliza—some of them You can-not divine—tho’ I once hinted them to You—but those are pecuniary chances arising out of my Prebend—& so not likely to stick in thy brain—nor could they occupy mine a moment, but on thy acc<sup>t</sup>... I hope before I meet thee Eliza on the Beach, to have every thing plann’d; that depends on me properly—& for what depends upon him who orders every Event for us, to him I leave & trust it—We shall be happy at last I know—tis the Corner Stone of all my Castles—& tis all I bargain for. I am perfectly recoverd—or more than recover’d—for never did I feel such Indications of health or Strength & promptness of mind—notwithstanding the Cloud hanging over me of a Visit—& all its tormenting consequences—Hall has wrote an affecting little poem upon it—the next time I see him, I will get it, & transcribe it in this Journal, for You . . He has persuaded me to trust her with no

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

more than fifteen hundred pounds into Franc[e]—twil purchase 150 p<sup>ds</sup> a year—& to let the rest come annually from myself—the advice is wise enough, If I can get her off with it—I ll summon up the Husband a little (if I can)—& keep the 500 p<sup>ds</sup> remaining for emergencies—who knows, Eliza, what sort of Emergencies may cry out for it—I conceive some—& you Eliza are not backward in Conception—so may conceive others. *I wish I was in Arno's Vale!*—

July 2<sup>d</sup>—But I am in the Vale of Cox-would & wish You saw in how princely a manner I live in it—tis a Land of Plenty—I sit down alone to Venison, fish or wild foul—or a couple of fouls—with curds, and strawberrys & cream, (and all the simple clean plenty w<sup>ch</sup> a rich Vally can produce,—with a Bottle of wine on my right hand (as in Bond street) to drink y<sup>r</sup> health—I have a hundred hens & chickens ab<sup>t</sup> my yard—and not a parishoner catches a hare a rabbit or a Trout—but he brings it as an offering—In short tis a golden Vally—& will be the golden Age when You govern

## LETTERS

the rural feast, my Bramine, & are the Mistress of my table & spread it with elegancy and that natural grace & bounty w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> heaven has distinguish'd You . .

—Time goes on slowly—every thing stands still—hours seem days & days seem Years whilst you lengthen the Distance between us—from Madras to Bombay—I shall think it shortening—and then desire & expectation will be upon the rack again—come—come—

July 3<sup>d</sup>

Hail! Hail! my dear Eliza—I steal something every day from my sentimental Journey—to obey a more sentimental impulse in writing to you—& giving you the present Picture of myself—my wishes—my Love, my sincerity—my hopes—my fears—tell me, have I varied in any one Lineament, from the first sitting—to this last—have I been less warm—less tender and affectionate than you expected or could have wish'd me in any one of 'em—or, however varied in the expressions of what I was & what I felt, have I not still presented the same air and face towards thee?—take it as a Sample of what I ever shall be—My dear Bramine—&

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

that is—such as my honour, my Engagements & promises & desires have fix'd me—I want You to be on the other side of my little table, to hear how sweetly yr Voice will be in Unison to all this—I want to hear what You have to say to yr Yorick upon this Text.—what heavenly Consolation w<sup>d</sup> drop from yr Lips—& how pathetically you w<sup>d</sup> enforce yr Truth & Love upon my heart to free it from every Aching doubt—Doubt! did I say—but I have none—and as soon w<sup>d</sup> I doubt the Scripture I have preach'd on—as question thy promises or suppose one Thought in thy heart during thy absence from me, unworthy of my Eliza—for if thou art false, my Bramine—the whole world—and Nature itself are lyars—and I will trust to nothing on this side of heaven—but turn aside from all Commerce with expectation, & go quietly on my way alone towards a State where no disappointments can follow me—you are grieved when I talk thus; it implies what does not exist in either of us—so cross it out if thou wilt—or leave it as a part of the picture of a heart that again Languishes for Possession—and is disturbed at every Idea

## L E T T E R S

of its uncertainty—So heaven bless thee—& ballance thy passions better than I have power to regulate mine—farewel my dear Girl—I sit in dread of tommorows post which is to bring me an acc<sup>t</sup> when *Madame* is to arrive.—

July 4<sup>th</sup> Hear nothing of her—so am tortured from post to post, for I want to know certainly *the day & hour of this Judgment*—She is moreover ill, as my Lydia writes me word—& I'm impatient to know whether tis that—or what other Cause detains her, & keeps me in this vile state of Ignorance—I'm pitied by every Soul in proportion as her Character is detested—& her Errand known—She is coming, every one says, to flea poor Yorick or stay him—& I am spirited up by every friend I have to sell my Life dear & fight valiantly in defence both of my property & Life—Now my Maxim, Eliza, is quietly [*sic*] in three\*—“Spare my Life, and take all I have[”]—If she is not content to decamp with that—One Kingdome shall not hold us—for If she will not betake herself to France—I will.

\* Sterne apparently intended “is quickly wrote in three words.”

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

but these, I verlily [*sic*] believe my fears & nothing more—for she will be as impatient to quit England—as I could with her—but of this—you will know more, before I have gone thro' this month's Journal.—I get 2000 pounds for my Estate—that is, I had the offer this morning of it—& think tis enough.—when that is gone—I will begin saving for thee—but in Saving myself for thee, That & every other kind Act is implied.—get on slowly with my Work—but my head is too full of other Matters—yet will I finish it before I see London—for I am of too scrupulous honour to break faith with the world—great Authors make no scruple of it—but if they are great Authors—I'm sure they are little Men.—& I'm sure also of another Point w<sup>ch</sup> concerns y<sup>r</sup>-self—& that is Eliza, that You shall never find me one hair breadth a less Man than you      \*      —farewell—I love thee eternally—

July 5. Two letters from the South of France by this post, by which by some fatality, I find not one of my Letters have got to them this month—This gives me

\* Erasure.

## L E T T E R S

concern — because it has the aspect of an unseasonable unkindness in me—to take no notice of what has the appearance at least of a Civility in desiring to pay me a Visit— my daughter besides has not deserved ill of me—& tho' her mother has, I w<sup>d</sup> not ungenerously take that Opportunity, which would most overwhelm her, to give any mark of my resentment—I have besides long since forgiven her—& am the more inclined now as she proposes a plan, by which I shall never more be disquieted—in these 2 last, she renews her request to have leave to live where she has transfer'd her fortune—& purposes, with my leave she says, to end her days in the South of france—to all which I have just been writing her a Letter of Consolation & good will—& to crown my professions, intreat her to take post with my girl to be here time enough to enjoy York races—& so having done my duty to them—I continue writing, to do it to thee Eliza who art the *Woman of my heart*, & for whom I am ordering & planning this, & every thing else—be assured my Bramine that ere every thing is ripe for our Drama, I shall work hard to fit out & decorate a

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

little Theatre for us to act on—but not before a crowded house—no Eliza—it shall be as secluded as the elysian fields—retirement is the nurse of Love and kindness—& I will Woo & caress thee in it in such sort, that every thicket & grotto we pass by *shall* solicit the remembrance of the mutual pledges We have exchanged of Affection with one another—oh! these expectations—make me sigh as I recite them—& many a heart-felt Interjection! do they cost me, as I saunter alone in the tracks we are to tread together hereafter—still I think thy heart is with me —& whilst I think so, I prefer it to all the Society this world can offer—& tis in truth my dear oweing to this—that tho' I've rec'd half a dozen Letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough—that I've found pretences not to quit You *here*—and sacrifice the many sweet occasions I have of giving my thoughts up to You—, for Company I cannot relish *since I have tasted* my dear Girl, the *sweets of thine*.—

July 6.

Three long Months and three long days are passed & gone, since my Eliza sighed

## L E T T E R S

on taking her Leave of Albions Cliffs, & of all in Albion, which was dear to her—How oft have I smarted at the Idea, of that last longing Look by w<sup>ch</sup> thou badest adieu to all thy heart sufferd at that dismal Crisis—twas the Separation of Soul & Body —& equal to nothing but what passes on that tremendous Moment.—& like it in one Consequence, that thou art in another world; where I w<sup>d</sup> give a world to follow thee, or hear even an Acc<sup>t</sup> of thee—for this I shall write in a few days to our dear friend M<sup>rs</sup> James—she possibly may have heard a single Syllable or two ab<sup>t</sup> You—but it cannot be; the same must have been directed towards Yoricks ear, to whom you w<sup>d</sup> have wrote the Name of *Eliza*, had there been no time for more. I w<sup>d</sup> almost now compound w<sup>th</sup> Fate—& was I sure Eliza only breathd—I w<sup>d</sup> thank heaven & acquiesce. I kiss your Picture—your Shawl —& every trinket I exchanged with You—every day I live—alas! I shall soon be debarrd of that—in a fortnight I must lock them up & clap my seal & y<sup>rs</sup> upon them in the most secret Cabinet of my Bureau—You may divine the reason, Eliza! adieu—adieu!

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

July 7.

—But not Yet—for I will find means to write to you every night whilst my people are here—if I sit up till midnight, till they are asleep.—I should not dare to face you, if I was worse than my word in the smallest Item—& this Journal I promised You Eliza should be kept without a chasm of a day in it—& had I my time to myself & nothing to do but gratify my propensity—I sh<sup>d</sup> write from sun rise to sun set to thee—But a Book to write—a Wife to receive & make Treaties with—an estate to sell—a Parish to superintend—and a disquieted heart perpetually to reason with, are eternal calls upon me—& yet I have you more in my mind than ever—and in proportion as I am thus torn from yr embraces—*I cling the closer to the Idea of you.* Your Figure is ever before my eyes—the sound of yr voice vibrates with its sweetest tones the live long day in my ear—I can see & hear nothing but my Eliza. remember this, when you think my Journal too short & compare it not with thine, w<sup>ch</sup> tho' it will exceed it in length, can do no more than equal it in Love and truth of esteem—for esteem thee I do beyond all

## L E T T E R S

the powers of eloquence to tell thee how much—& I love thee my dear Girl, & prefer thy Love, to me more than the whole world—

*night*—have not eat or drunk all day thro' vexation of heart at a couple of ungrateful unfeeling Letters from that Quarter, from whence, had it pleas'd God, I should have lookd for all my Comforts—but he has will'd they sh<sup>d</sup> come from the east—& he knows how I am satisfyed with all his Dispensations—but with none, my dear Bramine, so much as this—with w<sup>ch</sup> Cordial upon my Spirits—I go to bed, in hopes of seeing thee in my Dreams.

July 8<sup>th</sup>

—eating my fowl, and my trouts & my cream & my strawberries, as melancholly as a Cat; for want of you—by the by, I have got one which sits quietly besides me, purring all day to my sorrows—& looking up gravely from time to time in my face, as if she knew my Situation.—how soothable my heart is Eliza, when such little things sooth it! for in some pathetic sinkings I

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

feel even some support from this poor Cat—I attend to her purrings—& think they harmonize me—they are *pianissimo* at least, & do not disturb me.—poor Yorick! to be driven, w<sup>th</sup> all his sensibilities, to these resources—all powerful Eliza, that has had this Magic! authority over him; to bend him thus to the dust—But I'll have my revenge, Hussy!

July 9. I have been all day making a sweet Pavillion in a retired Corner of my garden,—but my Partner & Companion & friend for whom I make it, is fled from me, & when she return to me again, Heaven who first brought us together, best knows—when that hour is foreknown what a Paradise will I plant for thee—till then I walk as Adam did whilst there was no help-meet found for it, and could almost wish a days Sleep would come upon me till that Moment When I can say as he did—“*Behold the Woman Thou has given me for Wife*” She shall be call'd La Bramine. Indeed Indeed Eliza! my Life will be little better than a dream, till we approach nearer to each other—I live scarce conscious of my

## LETTERS

existence—or as if I wanted a vital part; & could not live above a few hours—& yet I live, & live, & live on, for thy Sake, and the sake of thy truth to me; which I measure by my own,—& I fight ag<sup>st</sup> every evil and every danger, that I may be able to support & shelter thee from danger and evil also.—upon my word, dear Girl, thou owest me much—but tis cruel to dun thee when thou art not in a condition to pay—I think Eliza has not run off in her Yoricks debt—

July 10.

I cannot suffer you to be longer upon the Water—in 10 days time, You shall be at Madrass—the element roles in my head as much as y<sup>rs</sup>., & I am sick at the sight & smell of it—for all this, my Eliza, I feel in Imagination & so strongly I can bear it no longer—on the 20<sup>th</sup> therefore Inst I begin to write to you as a terrestrial Being—I must deceive myself—& think so I will notwithstanding all that Lascelles has told me—but there is no truth in him.—I have just kiss'd y<sup>r</sup> picture—even that sooths many an anxiety—I have found out the Body is

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

too little for the head—it shall not be rectified, till I sit by the Original, & direct the Painter's Pencil and that done, will take a Scamper to *Enfield* & see y<sup>r</sup> dear children—if You tire by the Way, there are *one or two* places to rest at.—I never stand out. God bless thee—I am thine as *ever*

July 11.

Sooth me—calm me—pour thy healing Balm Eliza, into the sorest of hearts—I'm pierced with the Ingratitude and unquiet Spirit of a restless unreasonable Wife whom neither gentleness or generosity can conquer—She has now enterd upon a new plan of waging War with me, a thousand miles—thrice a week this last month, has the quietest man under heaven been outraged by her Letters—I have offer'd to give her every Shilling I was worth except my prefferment, to be let alone & left in peace by her—Bad Woman! nothing must now purchace this, unless I borrow 400 p<sup>ds</sup> to give her & carry into france—more—I w<sup>d</sup> perish first, my Eliza! 'ere I would give her a shilling of another man's, w<sup>ch</sup> I must do if I give her a shillg more than I am worth.

## L E T T E R S

—How I now feel the want of thee! my dear Bramine—my generous unworldly honest creature—I shall die for want of thee for a thousand reasons—every emergency & every Sorrow each day brings along with it—tells me what a Treasure I am bereft off,—whilst I want thy friendship & Love to keep my head up sinking—Gods will be done. but I think she will send me to my grave.—She will now keep me in torture till the end of Sept<sup>r</sup>— & writes me word to day— She will delay her Journey two Months beyond her 1<sup>st</sup> Intention—it keeps me in eternal suspence all the while—for she will come unawars at last upon me—& then adieu to the dear sweets of my retirement.

How cruelly are our Lots drawn, my dear—both made for happiness—& neither of us made to taste it! In feeling so acutely for my own disapp<sup>t</sup>ment I drop blood for thine, I call thee in to my Aid—& thou wantest mine as much— Were we together we sh<sup>d</sup> recover—but never, never till then *nor by any other Recipe.*—

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

July 12.

Am ill all day with the Impressions of Yesterday's account.—can neither eat or drink or sit still & write or read—I walk like a disturbed Spirit abt my Garden—calling upon heaven & thee,—to come to my Succour—couldst Thou but write one word to me, it would be worth half the world to me—my friends write me millions —& every one invites me to flee from my Solitude & come to them—I obey the commands of my friend Hall who has sent over on purpose to fetch me—or he will come himself for me—so I set off to morrow morning to take Sanctuary in Crasy Castle—The news papers have sent me there already by putting in the following paragraph

“We hear from Yorkshire, That Skelton Castle is the present Rendevouz, of the most brilliant Wits of the Age—the admired Author of Tristram—Mr Garrick &c beening [*sic*] there; & Mr Coleman & many other men of Wit & Learning being every day expected”—when I get there, w<sup>ch</sup> will be to morrow night, my Eliza will hear

## L E T T E R S

from her Yorick — her Yorick — who loves her more than ever.

July 13. Skelton Castle. Your picture has gone round the Table after supper—& y<sup>r</sup> health after it, my invaluable friend!— even the Ladies, who hate grace in another, seemed struck with it in You—but Alas! you are as a dead Person—& Justice (as in all such Cases) is paid you in course— when thou returnest it will be render'd more sparingly—but I'll make up all deficiencies—by honouring You more than ever Woman was honour'd by man—every good Quality That ever good heart possess'd— thou possessest my dear Girl; & so sovereignly does thy temper & sweet sociability, which harmonize all thy other properties make me thine, that whilst thou art true to thyself and thy Bramin—he thinks thee worth a world—& w<sup>d</sup> give a World was he master of it, for the undisturbed possession of thee—Time and Chance are busy throwing this Die for me—a fortunate Cast, or two, at the most, makes our fortune—it gives us each other—& then for the World, I will not give a pinch of Snuff.—Do take

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

care of thyself—keep this prospect before thy eyes—have a view to it in all yr Transactions, Eliza,—In a word Remember You are mine—and stand answerable for all you say & do to me—I govern myself by the same Rule—& such a History of myself can I lay before you as shall create no blushes, but those of pleasure—tis midnight—& so sweet Sleep to thee the remaining hours of it. I am more thine, my dear Eliza! than ever—but that cannot be—

July 14.

dining & feasting all day at Mr Turner's —his Lady a fine Woman herself, in love w<sup>th</sup> your picture—O my dear Lady, cried I, did you but know the Original—but what is she to you, Tristram—nothing; but that I am in Love with her—et cætera — — said She—no I have given over dashes—replied I — I verily think my Eliza I shall get this Picture set, so as to wear it, as I first purposed—ab<sup>t</sup> my neck—I do not like the place tis in—it shall be nearer my heart—Thou art ever in its centre—good night—

## L E T T E R S

July 15—From home. (Skelton Castle) from 8 in the morning till late at Supper—I seldom have put thee off, my dear Girl—& yet to morrow will be as bad—

July 16.

for Mr Hall has this Day left his Crasy Castle to come and sojourn with me at Shandy Hall for a few days—for so they have long christend our retired Cottage—we are just arrived at it & whilst he is admiring the premisses—I have stole away to converse a few minutes with thee, and in thy own dressing room—for I make every thing thine & call it so, before hand, that thou art to be mistress of hereafter. This *Hereafter*, Eliza, is but a melancholly term—but the Certainty of its coming to us, brightens it up—pray do not forget my prophecy in the Dedication of the Almanack—I have the utmost faith in it myself—but by what impulse my mind was struck with 3 Years—heaven whom I believe it's author, best knows—but I shall see yr face before—but that I leave to You—& to the Influence such a Being must have over all inferior ones—We are

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

going to dine with the Arch Bishop\* to morrow—& from thence to Harrogate for three days, whilst thou dear Soul art pent up in sultry Nastiness—without Variety or change of face or Conversation—Thou shalt have enough of both when I cater for thy happiness Eliza—& if an Affectionate husband & 400 p<sup>ds</sup> a year in a sweeter Vally than that of Jehosophat will do—less thou shalt never have—but I hope more—& were it millions tis the same—twould be laid at thy feet—Hall is come in in raptures with every thing—& so I shut up my Journal for to day & to morrow for I shall not be able to open it where I go—adieu my dear Girl—

18—was yesterday all the day with our A. Bishop—this good Prelate who is one of our most refined Wits & the most of a gentleman of our order—oppresses me with his kindness—he shews in his treatment of me, what he told me upon taking my Leave—that he loves me, & has a high Value for me—his Chaplains tell me, he is

\* Robert Hay Drummond. Consult Letters LXVI., LXXXIV., and CI.

## L E T T E R S

perpetually talking of me—& has such an opinion of my head & heart that he begs to stand Godfather for my next Literary production—so has done me the hon<sup>r</sup> of putting his name in a List which I am most proud of because my Eliza's name is in it. I have just a moment to scrawl this to thee, being at York—where I want to be employd in taking you a little house, where the prophet may be accommodated with a *Chamber in the Wall apart with a stool & a Candlestick*”—where his Soul can be at rest from the distractions of the world, & lean only upon his kind hostesse. & repose all his Cares, & melt them *along with hers* on her sympathetic bosom.

July 19. Harrogate Spaws.—drinking the waters here till the 26<sup>th</sup>—to no effect, but a cold dislike of every one of your sex—I did nothing, but make comparisons betwixt thee my Eliza, & every woman I saw and talk'd to—thou hast made me so unfit for every one else—than\* I am thine as much from necessity, as Love—I am thine by a

\* Evidently a slip for *that*.

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

thousand sweet ties, the least of which shall never be relax'd—be assured my dear Bramine of this—& repay me in so doing, the Confidence I repose in thee—y<sup>r</sup> absence, y<sup>r</sup> distresses, your sufferings; your conflicts, all make me rely but the more upon that fund in you, w<sup>ch</sup> is able to sustain so much weight—Providence I know will relieve you from one part of it—and it shall be the pleasure of my days to ease, my dear friend of the other—I Love thee Eliza, more than the heart of Man ever loved Woman's—I even love thee more than I did, the day thou badest me farewel!—Farewell!—Farewell! to thee again—I'm going from hence to York Races.—

July 27. arrived at York.—where I had not been 2 hours before My heart was overset with a pleasure, w<sup>ch</sup> beggard every other, that fate could give me—save thyself—It was thy dear Packets from Iago—I cannot give vent to all the emotions I felt even before I opend them—for I knew thy hand—& my seal—w<sup>ch</sup> was only in thy possession—O tis from my Eliza, said I.—I instantly shut the door of my Bed-chamber,

## L E T T E R S

& orderd myself to be denied—& spent the whole evening, and till dinner the next day, in reading over and over again the most interesting Acc<sup>t</sup>— & the most endearing one that ever tried the tenderness of man—I read & wept—and wept and read till I was blind—then grew sick, & went to bed—& in an hour calld again for the Candle—to read it once more—as for my dear Girls pains & her dangers I cannot write abt them—because I cannot write my feelings or express them any how to my mind—O Eliza! but I will talk them over with thee with a sympathy that shall woo thee, so much better than I have ever done—That we will both be gainers in the end—*I'll love thee for the dangers thou hast past*—and thy Affection shall go hand in hand w<sup>th</sup> me, because I'll pity thee—as no man ever pitied Woman—but Love like mine is never satisfied—else y<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> Letter from Iago—is a Letter so warm, so simple, so tender! I defy the world to produce such another—by all thats kind & gracious! I will entreat thee Eliza so kndly—that thou shalt say, I merit much of it—nay all—for my merit to thee, is my truth.

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

I now want to have this week of non-sensical Festivity over—that I may get back, with my picture w<sup>ch</sup> I ever carry ab<sup>t</sup> me—to my retreat and to Cordelia—when the days of our Afflictions are over, I oft amuse my fancy, w<sup>th</sup> an Idea, that thou wilt come down to me by Stealth, & hearing where I have walk'd out to—surprise me some sweet Shiney night at Cordelia's grave, & catch me in thy Arms over it—O my Bramin! my Bramin!—

July 31—am tired to death with the hurrying pleasures of these Races—I want still & *silent* ones—so return home to morrow, in search of them—I shall find them as I sit contemplating over thy passive picture; sweet Shadow! of what is to come! for tis all I can now grasp—first and best of woman kind! remember me, as I remember thee—tis asking a great deal my Bramine!—but I cannot be satisfied with less—farewell—fare—happy till fate will let me cherish thee myself.—O my Eliza! thou writest to me with an Angels pen—& thou wouldst win me by thy Letters, had I never seen thy face or known thy heart.

## LETTERS

Aug<sup>st</sup> 1. what a sad Story thou hast told me of thy Sufferings & Despondences from S<sup>t</sup> Iago, till thy meeting w<sup>th</sup> the Dutch Ship—twas a sympathy above Tears—I trembled every Nerve as I went from line to line—& every moment the Acc<sup>t</sup>. comes across me—I suffer all I felt, over & over again—will providence suffer all this anguish without end—& without pity?—“*it no can be*”—I am tried my dear Bramine in the furnace of Affliction as much as thou—by the time we meet, We shall be fit only for each other—& should cast away upon any other Harbour.

Aug<sup>st</sup> 2. my wife uses me most unmercifully—every Soul advises me to fly from her—but where can I fly If I fly not to thee? The Bishop of Cork & Ross\* has made me great offers in Ireland—but I will take no step without thee—& till heaven opens us some track—He is the best of feeling tender hearted men—knows our Story—sends You his Blessing—and says if the Ship you return in touches at

\*Dr. Jemmet Brown, whom Sterne met at Scarborough.  
Consult Letter CLV.

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Cork (w<sup>ch</sup> many India men do)—he will take you to his palace, till he can send for me to join You—he only hopes, he says, to join us together for ever—but more of this good man, and his attachment to me—hereafter and of and [sic] couple of Ladies in the family &c—&c.

Aug<sup>t</sup> 3. I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here (but sweet Cordelia's Parish is not one of 'em) for a living of 350 p<sup>ds</sup> a year in Surry\* abt 30 miles from London—& retaining Coxwold & my Prebendaryship—w<sup>ch</sup> are half as much more—the Country also is sweet—but I will not—I cannot take any step unless I had thee my Eliza for whose sake I live, to consult with—& till the road is open for me as my heart wishes to advance—with thy sweet light Burden in my Arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I chose it—but without thee I feel Lifeless—and if a Mitre was offer'd me, I would not have it, till I could have thee too, to make it sit easy upon my brow—I

\* Consult Letter CLXIII.

## LETTERS

want kindly to smooth thine, & not only  
wipe away thy tears but dry up the Sourse  
of them for ever—

Aug<sup>st</sup> 4. Hurried backwards & forwards  
ab<sup>t</sup> the arrival of Madame, this whole week  
—& then farewell I fear to this journal—till  
I get up to London—& can pursue it as I  
wish—at present all I can write would be  
but the History of my miserable feelings—  
She will be ever present—& if I take up  
my pen for thee—something will jarr with-  
in me as I do it—that I must lay it down  
again—I will give you one gen<sup>l</sup> Acc<sup>t</sup> of all  
my sufferings together—but not in Journals  
—I shall set my wounds a-bleeding every  
day afresh by it—& the Story cannot be  
too short—so worthiest best, kindest &  
affec<sup>te</sup> of Souls farewell—every Moment  
will I have thee present—& sooth my  
sufferings with the looks my fancy shall  
cloath thee in—Thou shalt lye down & rise  
up with me—ab<sup>t</sup> my bed & ab<sup>t</sup> my paths,  
& shalt see out all my Ways.—adieu—adieu  
—& remember one eternal truth, My dear  
Bramine, w<sup>ch</sup> is not the worse, because I  
have told it thee a thousand times be-

## THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

fore—That I am thine—& thine only, &  
for ever.

L. STERNE.

[Postscript.]

Nov: 1<sup>st</sup> All my dearest Eliza has turnd  
out more favourable than my hopes—Mrs S.  
—& my dear Girl have been 2 Months with  
me and they have this day left me to go to  
spend the Winter at York, after having set-  
tled every thing to their hearts content—  
Mrs Sterne retires into france, whence she  
purposes not to stir, till her death.—&  
never, has she vow'd, will give me another  
sorrowful or discontented hour—I have con-  
querd her, as I w<sup>d</sup> every one else, by  
humanity & Generosity—& she leaves me,  
more than half in Love w<sup>th</sup> me—She goes  
into the South of france, her health being  
insupportable in England—& her age, as  
she now confesses ten Years more, than I  
thought being on the edge of sixty—so  
God bless—& make the remainder of her  
Life happy—in order to w<sup>ch</sup> I am to remit  
her three hundred guineas a year—& give  
my dear Girl two thousand p<sup>ds</sup>—w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> all

## L E T T E R S

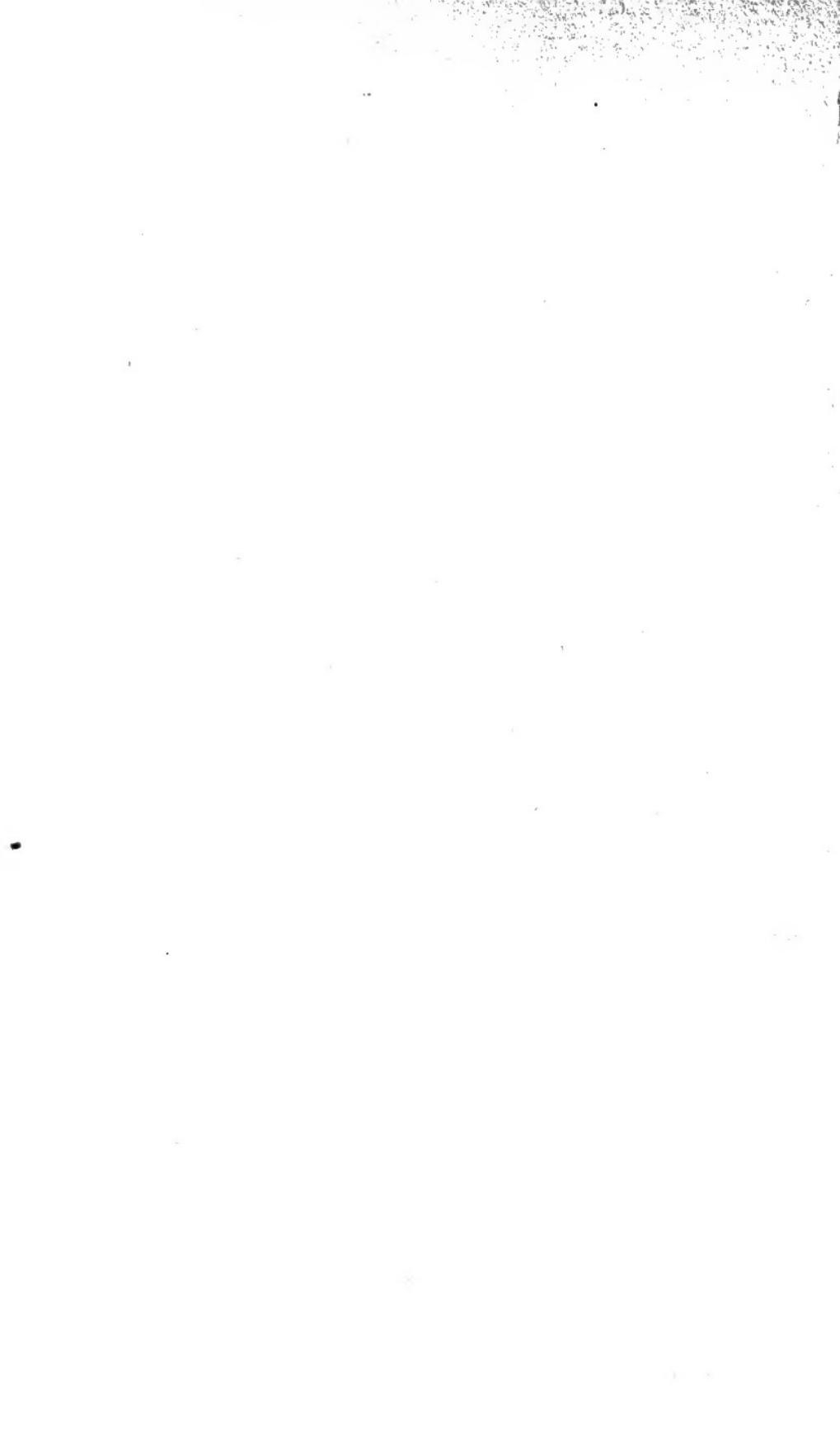
Joy, I agree to,— but tis to be sunk into  
an annuity in the french Loans—

—And now Eliza! Let me talk to thee—  
But What can I say, What can I write—  
But the Yearnings of heart wasted with  
looking & wishing for thy Return—Return  
—Return! my dear Eliza! May heaven  
smooth the Way for thee to send thee  
safely to us, & joy for Ever.

**ORIGINAL LETTERS**

**OF**

**LAURENCE STERNE.**



Sir

~~It is out of the~~

down, it is<sup>m</sup>, that the writing  
a letter to a gentleman I have not the  
honour to be known to, & upon ~~such~~ <sup>kind</sup> letter  
— a letter like wise upon ~~no~~ business (in  
the ideas of the world) is <sup>a little</sup> out of the common  
course of things — but I'm so myself — &  
the ~~cause~~ <sup>of</sup> an impulse or — makes one want  
take up my pen — as all of a piece is out  
of off the common way too — for arises from the  
honest pain I should feel, in ~~for~~ <sup>having</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>so great</sup> loss  
~~and~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>such</sup> esteem & friendship for Mr Draper  
I have for your lady — for Mr Draper, <sup>I tell</sup> you  
as I do for Mrs Draper — & & if I did not wish  
I hope to extend but to their ~~Hearts~~ <sup>Hearts</sup> ~~Book~~  
if he pleases Mr Draper also. — I am  
really dead set in Love with y<sup>r</sup> Wife — but  
tis a Love, you would honour me for — &  
for tis so like that I bear my own daughter  
who is a good creature, that I can scarce  
distinguish a difference betwixt it — the  
the last, I recollect

that moment would have been the  
last of my age — well my friend (all —  
wealthy as she is) — — !

I wish it had been in my power  
to have been of true use to Mrs<sup>m</sup> Draper  
at this distance from her best Protector  
— I have bestowed a great deal of  
pains (or rather God's pleasure) upon her  
head — her heart needs none — & her  
head as little as <sup>any</sup> Daughter of Eve —  
— I wish I could make myself of any  
service to her, ~~at such a~~, ~~at their distance~~  
whilst she is in India — & I in the world  
— and it would all answer the purpose  
~~in spirit of his letter, if~~,

for worldly affairs, I could be of  
none —

& indeed less, than any it has been  
my fate to converse w<sup>m</sup> for some years.  
~~such a good~~ — ~~good person her~~  
— I wish you dear Sir, many years  
happiness with

— ~~poor~~ Tij a part of my Library, to  
pray to ~~for what I pay shg nobly~~ for her health & life — &  
~~I hope~~ — She is too good to be  
lost — & I would out pure zeal to a  
pilgrimage to Mecca to seek a specific  
Medicine

# ORIGINAL LETTERS

OF

## LAURENCE STERNE

TO DANIEL DRAPER, ESQ.

[Coxwould, 1767?]

I OWN it, Sir, that the writing a letter to a gentleman I have not the honour to be known to—a letter likewise upon no kind of business (in the ideas of the world) is a little out of the common course of things—but I'm so myself, and the impulse which makes me take up my pen is out of the common way too, for it arises from the honest pain I should feel in having so great esteem and friendship as I bear for Mrs. Draper—if I did not wish to hope and extend it to Mr. Draper also. I am really, dear sir, in love with your wife; but 'tis a love you would honour me for, for 'tis so like that I bear my own daugh-

## LETTERS

ter, who is a good creature, that I scarce distinguish a difference betwixt it—that moment I had would have been the last.

I wish it had been in my power to have been of true use to Mrs. Draper at this distance from her best protector. I have bestowed a great deal of pains (or rather, I should say, pleasure) upon her head—her heart needs none—and her head as little as any daughter of Eve's, and indeed less than any it has been my fate to converse with for some years. I wish I could make myself of any service to Mrs. D. whilst she is in India, and I in the world—for worldly affairs I could be of none.

I wish you, dear sir, many years' happiness. 'Tis a part of my Litany, to pray for her health and life. She is too good to be lost, and I would out of pure zeal take a pilgrimage to Mecca to seek a medicine.\*

\* Mr. Gibbs made this version from the rough draft.

## LETTERS

TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES.

Coxwould, Aug<sup>st</sup> 10, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I but copy your great civility to me—in writing you word, that I have this moment rec'd another Letter, wrote eighteen days after the date of the last from S<sup>t</sup> Iago—If our poor friend could have wrote another Letter to England, you will in course have it—but I fear from the circumstance of great hurry, and bodily disorder when she dispatch'd this she might not have time—In case it has so fallen out—I send you the contents of w<sup>t</sup> I have rec'd—and that is a melancholly history of herself and sufferings since they left Iago—continual and most violent rhumatism all the time—a fever brought on—with fits—and attended with Delirium, and every terrifying symptome—the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a skeleton—I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart—knowing how much at the

## L E T T E R S

same time it will affect yours—The three or four last days in her journal, leave us with hopes she will do well at last—for she is more cheerful, and seems to be getting up her spirits—& health in course with it.—They have cross'd the Line—are much becalm'd—w<sup>ch</sup> with other delays, [s]he fears, they will lose their passage to Madrass—& be some months sooner for it at Bombay—Heaven protect this worthy creature! for she suffers much, & with uncommon fortitude—She writes much to me abt her dear friend Mrs James in her last Packet—in truth, my good Lady, she honours & loves you from her heart—but if she did not—I should not Love her half so well myself as I do.

Adieu my dear friends—You have  
Very few in the world, more truely  
& cordially y<sup>rs</sup>                            L. STERNE.

*P. S.*

I have just rec<sup>d</sup> as a present from a right Hon<sup>ble</sup>\* a most elegant gold Snuff fabricated for me at Paris—I wish Eliza was here, I would lay it at her feet—however, I

\* Probably, Mr. Gibbs thought, Sir George Macartney, to whom Sterne addressed Letter CLXII.

## LETTERS

will enrich my gold Box, with her picture,—& if the Doner does not approve of such an acquisition to his pledge of friendship—I will send him his Box again—

May I presume to inclose you the Letter I write to Mrs Draper—I know you will write yourself—& my Letter may have the honour to chapron yours to India. Mrs Sterne & my daughter are coming to stay a couple of months with [me], as far as from Avignon—& then return—Here's Complaisance for you—I went 500 miles the last Spring, out of my way, to pay my wife a weeks visit—and she is at the expence of coming post a thousand miles to return it—what a happy pair!—however, en passant, she takes back sixteen hundred p<sup>ds</sup> into France with her—and will do me the honour likewise to strip me of every thing I have—Except Eliza's Picture, Adieu.

*Endorsed:*—

To Mrs James  
in Gerard Street,  
Soho,  
London.

Free      Fauconberg.

## LETTERS

TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES.

York, Dec. 28, 1767.

I WAS afraid that either my friend Mr James, or Mrs James, or their little Blossome was drooping, or that some of you were ill by not having the pleasure of a line from you, & was thinking of writing again to enquire after you all—when I was cast down myself with a fever, & bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room three weeks, when I had the favour of yrs which till to day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially now do,—as well as for all yr proofs & professions of good will to me—I will not say, I have not ballanced Acc<sup>ts</sup> with you in this—all I know, is, That I honour and value you more than I do any good creature upon earth—& that I could not wish yr happiness and the Successe of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your Brother—but good god! are we not all brothers and sisters, who are friendly & virtuous & good?—

## L E T T E R S

Surely my dear friends, my Illness has made a sort of sympathy for yr Afflictions upon the Score of yr dear little one—and I make no doubt when I see Eliza's Journal, I shall find she has been ill herself at that time—I am rent to pieces with uncertainty abt this dear friend of ours—I think too much—& interest my self so deeply by my friendship for her, that I am worn down to a Shadow—to this I owe my decay of health—but I can't help it——

As my fever has left me, I set off the latter end of the week with my friend Mr Hall for Town—I need not tell my friends in Gerard Street, I shall do myself the Honour to visit them before either Lord Shelburn or Lord Spencer &c. &c.—

I thank you my dear friend, for what you say so kindly abt my Daughter—it shews yr good heart, as she is a stranger, 'tis a free Gift in you—but when she is known to you—she shall win *it fairly*—but Alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds—M[rs.] Sterne has hired a house ready fur [nished] at York, till she returns to france & my Lydia must not leave her—

What a sad scratch of a Letter—but I

## LETTERS

am weak my dear friends both in body & mind—so God bless you—Youl see me enter like a Ghost—so I tell you before hand, not to be frighten'd.

I am, my dear friends  
with truest attachment &  
end esteem Y<sup>rs</sup>

L. STERNE.

*Endorsed:—*

To  
Mr or Mrs James  
Gerrard Street  
Soho  
London.

L E T T E R S

OF

ELIZABETH DRAPER.



L E T T E R S  
OF  
ELIZABETH DRAPER

TO \_\_\_\_\_\*

[Tellicherry April, 1769.]

MY DEAR SIR

IT'S with great pleasure I take every opportunity of paying my Duty to you, but more particularly this by the Grenville, as by her I'm enabled to give you a better account of Mr. Drapers success as a Merchant, than he flatter'd himself with any hopes of, upon his arrival at Tellicherry, and if Fortune continues to be as propitious to us, the six ensuing Seasons, as she's proved the last, — Mr. D. would not thank the Directors for nominating him to the Government of Bombay. We are both well,

\* Some friend in England formerly in the Indian service.

## LETTERS

entirely contented and wish not to exchange our situation, but for an Independance in England, which I hope we are in the way of obtaining, and may accomplish in six or seven Years, notwithstanding Hyder Ally maintains his Ground, and has absolutely refused to listen to terms of Peace from the Madrassers, unless they will make over Trichinopoly to him. this, they think they can not in point of Honor, or Conscience do —tho' they are heartily tired of the War, & wish to accommodate with him, on reasonable terms—they are now preparing for a long Siege, which he has threatened them with, and if they do not receive Supplies of Money, & Troops, from England, God knows! what will be their fate!—as Hyder is really a very clever, and enterprising Man, —accustomed to face, & Conquer Europeans and has for his surest adviser, one of the best Politicians in India, Governour Laws—of Pondicherry, whom it is imagined, has always plan'd each of his Campaigns; the Gentlemen of Bengal have drained their Treasury, to befriend those of Madrass—but the Governour of Bombay—will not consent to assist them in any respect, tho' he has

## L E T T E R S

often been sollicited to do it—and a little timely aid from our side, might have prevented the present melancholy prospect, but he says, he has no notion of Quixotism adventures, and as we cannot benefit by the troubles, he will not risque our suffering any loss,—this argument is very cruel,\* & superficial, tho' at first it may appear Specious, tis impolitic too, because if the Madrassers are worsted, we certainly shall be the next Prey—but that's a distant Day, & he always quotes “sufficient to the Day is the ‘Evil thereof.’” but he is a poor, despicable Creature, in every respect and as unfit for a Governour—as I am for an Ach-Bishop, not one Individual, is there at Bombay, his friend,—and in short, he neither is—or deserves to be, Loved, esteem'd, or feared. We are very particularly interested in Hyders success, at this Settlement, as he has most of the Country powers, about us, in total subjection, & infests our Coast, with his Fleet, to intercept our Merchantmen, their's no leav-

\* The letters *ru* in this word have been altered from something else.

† The *c* in this word has been altered from *s*.

## LETTERS

ing us, now for Bombay, with any safety, without a Convoy, & the Bombay Cruizers, three or four of them, are Stationed between Carwar, Onore, & Mount Dilly, for that purpose. we are terribly infested too, by the Cooley Boats, & Mallawans. the Morattas, had the Insolence to surround Bombay with their Fleet a few months since, which did not a little terrify our Pusillanimous General, but they soon dispersed when the Commodore received Permission to ask them some questions. it's imagined this Bravado was effected at the Instigation of Hyder, to Divert us from all thoughts of sending Troops to Madrass, it answer'd his hopes—but if he had bribed the Governours Brahmin to be his friend, it would have done as well—for nothing in Public or domestic Concerns, is transacted at Bombay, without that Fellows knowledge & consent some of the Gentlemen by way of reprimand, have advised Mr. Hodges to give him a Seat at Council. our Island is now very Populous—very expensive, very improvable, & would be very flourishing, if we had a proper Man at the head of affairs. This Coast has been vastly injured

## L E T T E R S

by Hyders Ravages. 'tis nothing in Comparison to what it was some Years ago, but would still be the Source of profit to the Company, & a Tellicherry Chief if the War was once happily terminated.—Most of the Gentlemen that distinguished themselves, by behaving ill at Mangalore, have been broke by a General Court Martial at Bombay. it was a tedious affair—lasting upwards of six Weeks, tho' the Members met Daily,—This my dear Sir, is all the Public Intelligence, I can recollect, worthy of transmitting you, and now for a little private, Tom Whitehill, my kind Uncle, is well—I often hear from him & he must by all accounts, have made himself independant, by this time. he is increasing his Family of Natural Children, but declared to me, that he never would give them more than five thousand rupees each, because he would not tempt any Gentleman to marry them for the sake of Money, and he had rather dispose of them to Phesendars of their own Colour—than to Europeans—he has one Daughter marriageable, two young ones, & two or three infant Sons,—I never hear from Jack Whitehill, but I know he is well, from my Corre-

## L E T T E R S

spondents at Madrass, I hope he does not maintain Silence to his English friends, as . . . \* should he be a good Accomptant & write swiftly Mr Draper would be very glad of him here—make it worth his while, and keep him out of harms way, as he is in want of just such a Person, You know his inability to use the Pen—he has lost his two Clerks too, & if I was not capable of assisting, & maintaining his Correspondence for him I know not what he would do, at this juncture. I only fulfil my Duty—and have not the least merit in it—as a good Purvoe that thoroughly understood English, and spelled properly—would answer his Views still better. Louisa is very advantageously married, to the Commander of our Forces, a Colonel Pemble, he is handsome, amiable and magnificent in his temper—his Income amounts to thirty thousand Rupees a year—but I fear they stand little chance of saving a Fortune, as they are Gay—extravagant, & fond of Company, but I know not if it signifies much—as they love India—are healthy, admired, and esteemed here—and not very desirous of exchanging affluence

\* A few lines of the manuscript are lost here.

## LETTERS

in the Eastern . . . . . \* fondness, and is a Prince in Spirit, and occasional good works, they are on no terms with the Governour, neither visiting, or being visited by him. A Mr Banister, that is much older than yourself & formerly knew you in the Service, now resides here—he desired me to present his kindest remembrances to you, assuring you of his unalterable esteem, & good wishes. The good Man & his Wife live very comfortably—are well. and much noticed with respectful attention I hope to be favor'd with long & interesting letters from Europe by the next Ship—England, which was always dear to me—was never so much so as now!—the We[l]fare of my dear Children, sits very near my heart, & I cannot help feeling great anxiety on their account, tho' I am confident of Mrs White-hills care, and best attention to their true Interest, God preserve the poor babes! may they live to give satisfaction to their Parents—and reflect honour on their amiable Protectress! I hope you had an agreeable Summer in the Society of my friend and little . . . . . \* by presenting my com-

\* Some lines are lost.

## L E T T E R S

pliments to him, and best wishes for his health, and enjoyment of England; we *now* wish him our Head again, would to Heaven he had not left us a Prey to the foolish policy, and low Cunning of an Hodges\*! the wish is entirely general, not a moist Eye—or grave Countenance will be visible on his Departure, unless it's his Female Coffary Shirt airers,—for a few Rupees, or mere form's sake. oh ! he is gloriously hated ! and I prognosticate, ever will be so—even by the Wife of his Bosom—if he is Dotard enough with his jealous propen [sities] and Selfish particularities, to make a second choice! but no:—his avarice will prevent his marrying again, for a good Woman would loathe his Wealth with such an Incumbrance as himself—and a bad one's....  
.....† happy—prays your ever grateful and .....† ed Child.

ELIZA DRAPER

Tellicherry

April 1769

\* Thomas Hodges, Gouvernour of Bombay (1767-71). His predecessor was Charles Crommelin (1760-67).

† Some lines are lost.

## LETTERS

P. S.

Mr Draper presents you his respectful Compliments, with t[he sin]cerest assurances of his doing every thi[ng i]n his power for Stephen, if you se[nd him] to Bombay.

To M<sup>RS</sup> ANNE JAMES.

Bombay 15<sup>th</sup> April 1772.

I NOW have before me, Dearest of Women, and Friend twenty sheets of your writing received this year; and mean to answer every page of it which I've not yet replied to distinctly—the first Letter is dated 15<sup>th</sup> May 1771 by Tryon of the Deptford, this I answered months ago—as I did that of the 5<sup>th</sup> April, by Captain Allen, the contents of which related wholly to himself & Mr Cooper his Nephew, and one of the same date, by Mr Allen his Purser to the same effect—Your next is dated 28<sup>th</sup> April and enclosed an Account of Money Matters—that of the 20<sup>th</sup> should

## L E T T E R S

have been handed first, but as it contains much more importantant [sic] matter, I purposely omitted giving it the Precedence—from meaning to speak at large on some parts of it.—You say my dear, *that you had “suffered much Uneasiness at hearing that I thought you had not acted a friendly part by me in protecting two unfortunate People,\* and requesting me to make a contribution amongst my friends in their Favor:—that, this Report touched you to the heart; tho’ you disbelieved it, as it was inconsistent with my Humanity, my opinion of you, and the reverse of all my letters, and yet, when you found, that I had wrote to Becket,† your Ideas’ were rather confused; for if I had, had a proper reliance on you, I need not have applied to him; as I might have supposed, you would find some means to secure my letters, if violent measures had been the Widows Plan; but, that you, was perfectly easy as to that matter; and imagined I should have been the same; knowing you to be my Friend—that there was a stiffness, in my calling you M<sup>r</sup>s James, which eat you to*

\* Sterne’s widow and daughter.

† Thomas Becket, the publisher.

## L E T T E R S

*the heart, particularly, when I said I could not accost you with my usual Freedom—What had you done to create reserve, & distance? and had my letter concluded in the same style, you should have believed I was altered, not you.”* I will endeavour to answer all this very plainly, and in the first place, I do assure you then, on my never forfeited word, that I neither by Thought, Word, or Action, ever gave the most distant Cause for such a Report, and how, or wherefore it was invented & propagated, I know no more, than I do of any one foreign Circumstance, yet unheard, or unthought of by me—it is certain, my dear James, that so far from thinking unkindly of you for your patronage of the Sternes, that you never to me, appeared in so amiable a Light—Strange; if you had not, as nothing but a sordid Principle, most narrowly selfish could have induced me to dislike an action which had its foundation in Generosity, and all the milder feminine Virtues—but my James, I will be very explicit with you, on this subject as you have introduced it yourself—the World, I fear, does not see the beauty of a compassionate disinterested-

## LETTERS

ness, in the same light, that you and I do—for it has been said, and wrote to me, more than once, that my friend was betraying the Cause of her Eliza, in order to acquire the Title of Patroness, to Beauty, and Distress—I never paid the least regard to such Insinuations—for I [pers]onally supposed they had their foundation in Ignorance, Malice and that Love of Talk, which is alike common to the rash Young, and ill natured Old—I cannot believe any thing to the Prejudice of those I love my dear James—nothing which arraigns their Morals, I am sure, I cannot!—and if this knowledge, cannot secure me from Unkindness as deceit—I am, and ever must be a ready sacrifice to their Hands—for I neither can or will maintain suspicion, against the Friends I trust—I can but suffer by them, in my Peace, Property or Fame—and these are ever at the Devotion of those I love, if more consequential to them, than my Ease—I might in such Case lament the fate of my ill star'd sensibility, which led me to fix my Regards on Persons so incapable of promoting my Happiness, from not being equally conscious as myself how much pleasanter it

## L E T T E R S

is to love another with the most endearing affection, than to regard the Pleas of a poor Selfish Self—Some Philosophers and Moralists too, assert the proof to be impossible, but I deny the Facts, and could deduce from my own Experience, Young as I am, a thousand Instances to validate my Opinion to the most Incredulous—but of that, no more at present—for it is a Key, harsh and Untuneful, to the Notes of Peace, and might awaken every painful sense, which could set my heart a bleeding—You wonder my dear, at my writing to Becket—I'll tell you why I did so—*I had heard some Anecdotes extremely disadvantageous to the Characters of the Widow & Daughter, and that from Persons who said they had been personally acquainted with them, both in France and England—I had no reason to doubt, the Veracity of these Gentlemen Informants, they could have no view in deceiving me, or motive of putting me on my Guard, but what arose from Benevolence, which I hope is common to the greatest part of Mankind—Some part of their Intelligence, corroborated, what I had a thousand times heard, from the lips of Yorick, almost, in-*

## L E T T E R S

*variably repeated—the Widow, I was assured was occasionally a Drinker, a Swearer, exceeding Unchaste—tho' in point of Understanding, and finished Address supposed to be inferior to no Woman in Europe—the Secret of my Letters being in her hands, had some how become extremely Public, it was noticed to me by almost every Acquaintance I had in the C[ompany's]\* Ships, as at this Settlement—this alarmed me—for at that time I had never Communicated the Circumstance, and could not suspect you of acting by me in any manner, which I would not have acted in by my self—One Gentleman in particular told me, that both you, and I should be deceived, if we had the least reliance on the Honor or Principles of Mrs Sterne, for that, when she had secured as much as she could, for suppressing the Correspondence, she was capable of selling it to a Bookseller afterwards—by either refusing to restore it to you—or taking Copies of it, without our knowledge—and therefore he advised me, if I was averse to it's Publication to take every means in my Power of Suppressing it—this influenced me to*

\* Here and elsewhere the manuscript is worn away.

## L E T T E R S

write to Becket, and promise him a reward equal to his Expectations, if He would deliver the Letters to you (I think I proposed no other method to Him except this, but I am not sure) in case they were offered him for sale—I had a long Conflict in my own mind whether I should, or should not reveal every thing regarding this Business to you at length, I determined to keep the Secret in my own breast and that from a motive [of] Delicacy rather than good Judgment—so well do I know, how harshly it grates, to have those we love, aspersed, whether with or without Foundation—My Circumstances, as to this Family were peculiar, and require the nicest Conduct—Interest, Jealousy, a thousand Narrow Motives, might be supposed to Stimulate me! as I could not with Honor, have disclosed my Authorities for advancing many things I must have advanced, to say the half of what I had been told,—and a real or pretended respect, for myself had prompted the disclosure of them, it would have been something worse than ungenerous to have subjected the Persons to ill Will, or being called upon to prove their assertions when they had a Moral

## L E T T E R S

Claim to my handsome treatment at least, for whether their Intelligence was founded on, Truth or falsehood, it is not to be conceived, that they meant I should suppose them influenced by unjust Motives; consequently, it had all the Rights of well attested Facts, till I could disprove it—This I have never been able to do, tho' all my Enquiries, when Yoricks Widow or Daughter has been named have tended to this effect, in hopes of Accomplishing my Wishes; for it cannot surely be supposed my dear James, that I am so fiend like in my nature as to wish that any Woman of Sense and Character, might be proved vicious rather than virtuous, by the confirmations of Truth or Chance—it is True my friend! I love not these Ladies! and what is more, I think, I think! Excuse me my dear—that while I preserve my Rectitude and Sensibility, I never shall!—and I would not part with them for so paltry an Exchange, as the Acquisition of New Acquaintances. “Trifles, light as air”;—You know what these are to the Jealous—and such they are, to the liberal, Ingenuous Minded, I would sooner, regulate my opinion of Man or Womens

## L E T T E R S

real Worth, from their Conduct in Trivial Matters, than I would from their grand efforts to attain a Name or Character.— Ambition, Lust of Praise, Interest, Pride, a thousand sordid affections, may stimulate, in the one Case—but the other is of too humble a Nature to affect Glare; broad Day light is not necessary to it; for few, very, very few, have that sense, which is capable of feeling, a Grace, a Manner, & Decorum, beyond the fixed & settled rules of Vice & Virtue—consequently, when such an Attention to the Minutiæ is uniformly practised, by Male or Female, its source must be in the Heart, from a preferable love to Goodness only—How I do, more than Admire, a Creature so Characterized ! I would almost suffer Martyrdom, to see such Perfection in my only Child ! and if I live to be her Monitress it shall be the Study of my Life to make her capable of it——My dear Friend, that Stiffness you complain'd of when I called you Mrs James, & said I could not accost you with my usual Freedom Entirely arose from depression of Spirits, too natural to the Mortified, when severe Disappointments gall the sense

## L E T T E R S

—You had told me that Sterne was no more—I had heard it before; but this conformation [*sic*] of it sorely afflicted me; for I was almost an Idolator of His Worth, while I fancied Him the Mild, Generous, Good Yorick, We had so often thought Him to be—to add to my regrets for his loss—his Widow had my letters in her Power, (I never entertained a good opinion of her) and meant to subject me to Disgrace & Inconvenience by the Publication of them —You knew not the contents of these letters, and it was natural for you to form the worst judgment of them, when those who had seen 'em reported them, unfavorably, and were disposed to dislike me on that account—My dear Girl! had I not cause to feel humbled so circumstanced—and can you wonder at my sensations communicating themselves to my Pen? You cannot on reflection—for such are the Emotions of the Human Heart, that they must influence human Actions, while Truth and Nature, are unsubdued—I do not, I assure you my dear James, I never did, think you acted by me other than the kindest part throughout this whole Transaction with the Sternes—I lament

## L E T T E R S

your attachment to them, but I only lament it for your sake, in case Lydia, is rather speciously attractive than mildly amiable; w<sup>ch</sup> I have heard Insinuated — whatever cause, I may have to dislike them on my own account, I can have none to do so on Yours—While they preserve an Empire in Your Breast from their superiority in Merit principally—but beware of Deceivers my dear Woman, the best Hearts are most liable to be imposed on, by them—Frank, Generous, Kind themselves—they naturally suppose, Each Companion of specious semblance, a Kindred Spirit, till dire Experience has convinced them, that Hypocrisy can assume all Shapes meet for her Purpose:—do not suppose my Caution arises from any thing but affection; for tho' I hint at Counterfeits to you, I never suffer any thing of the kind to escape me to others—On the contrary I ever speak of both Widow & Daughter as you or they, might wish me to speak, when expatiating on the subject,—for I have no Idea my James, that Eliza's opinion is to be the Standard of other Peoples, well as I think of it in the main—and however Angry I may be

## L E T T E R S

with them in my heart, I should be very sorry to have People I esteemed think ill of them—as a proof of which, I'll transcribe for you, part of a letter I wrote on the subject the other Day, to Colonel Campbell in Bengal—who is a great Favorite of Mine, had sent me six hundred Rupees, which He had raised by Contributions for their use, and hinted\* his wishes to know something of the Ladies—as He meant to visit England shortly.—“I sensibly feel the Exertions “of your kindness in behalf of my Friends “Widow & Daughter—and assure myself, “if you ever know them, that your own “Complacency will administer a Reward “from the Consciousness of having served “two very Amiable Persons; as well Educated Women, of Talents, and Sensibility, “are, I believe of all others, the most serious objects of a Generous Compassion, “when obliged to Descend from an Easy “Elegance, their Native Sphere, to the Mortifying Vicissitudes of Neglect & pecuniary “Embarrassments. The Ladies, are no “Strangers to your Character; and I please “myself with the Notion of their proving a

\* In the manuscript “desired” is written above “hinted.”

## L E T T E R S

“very agreeable addition to your Acquaintance, when you are at all disposed to cultivate Theirs. M<sup>rs</sup> Sterne, I have heard spoke of as one of the most sensible Women in Europe—she is nearly related to the M<sup>rs</sup> Montague, whose Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare has reflected so much Honor, on the reputation of Female Judgment & Generosity—which circumstance renders it probable, that she, (M<sup>rs</sup> Sterne) may possess equal Powers from Inheritance—Miss Sterne is supposed to have a portion of each Parents best Qualities—the Sensibility & frolic Vivacity of Yorick, most happily blended in her Composition—Lively by Nature, Youth & Education, she cannot fail to please every Spectator of capacious Mind; but much, I fear, that, the Shandy Race will be Extinct with this Accomplished Young Woman—for She’s of the Muses Train, and too much attached to them and filial Duties, to think of a change of name with much Complacency—How is it Colonel (You are a Casius—& can tell me) that a Woman seldom, very seldom, judges favorably of the Wedded

## L E T T E R S

“ Life, if once seriously attached to those  
“ Moral Doctrines & Poetic Flights—so  
“ truely captivating to a Muse like Appre-  
“ hension? And yet the Nine are said to  
“ aid the Votary’s of Love—Apollo him-  
“ self, sacrifices at Cupid’s Shrine, and Verse  
“ Men of all Ages, have at some period of  
“ their Lives, been prone to follow his great  
“ Example.—I fear, I fear: that the Details  
“ of Experience, joined to a little more  
“ than ordinary Penetration may be the  
“ true Source of their Dislike to Masculine  
“ Subjection.”—So much my Dear, for my  
discription of the Sternes to Colonel Campbell,  
tho’ I’ve seen them not, but with the  
Minds Eye:—be so good my dear, as to  
announce his name and Character to them,  
as it’s probable He may find them out and  
make himself known to them—He has been  
very assiduous in collecting above one half  
of the Money I have sent Home for their  
use—in his Profession He is supposed to  
have extraordinary Merit—and in his Prin-  
ciples, and Manners, He is I think, one of  
ten thousand—sensible, sweet tempered, &  
Amiable, to a very great degree—added to  
which, lively, comical & accomplished—

## L E T T E R S

Young, Handsome, rich, & a Soldier!—What fine Girl, would wish more? I borrow my Notions of Mr<sup>s</sup> & Miss Sterne from Various Reports—By culling the good from the bad in such Cases one may at any time, form a tolerable description of a Character.—this I believe, is what's called conveying a Lye, in the Words of Truth—but no matter—Campbell cannot be hurt by thinking favorably of them, and they might be much Injured by his forming a different opinion—for the real Dislike of a Man of sense & Honor, this dislike, founded, on Principle, is, I think, the severest Disgrace that can happen to a Woman of sentiment or reputation—May it never be the fate of Me, or Mine, Good Heaven! for if any thing in Nature could prompt me to be guilty of Suicide, it would be an Affliction of this nature, all others have their Alleviations, but this, must arise, from a consciousness of our being lost to Worth—as a Good & Wise Man, never is Influenced by Caprice, but only contemns the Sinner from his hatred of the Sin. I am grown very moral of late, I believe, my dear Friend, for I cannot help dispersing such grave re-

## LETTERS

flections as these throughout my Letters or Discourse, both my reading, and natural turn of Mind, encourages [this] Propensity, and as it teaches me to have a good reason for the Minutiæ in all Actions which savour of kindness, or the Agreeable; I am rather pleased with myself, for the cultivation of a Taste, which may promote my usefulness in Society, as well as insure my own Approbation on just Grounds.—I am a good deal altered in my appearance James, since you used to view me with the Eyes of Kindness, due only, to a second self—but, my Head and Heart, if Self Love does not mislead me, are both much improved and the Qualities of Reflection and tenderness, are no bad substitutes for that clearness of Complexion, and Je-ne-scai-quoi Air, which my flatterers used to say entitled me to the Appellation of Belle Indian. I read a great deal, I scribble much—and I daily ride on Horseback, bathe in the Sea—and live most abstemiously—but I cannot manage to acquire confirmed Health in this detested Country; and what is far worse, I cannot induce Mr Draper, to let me return to England; tho' He must be sensible, that

## L E T T E R S

both my Constitution and Mind, are suffering by the effects of a Warm Climate—I do, and must wonder that He will not,\* for what good Purpose my Residence Here can promote, I am quite at a loss to imagine, as I am disposed to think favorably of M<sup>r</sup> D's Generosity and Principles. My dear James, it is Evident to the whole of our Acquaintance, that our Minds are not pair'd, and therefore I will not scruple informing *you*—that I neither do, nor will any more, if I can help it live with Him as a Wife—my reasons for this are cogent; be assured they are;—or I would not have formed the Resolution—I explain them not to the World—tho' I could do it, and with credit to myself; but for that very cause I will persevere in my silence—as I love not selfish Panegyricks.—How wretched must be that Womans Fate, my dear James, who loving Home, and having a Taste for the Acquitments [*sic*], both useful and Agreeable, can find nothing congenial in her Partners Sentiments—nothing companionable, nothing engagingly domestic in his Manner, to endear his Presence, nor even any thing of that

\* Supply: “let me return to England.”

## L E T T E R S

Great, or respectful sort, which creates Public Praise, and by such means, often lays the Foundation of Esteem, and Complacency at Home?—Sad, Sad State! my James—and Wo! be to the feeling Heart so circumstanced!—a Woman who might have been a Valuable Member of Society, is by such *disunion* either a Mere Blank—or liable to every Disgrace resulting from Infamy—if finely organized—Grief & Disappointment may render useless all her Mental Faculties—if cheerful by nature, and calculated to struggle with trying difficulties, in Hopes of surmounting them, these very excellencies, are so many snares to her, as they excite to Envy, Malice, & Detraction—for who is just enough to acknowledge, that an Amiable, Sensible Woman, has fund sufficient in her own Mind, to be a perpetual Resource to her in all Calamities and Exigencies? On the contrary, who does not Insinuate, that where such a Character is unhappily pair'd & Maintains her Chearfulness, Secret pleasures make her Amends for public Penances? a thousand Causes will rather be assigned, than the real One; as few People are good enough themselves,

## L E T T E R S

for Goodness's Sake, to imagine that, that Principle should regulate the Conduct of a Woman unhappily married—but surely! surely! they are mistaken—for if that same laudable Affection, will not engage to the Pursuit of every thing praise worthy—no other I fear, will ever bear us out—as Virtue, in it's comprehensive sense, to those who understand it well must have an effect on the mind very superior to what is Excited by Inferior Principles, and yet, even these, such as Pride, the love of Fame, Wealth, Greatness—a Humour or a Name; will sometimes enable us to forego Ease & Health—and to risque Life & Honor—and can it be so divine a Thing, to Practise Worth, for Glory's Sake—and not equally so, at least, to Practise it for it's own—when in fact this same Glory is nothing better than one of it's under Ministers? there never was a more just saying than that of Virtue being it's own Reward—and those who understand it's nature, could not wish a diviner than what springs from the consciousness of it—while they are Inhabitants of Earth, I mean—for as to a future state of Rewards & Punishments—I pretend

## L E T T E R S

not to argue about it lest I should be guilty of something blamable, when I only wished to assert the cause of Goodness as preferable to all other known Causes. We can but Reason from what we know — and therefore Silence and Modesty is the proper Shield for Ignorance, in such conflicts as wou'd prove superior to our Strength.—I wonder not at the Praises given to M<sup>rs</sup> Montagues Essay—it has, I am told, all the Advantages of Learning, Sound Criticism, and just Taste.—I am so far a Judge of it's Merit, as to be confident that it bespeaks Her of a generous Nature, as it seems calculated to rescue Genius — long departed Genius from the illiberal Censures of Witty Malice, now living, and too long triumphant—but my dear James, the circumstance of all others, I most admire in M<sup>rs</sup> Montagues Character—is her avoiding to put her Name to this Performance—this evinces a something very superior, to what is commonly ascribed, even to good Taste—I would rather be an Attendant on her Person, than the first Peeress of the Realm—if, this proceeded from a certain Delicacy and justness of Apprehension, only to be

## LETTERS

met with in Women of refined sense.— You say my Friend that you wonder I do not employ my leisure Hours in writing something which might reflect Lustre on my Name—and you encourage me to do so, by Praises which are easily accounted for from the partiality you ever have kindly considered my Talents with—I will be very Ingenuous with you on this Subject—There was a time, when I fancied myself capable of doing justice to some Undertaking of the Moral kind, My Taste has been thought judicious, and my language often Complimented as Elegant, this was Yoricks given opinion of it whatever his real one might be.—A little Piece or two I designed some Years ago, and finished lately—are not, perhaps unworthy of the Press, when compared with many Productions which have gained their Authors some degree of Reputation in the literate World—but my dear James, I do not think writing a Poem, a Play, an Essay, or an Anything the Chief Merit of a Woman;—so little do I think it necessary to the Fame of a good one, that I most assuredly, if capable of the Performance, would never

## LETTERS

affix my Name to it—my Vanity of this kind is amazingly lessened, if not quite extinct—from this you may gather, that I did not always judge so nicely, as I do at present—true my friend, a great flow of animal spirits—high Health—Youth—Flattery, and fair Prospects, wrought their usual Effects on a mind rather sprightly, than solid, but adversity is an Excellent School—and two or three serious Afflictions, have done more for me, in the way of self Knowledge, and Home Philosophy, than I might probably [have] acquired before my Grand Climacteric, if Fortune had continued lavish of her Smiles to me, her once Enthusiastic Votary—a thousand little Flights which are only to be excused, on the score of Youth & Gay Fancy, now appear too trifling to have engaged the time & labour I once bestowed on them, and with a view, to raise my Consequence, I own to you my beloved Friend—for I had Romance and Vanity Enough, to think they would Answer the Airy Purpose—and add to my Praise, as much as the Letters of Madame de Sevigne or Ninon D'Lenclos did to Theirs, but as Judgment encreased, Fancy

## L E T T E R S

lessened; and now I should be as much concerned, if they were to see the Light in form of a Printed Volume as I then should if I had thought any unforeseen Accident would have robbed me the Prospect of many encomiums, which I flattered myself with the notion of being entitled to on their Publication—this change of Humour, induces me to think, that my sentiments may be as different to what they now are, some time hence, as they are at present from what they were three Years ago—and this renders me extremely averse to shewing any of my Performances, lest I should acquire a Name that I could neither support or Defend, for the Suffrages of Friendship are as liable to Error in such Cases, as the Censures of Malignancy, and I am not qualified to steer clear of this Scylla & Charybdis, by those lukewarm affections, which enables Worldy Wisdom to rest it's appeal with the Indifferent—for I love not the neutral Character—and would never consult it, in anything which concerned the Heart or it's good Affections, it's cold absolves, approach too near to the Stoical Virtue—the only species of Virtue I

## LETTERS

have; and that because “it’s fix’d, as in a Frost”—The Praises of the whole Tribe could do nothing better than play round my Head, and that’s a minor Pleasure, compared to the Heart felt one of kind Sympathy—I could my dear James, assign many Rational Motives for my declining to scribble for the world, even if my Inclination, and Capacity dictated the Measure—the former, seriously does not, and the latter is by no means equal to the undertaking—I have much, very much indeed to learn, before I can accomplish my first Wish of deserving to be thought, a Woman truely Amiable enough, to employ me, my whole Life; as my Powers, are not of that ready sort to receive Things quickly as if by Intuition—You must not imagine from this, that I dislike a Womans engaging in the Field of Literature or Science—far from it, I declare to you, if she goes to it well Armed, on the contrary, if I may presume to say so—I think that Salique Law a very absurd one which reserves to Men only, the Province of Instructing & pleasing by useful Lucubrations, the result of Genius, Taste and Contemplative Life.—I cannot help

## L E T T E R S

thinking that they might be supposed to infringe on our Prerogative, if our minds were train'd in the same advantageous manner as Theirs—as to learning and the sciences I mean, for I wish not to interfere in their boistrous Pursuits.—Our Genius's, for aught I know, may be as great, but however that may be, our Taste, Apprehension, Delicacy, in every thing We are Mutually concerned in, soars far, very far above Theirs—and as the Arrangements of Civil Life, are managed—Our Home Station, naturally induces that contemplative Turn, so advantageous to the Cause of Philosophy and all the Fine Arts—Nothing I believe but the frivolous Manners, inculcated by our frivolous Education, prevents our Capacity for disputing the Empire of Sense, Wit, and Reason with these Masculine Rulers, and that they do possess it, is rather owing to their usurped Authority as Legislators, than to any superiority in point of natural advantages—those of strength and personal courage, excepted. I love my own sex, James, and could wish for the Honor and Happiness of it, that the whole system of Female Education was very much altered, tho' not totally reversed — M<sup>rs</sup> Montague's

## L E T T E R S

Pen, might do justice to this subject ; 'tis an important one, and worthy of her—had I the Honor of her Acquaintance & good opinion, I would strenuously recommend it to her consideration—as the pleas of natural solicitude uncultivated by Art might have their just Weight, on a Mind so happily enriched as hers is by useful acquirements —You cannot think my dear James, how much I lament the want of that knowledge, which is only to be attain'd in the Spring time of Life—as my Reflection increases, I daily am more sensible of the loss I have sustained, in not receiving those advantages which are the birthright of Girls well born, or by nature teachable, especially if their Prospects are such as to give them a chance of being fix'd in conspicuous Life —such was my Case—it is the Case of all Girls destined for India—No Beings in the World are less indebted to Education—None living, require greater Assurances from it—for the regulations of time in Eastern Countries are such that every Woman must naturally have a large portion of it, Leisure; this is either a Blessing or Curse, as our Minds are disposed—the Generality of us

## L E T T E R S

are extremely frivolous, and Ignorant; How should we be otherwise? We were never instructed in the Importance of any thing, but one Worldly Point, that of getting an Establishment of the Lucrative kind, as soon as possible, a tolerable Complexion, an Easy Manner, some degree of taste in the Adjustment of our Ornaments, some little skill in dancing a Minuet, and singing an Air, are the Summum Bonum, of Perfections here—and these are all that Mothers, Aunts & Governess's Inculcate.—With Some Merit, as to these Accomplishments—the very best of us—leave Europe, and Commence Wives in the East, [at] fourteen—Climate, Custom, and immediate Examples—induce to Indolence —this betrays us into the Practice of Gallantry—that Prisoner of all that's Amiable & Good—No Country in the World abounds more with it's pernicious Consequences, no Women in the World are less Subject to the force of genuine Love!—this may seem a Paradox, but it is in fact none at all—for their grand object once attained, that of a settlement in Life—they know not what other to pursue—their Conduct is then regulated by Chance—and they are Intriguers,

## L E T T E R S

or nominally virtuous—as Beauty, Health, or Temptation dictates—this is a sad Picture, my dear James—Yet it is but too strong a Resemblance—and surely the hapless originals of it, are less blamable than their Early Instructors—Why were they not taught the necessity of useful Employments—and considering *Morals*, next to religion, as the most essential of all Things to their Happiness in both Worlds—poor Things! the *Word* is a bye one to Them—and the Precepts, it inculcates—the subject of their illiberal Derision—Many of them have good Propensities—but Habit, so counteracts their momentary Resolves of the serious kind that no steadiness in Well doing must be expected from them in this Climate—the attaining useful knowledge—and a Will of our Own, on proper Grounds, is dreadful up Hill Work, without the assistance of Precept & Example, the one occasionally to lean on, and the other to stimulate; And those Persons, must owe very important obligations to Nature, who by dint of knowledge, self taught, can rise superior to the Prejudices of India, while an Indian; I mean not to be, or to seem

## L E T T E R S

guilty of any Pride or Vanity my dear James—when I swear to you in the openness of my Heart, that I've not yet known, or seen the Woman abroad, whom I would associate with thro' Choice, in preference to being alone — there may be a thousand others, more sensible, or Amiable, but the Sense or Qualifications, of those I have met with, have had nothing in them congenial to my taste—and therefore we only associate in the formal way; this I am sorry for—for I love the Company of my own sex, when they are mild, Ingenuous & devoted to Cleanliness—Your Miss Bristow, I'm told, was an elegant Woman—I fancy so—for she was not liked Here and is styled, by way of Reproach, the Reserved & Poetical Lady—she has Genius, I think, for I have seen some little Pieces of hers, which abound with happy Thoughts; and her Enthusiasm in matters of Love or Friendship, makes me like her Character, tho' I have never seen her Person—I wish she had continued Here—we should, I think, have been upon a good footing together, for you know my James, that I have none of that narrowness which excites

## L E T T E R S

to Envy, or Detraction, at the sight of superior Merit. I fear, poor Woman, that she will not be as happy as she deserves to be, for the man, she has chosen, by M<sup>rs</sup> Shaws Account, is a contemptible one, and in wretched Circumstances, without a prospect of Improving them—She now, I am told, lives in the black Town at Madrass, without Friends, without Acquaintances, Conveniences, Notice.—Still—her Book, and her Pen afford her constant Employment—Here is a proof of the Advantages of a natural good Taste, being well cultivated—but for the resources in her own mind, M<sup>rs</sup> Tasswell must have sunk a prey to affliction—or been a Wretch indeed—if incapable of Feeling what she has experienced—for of all Misery, that I think is the greatest, which renders us incapable of estimating our Blessings—or misfortunes arightly—be my Woes in Life what they will, may I never be delivered of them at so sad a cost as inconsiderateness—“I had rather stand all Adventures with Religion, (even tho’ I practised not the Duties of it) than Endeavor to get rid of the Thoughts of it by Diversion.”—M<sup>rs</sup> Taswell, I hope

## L E T T E R S

is employ'd in some Ingenious Work,—a Woman who writes well, cannot I believe write too much, if she neglects none of the Duties of her own sex to be so engaged—but these are certainly, her first concern, and these accomplished—the more she excels in, the more she Evidences the strength of her Genius, and that Economy of Time, which it is Wisdom, to be an Economist of.—Miss Shaw, I think, a whining, La La Girl—don't you think so my dear? I am sorry if I do her injustice, but there's nothing which attaches me to her, either in the way of sentiment, manners, or appearance—for I detest that covert insignificance, which is comprised in the appellation of good natured sort of Girls—to me, it implies, that any Man might make a Fool of Her, who could be satisfied with a non-resisting Victory. M<sup>rs</sup> Playdell, and Miss Harris, as I told you by the Hampshire, remain'd at the Cape instead of proceeding to Bombay—had they come here, I would have shewn them all the rites of Hospitality—Cap<sup>t</sup> Taylor, will tell you all you wish to know relative to them—the Mr<sup>r</sup> Gambier you mentioned to me,

## LETTERS

at your Father's request my dear, went Home Capt Taylors Passenger, He is a fine Youth, and dear to me, and all who know Him, on the score of his Worth, strict Principles, and Amiable Manners are his real Characteristicks—I have given him a letter for you, by way of Passport, to your Notice—He desired & deserves, it—therefore I could not refuse Him—I fear poor Youth, We never shall see Him again, for the Disorder in his Neck (an Aneurism) is of too dangerous a nature, to give sanguine Hopes of his surviving the necessary Operation in case He submits to it—and if He does not—He must never more Visit India, as the Heat of this Climate would soon increase it, beyond the Power of Art to reduce it or save Him. Mr Horsley too—another Friend of mine, I have desired Mr James, to interest himself, in obtaining your smiles, and good Graces for—I know not that you'll like Him at first, I rather think not—for He's reserved, and has none of that Easy Address, which Impresses People Agreeably at first sight, but He has one of the clearest Heads, my James, that I ever knew, added

## LETTERS

to which a correctness of Taste and Nobleness of sentiment, which does Honor to the Manly Character—I would not Introduce Him, to any I loved, if I did not think their merit would bear them out—for the Creature is penetrating, and satyrical—but you have nothing to fear from those Qualities; for it's only to Impertinence, Affection, and Arrogance, that He's severe, to be frank with you my James—I know not the Person in India, I'm afraid of—now that He has left it—nor do I know the Man in the World whose good Opinion I would rather Insure, and that because—He, amongst a thousand Indians—stands alone in mine, as a Competent Judge of Merit of that sort, particularly, which adds Grace & Worth to the Female Character—The World says I am a favorite with Him; and I the rather suspect it, (tho' He has said severer Things to me, than Man before Him, ever did)—because He devoted much of his Time to me, and this, I believe, he would not have done, if it had not been the result of his free Choice—for never mortal was less Punctilious—, spoke less to the sex, and more to the Reason, than

## L E T T E R S

He did, when once Interested enough to speak his real sentiments, to any Woman.—I think Horsley altogether, a very great Character—He has a thousand singularities, a thousand Faults—but they are infinitely overbalanced by one of the most active Minds, and Generous Hearts that ever I knew Inhabit a human Frame—I give you all these Lights into his Character, in order that you may manage with Him accordingly, for I wish those I love, to be liked by the Discerning & Worthy,—if James, admits him to any degree of Intimacy in your Family—make him read Poetry to you my dear—his manner of doing it will charm *you*—and yet the Creature has no more notion of music than I have of Algebra—this has often puzzled me—such a Judge of Harmony—and yet no taste in fine sounds; I declare to you that I have been quite mortified, when I, who think I may pretend to some little merit as to Ear & Voice, have aimed at doing justice to Poetry, and could not please myself for my Life, when upon consigning the Book to Him—He has exactly hit the modulation & manner I in vain wished to compass,—and

## LETTERS

yet his natural Voice is almost as defective, as his Judgment in music.—but enough of Him, after telling you, that He visits England on the score of extreme bad Health, (indeed He has gone thro' enough to kill forty Giants in this Country) and will in all probability be obliged to continue there for some Years, before he has the confirmed Health, He once possessed.—*I cannot my dear, send you the six hundred Rupees I received from Colonel Campbell for the use of the Sternes by this ship, as none but Company's servants are allowed Bills on the Company, on their own Account.* — Mr D. cannot swear, that this money is his own Property—however, I account to you or them for it with Interest—and if this Restriction as to Bills, is not taken off by the Mocha ship, I will lay out the money in Pearl (as that I am told sells advantageously in England, Very much so at present) and send it by Cap<sup>t</sup> Jones, or somebody for their use; and by such means, they can in no way be losers, and I hope it will be no Inconvenience to them, to wait a few months longer for it, then I wished them to do—as I imagine their Expectations

## L E T T E R S

from me, must have ceased, with the last Bill, I transmitted to England.—O my dear Friend for God sake, pay them all the money of mine in your Hands—would it were twice as much! the Ring too is much at Mrs Sternes service—as should be every thing I have in the world, rather than I would freely owe the shaddow of an obligation to Her.—You say my dear, in your letter of May 29<sup>th</sup> 1771, dated from Eltham—“I hope my Lydia’s Letter did “not give you pain, perhaps not Pleasure, “but you must make some allowance, “for she loves her Mother, who really is a “good Woman—and even the Proposal “however kind the Intention in having “Lydia live with you, yet the taking from “Mrs Sterne her only Child, and only “Comfort, and taking no notice of the “Mother, was rather ill timed in my Eliza “and threw some difficulties in my way”—Miss Sternes Letter did indeed my dear, give me a great deal of pain—it was such a one, as I by no means deserved, in answer to one wrote in the true spirit of kindness, however it might have been construed.—Mr Sterne had repeatedly told me,

## L E T T E R S

that his Daughter was as well acquainted with my Character, as he was with my appearance—in all his letters, wrote since my leaving England, this Circumstance is much dwelt upon—another too, that of M<sup>r</sup>s Sternes being in too precarious a state of health, to render it probable that she would survive many months—her violence of Temper (indeed James I wish not to recriminate or be severe just now) and the hatefulness of her Character are strongly urged to me, as the Cause of his Indifferent Health, the whole of his Misfortunes, and the Evils that would probably shorten his Life—the Visit M<sup>r</sup>s Sterne meditated some time Antecedent to his Death, he most pathetically lamented, as an adventure that would wound his Peace, and greatly embarrass his Circumstances, the former on account of the Eye Witness He should be, to his Childs Affections having been Alienated from Him by the Artful Misrepresentations of her Mother, under whose Tutorage she had ever been—and the latter, from the kapacity of her Disposition—for well do I know say's He,—“that the sole “Intent of her visit is to plague &

## L E T T E R S

“fleece me—had I money enough, I would  
“buy off this Journey, as I have done sev-  
“eral others—but till my sentimental work  
“is published, I shall not have a single  
“sous more than will Indemnify People  
“for my immediate Expences.” Soon after  
the receipt of this Intelligence I heard of  
Yoricks Death, the very first ship which  
left us afterwards, I wrote to Miss Sterne  
by and with all the freedom which my In-  
timacy with her Father & his Communi-  
cations warranted.—I purposely avoided speak-  
ing of her Mother for I knew nothing to  
her Advantage—and I had heard a great deal  
to the reverse—So circumstanced—, How  
could I with any kind of Delicacy mention  
a Person, who was hateful to my departed  
Friend, when for the sake of that very  
friend—I wished to confer a kindness on his  
Daughter—and to enhance the value of it,  
—solicited her society, & consent to share  
my Prospects, as the highest Favor which  
could be shewn to myself?—indeed I knew  
not, but M<sup>rs</sup> Sterne, from the Description I  
had received of her, might be no more—or  
privately confined, if in Being, owing to a  
Malady, which I’ve been told the Violence

## L E T T E R S

of her temper subjects her to. You my dear, knew nothing of the Ladies at this time—my letter of Invitation was sent before I received your's urging the necessity of their circumstances—and the worthiness of their Characters — but can they be thus worthy, when so ready to take part against a stranger—tho' that Stranger is the friend of a woman they profess to Esteem & admire, & has ever had the Advantage of being described by her in an Amiable light? Non Credo! The Intention, ought in all Causes, my James, to sanctify the Act, where the kindness of the One is visible, and the propriety of the other, nothing worse than doubtful—and so it ever will my dear to benevolent Natures. Miss Sterne, in her letter, tells me—that *her Father did sometimes misrepresent her mother, in order to justify his neglect of her*—I do not think highly of a Daughter, who could compliment a living Parent, however justly at the expence of a Deceased one — but as this was Miss Sternes opinion — she might in common justice to have supposed that M<sup>r</sup>s Sterne had been misrepresented to me, this would have accounted for my silence

## LETTERS

on the subject & clearly evinced that I could not mean any kind of Disrespect to herself or mother by not naming her in my letter of Invitation—indeed my dear —so far from it—that my silence on the subject, as I've hinted before, only proceeded from a Delicacy w'ch is natural to me, when I either wish or men to speak to the affections—I have been strangely deceived in Miss Sternes—or she never could have preverted my sentiments so much as to suppose I did her an Injury, in addressing her as a kindred Spirit, and with all the freedom I could wish to subsist between myself and a sister of my Heart—the circumstance in particular, which you allude to was such as would of itself, have given me some reputation in the Eyes of Discerning and kind Sensibility! consequently it ought not to have obstructed your progress in my favor—nor would it my James—Excuse me—if these Rivals of mine in your friendship had been half as deserving, as your absent Eliza—I cannot account for M<sup>r</sup>s Sterne's pique towards me from that, (as it proved) unfortunate letter—not on any one principle of Goodness, my

## L E T T E R S

dear, can I account for it—for however the Woman might have been displeased, at my supposed slight of her, the Mother I think, must have pleaded well for me, in a kind maternal breast—as she must have been sensible that I meant affectionate services to her Child, however I'd failed in the Punctilo's due to herself, and that fond sensations, in such a Cause, must be lukewarm indeed in that\* could not counteract the effects of Caprice—Reason, she had none, to be angry with me, knowing that my sole knowledge of her was derived from Yoricks Communications—and that such, were not of the favorable sort—I believed Sterne implicitly, I believed him! *I had no Motive to do otherwise than believe him just, generous & unhappy—till his Death gave me to know, that he was tainted with the Vices of Injustice, Meanness & Folly.* Nothing had ever offered to remove my prejudice against the Widows Character—till your assurances made me wish to be divested of it—Why then angry with me for a slight, which had it's foundation in real Propriety when the very Proposal

\* For the meaning of the sentence, substitute *if they* for *in that,*

## L E T T E R S

which Accompanied it, ought to have acted as a sponge on that, and a thousand such trivial offences, if I had been guilty of them? why? me!—why—I'll tell you my Dear—because such Commentations on the beauty of a good Action—are like those Pretenders to science, who viewing a fine Poem, Statue, piece of Architecture, or Painting, have not latitude of mind enough, to comprehend the whole beauty of the Design, but enough of Presumption to censure a Line—a Toe, a Pillar, or single error of the Pencil; if any of these vary in the smallest degree from the Rules of Art—Science may be Taught, and so may good breeding, Taste, Worth and Genius must be innate—to fill the Graceful, whether in Still or Active Life.—A Connoisseur in either, will refer to the *Plan*, in preference to seeking those Minute Blemishes, from w'ch the finest Models are not wholly exempt—and if all is fair, and well proportioned *There*, He with pleasure fixes his Eye on it as the Grand object worthy his Attention, in the way of Praise & Criticisms. And thus, I should have supposed, a Widow & Daughter of the Sentimental Yorick, capable of acting upon every

## LETTERS

occasion, in which it was given them to distinguish sterling merit from the false—for such I call every species of good Breeding, in some Cases, when Generosity, and Delicacy are principally requisite—I would engage, in a twelvemonth, to train any Girl of moderate abilities, to all the necessary Forms, and peculiar Etiquettes of genteel Behaviour—but I would not engage to make her capable of reaching one Generous Thought — 'tis no hard matter, “to dwell in Decency’s forever”—those who find Virtue painful,—have endeavor’d, and succeeded in it — I should not have imagined, that Mrs & Miss Sterne needed to have been told, there were greater Wants, than what result’d from an Ignorance of, or Defect in mere Ceremonies—these have their use, no Doubt—and I can admire them as much as any Body in Dissipated Life, where nothing superior to Amusing the Imagination, is I suppose aimed at tho’ serious consequences do sometimes happen from our frequenting such scenes—but I should form a very queer opinion of a Friend—or Stranger, who had it in their Power to oblige me—Meant to do so—and either tete a tete, or by Letter

## L E T T E R S

—prefaced the Intention with the Flatteries agreeable enough in a Rout Room—any fashionable Circle or Epistle Dedicatory—for there, they are common, and one naturally expects to find 'em. Any species of Civility, I could have exerted towards M<sup>r</sup>s Sterne, in the Crisis you know of, would have been just as *ill-timed*. Complaisance, if not something more hyperbolical—for I certainly entertained a most unfavorable opinion of her—and thought I paid a high Compliment to her Delicacy in forbearing to speak of her at all—as my Imagination suggested nothing good—and to profess a liking or solicitude about Persons, or Things, I am no way interested about—it's what I cannot do, my dear James—Nor do I Honor Those who Can—A few words more, of the Widow & Daughter, and then I hope to have done with the subject—when I think of Miss Sternes reply, to a letter replete with kindness—for such I am sure it was, because such, I meant it should be—and the Mother starting any difficulties to oblige me in a Point I had much at Heart—because I had neglected a mere Ceremony—which in my Case—could have meant just

## LETTERS

nothing at all at the very best—I can, and do pronounce from my very soul—that I think them as unworthy my Friendship—as any two Persons, I know, or ever yet heard of—and it does indeed, wound both my Pride, and Love, that the Woman in Life, I most Value—should bring them into Competition with myself, when she names me as her Friend—her dear Eliza.—I hate Competitions in Love, or Friendship; and am not more Jealous in the one Case, than in the other—but you my dear James, have nothing to apprehend, on the score of this Passion, for it is of that quiet sort which can offend nobody, or prey on anything but my own Peace—I do not love easily—but my Affections once given—and they are irrecoverable, whether treated with the Distinction they Merit or not—I have no Idea of loving any two Friends equally, or indeed with the same species of Affection, *My*, Heart, naturally forms an Election—and would I think—sooner break, than suffer the Preference due to that Choice, to be at all Infringed upon—Esteem—Complacency—it doubtless would ever be susceptible of, where the worthy were to be found; and

## LETTERS

different degrees of these Qualities as the Objects were more or less Amiable—or peculiarly circumstanced — — but one Friend in the Emphatical Sense of the Word—and one Love together with the Relations arising from that union—are I think—sufficient to engross the whole serious affections of any one Woman—and where they do not, they are not the friend or Lover, I could wish to be, or to be thought capable of being for which I give *All*. I think, I think my James—I have a right to expect reciprocal affection—at least nothing less, I am sure would gratify my Pride, or satisfy my Love—but in opinions of this sort—I—perhaps; consult a very improper Standard—tho' a very natural one—in appealing to my own Heart—for that has ever deceived me in the judgment I have formed of other Peoples—still, I must refer to it—for I know of no other Rule and Measure, that is not equally—if not more liable, to mislead me—and I believe it's better to suffer occasionally by the fallibility of what's well known to us—than trust to chance for our Success—by having recourse to foreign Expedients—I blame not a good Man or

## LETTERS

Woman, for having a sincere regard & even Friendship for a bad person for such Things are Possible—for They have been—but I do extremely blame or pity, any Person who having elected another to be the chosen partner of their Heart—can yet suffer a second or third, to dispute the preference & Privileges only due to the First—the Thing could never be, my James—if that one, had been loved with genuine warmth, as well as Distinction—for it is just as natural for us to distinguish between Character, as Faces—no two of which could ever be proved alike—and choice is never I believe neutral in such Cases—it naturally points to the one in preference to the other tho' not always to the best—still there is a necessity for it's choosing for itself for it will not be controul'd, and where that's the case, 'tis wisdom to give it scope—by aiming to direct it only—We may break the force of the Distemper's by eluding them, but in no other way can we restrain it's Powers—I once had a sincere affection for a sweet pretty French Woman—Young, lively, tender, sensible, and happily married—she saw the earnestness I felt to please her—and

## LETTERS

justified my partiality in her favor by disclaiming any Title to it—as her heart was too much engrossed by her Husband, and an Italian Cousin to do justice to the sensibility of Mine—“My dear Eliza—said she—I see you are fondly disposed to like me above any other Person—(this was true)—I feel grateful for this preference for it does me Honor, from a Mind so Ingenuous and capable of Refinement (so she was pleased to say) as Yours—but my dear Girl—I will have nothing more than your Esteem, in common with other agreeable Women, for nothing more, can I give you, of myself—and I should be guilty of the highest injustice, if I encouraged in you a hope, that I could be your Friend, in mine, & your sense of the word—’tis impossible my Eliza—for I have from Infancy, been tenderly attached to a sweet Woman on the other side of the Alps—and my Husband, is almost the Object of my Adoration—These two possess my whole Heart—It has no *room* for other Objects—Esteem, Complacency, Generosity, Humanity & Civility—are qualities the World has a right to—these, I can be-

## LETTERS

stow occasionally; but these constitute not the whole of Friendship, tho' they are absolutely requisite to the Formation of it—Your notions My Dear, are just as Delicate as my Own—Your heart is equally tender—and your first Regards will be a prize to any Person, capable of deserving them; reserve them, my dear, for some amiable woman unfetter'd by what the *World* calls *friends*, or unclogged by sisters, and she will do justice to your Preference—I cannot—for I cannot give you mine, tho' I think you worthy of it—and without a mutual feeling in such Cases no Commerce of the kind, was ever durable or Happy—”I admired Mrs Martaigne, for her Ingenuousness, but I had not the better opinion of her sensibility, or Generosity for haranguing me thus—and so I told her—She always answered my objections, with that kindness and good sense, which were natural to her—but never thought of me I believe with any thing more than a transient emotion of good Will, when I was out of her Presence—this sorely afflicted me, for I would have abandon'd anything understood by the word Diversion, to have been two

## L E T T E R S

Hours in her Company—and I could not bear to think that I should be always desirous of associating with her—without her seeming to think my society either an addition or Dimunition to her satisfaction—I once complain'd of this—and before her husband—with all the *Pathos* I was mistress of. She heard me with the greatest sweetness—and never once Interrupted me, tho' I was more vehement than was reconcilable to good manners—but the Truth was—that I was mortified, at feeling my own Insignificancy before the most Amiable Couple, I knew in the World.—“Where situations in Life are not similar—and minds have the same good Propensities (said the charming Janatone)—there always must be some degree of Doubt and Chagrin in the suffering Party—had you my Eliza, been happily married—tenderly connected with one of your own sex—and enjoyed all the advantages [of] liberal Education, as I have done—You, like me, would have had, your whole stock of affection occupied by two Persons—& then my dear, you had been a happy Woman—for both Martaigne & myself, have a

## L E T T E R S

thousand times remark'd that We never in our Various Wanderings, met with an uncultivated Creature, so much indebted to Nature, for every good affection of the Heart.—Your affections, now my dear, are diffused.—You know not the strength of them—Mine are collected as in a Focus—to make use of a Term of science—and that Circumstance, together with the Happiness of my Destiny in having chosen well—is all the superiority I can boast over you—My Lover (pointing to Martaigne) who is a Philosopher has made human nature his study—can explain to you why it's impossible—that even a good Amiable Woman should do justice to more than the Claims of a Husband Friend, and a female one—the rest of the World—I own to you, my sensible Girl, are nothing to me in comparison of these, but that I have not Penetration enough to see merit in Various Characters—but I certainly have not materials to reward it, in more than my stated number—did the Fancy of doing so occur to me—I must to accomplish it—take from those I am bound to, by every tye of Love, Gratitude & Sympathy—and then I

## LETTERS

might cease to promote the Happiness of those Persons who now constitute the sole Value of mine, (for Lovers & Friends are jealous of Competition, and they are right to be so, as the Principal worth of *their* privileges is derived, from there being *Their* privileges only,) and I will not risque it, why should I? for what? to pursue, and accomplish another Happiness? I am contented with that I possess, and well I may [be]—Merit even, is not always so rewarded—and I have no Idea, of any Felicity on Earth, superior to what I now experience—I have been taught to think—& I truly believe it—that a Woman, however capacious her mind—and Amiable her manners—has but such a Portion of Worth as Enables her to fill the Duties of her Station well—and if her Destiny subjects her to a Worthy Partner in Life, He & his, especially with the Addition of a female Friend, offer scope enough, for the Exertion of all her Talents & good Propensities, be they ever so numerous, and endearing—And it is a Maxim with me, from which I believe, I never shall depart—that where a Married Woman, evinces a desire to please the other

## L E T T E R S

Sex—& professes attachments to many, or more than one Individual of her own—that she has, either been unfortunate in her Choice—or has not those Qualities, which could enable her to fulfill the great Duties, of Love & Friendship fitly & Handsomely.” —How like you, the Sentiments of M<sup>r</sup>s Martaigne my dear James—? Whether it was that her Person & Manner, gave Advantages to Them, or that they really made a Strong Impression on me from the Propriety of Them, I know not; but in my Life, I never felt so strong a Disposition to believe a Woman. She often told me, that she was unworthy the Love of such a heart as mine, because she could not return it—Respect for her Memory & frequent recollections of her Various Excellencies, is now all that remains with me relative to the Lovely Janatone; for she died three years ago—after surviving her Husband about a week and her Friend a twelvemonth—What had such a Woman to do in Life after the survival of her best affections? Unless indeed as an Example to all others, how they should grieve upon such Disastrous Circumstances — — knowing

## L E T T E R S

her, as I did, I was not sorry to hear of her Releasement so soon after the Death of Martaigne—Charming, Happy Couple! I have enthusiasm enough to wish to undertake a Journey into Italy, for the pleasure of Weeping over their Tomb Stone—and think the Sad Luxury, would Administer, more to my Happiness; than half the Pursuits, which the World styles Pleasant—I never shall contemplate, their Like again—Sense, Wit, Literature, All the Manly Accomplishments & Graces, were his!—Beauty, Softness, and every feminine Virtue Hers!—Their Story was Romantic—their Life Pleasant, and their Deaths I doubt not most Happy!—You may have heard me speak of them, before—but never with so much Explicitness—I had my reasons for being reserved on the subject—They were in England when I left it—but quite Incognito—Mr Sterne Introduced me to their Notice—the most Agreeable Service, He ever did me—for till I saw Madame de Martaigne—I never saw the Character, who came up to my Ideas of Female Beauty & Worth—till I knew her Husband—I never conceived it possible for a Man to please a whole Life—

## L E T T E R S

without the least Apprehension of Indifference or Satiety! Excuse this Elogium in their Praise to you my dear James, tho' you knew them not—You would have loved, as much as I admired Them—and joined your Tears with mine, for the Loss of Persons so Amiably distinguished—this subject has such hold of me, that I cannot readily quit it—and therefore I'll indulge the Penserozo Humours, by telling you a couple of little anecdotes, as such matters often give a better Insight into Character, than all the great Outlines—Upon reading Lord Lyttletons Monody, on the Death of his Lucy—she used to wish that Martaigne had wrote, and that she had been the subject—declaring, that to be so lamented—she would consent to dye, and that with Pleasure—Westminster Abbey, was her favorite Scene of Amusement—Contemplation rather—on account of a Monument there inscribed to the Memory of a M<sup>rs</sup> Nightingale, you may have noticed it, as it is a very Singular one, and well Executed—Death is stalking out of a Cavern—Aims his Dart at a Woman—and her Husband Endeavors to repel the Stroke, with an Anxiety and

## L E T T E R S

Terror in his Countenance, more Easy to conceive than describe—Mrs M—— never passed the Abbey *if alone*, but she called to look at this Monument—often went there, from a very distant part of the Town, on no other Errand—and never saw it I believe, but it cost her more Tears, than the deepest wrote Tragedy would have done. She used to say—that Octavia was the first of all female Characters in Ancient History—and that Marc Anthony deserved to lose the World, for his insensibility to the Virtues of such a wife, rather than for attaching himself to a Cleopatra—Prior of all our English Poets, was her Favorite—and his Nut brown Maid, her Theme of Admiration whenever it was named—Solomons Egyptian, was a grand Favorite with her—especially when she returned the Proffer'd Wreath—afterwards, indeed, the Girl talked too much—but altogether, she behaved nobly—now poor Afra, *I* think, was not inferior to her—and deserved a better fate than she met with—read the second book of Priors Solomon my dear, if it is not familiar to you, in order that you may form a judgment of her taste, from the above speci-

## L E T T E R S

men of it—You will find it in the Second Volume of his Works—but I'll give you no more of her Criticisms—for if I was to recollect the whole of them, I should fill a Volume, and the above are sufficient, to give you an Idea of her sensibility and Taste—I know not how other People might be affected by these Traits in a Character—but I know, I cannot think of them, without an Emotion which is pleasing to me, because it flatters me with the notion of some worth, as I cannot foresee other benefit from it, than what arises from the consciousness of a tender sensibility—and that is in Fact—all, in all—tho' the World is too often pleased to Judge otherwise. I thank you my dear, and with all my Heart for the Explicitness you have used as to Betsey's\* situation—she is now I hope at M<sup>r</sup>s Terry's—if you remember my Dear, you recommended this school to me when I was in England—and a twelvemonth ago, I desired M<sup>r</sup>s Whitehill† to remove her from Newington to Kensington—and I shall insist on the Circumstance of her sleeping in an

\* A daughter to the Drapers.

† Probably an aunt to Mrs. Draper.

## L E T T E R S

Airy Room, unincumber'd with scholars, tho' the Price of her Schooling should be greatly rais'd by it—as to having her a Parlour Boarder—I know not what to say My James—as I cannot think more highly of the tall Girls so distinguished than I do of the lesser Misses, en Groupe—in General those Girls are horribly frivolous, or Artful; and I would rather My Darling retained the simplicity of a Child, by associating with those of her own Age only, than acquired any of the knowledge, which Parlour Boarder Maxims too frequently inculcates—for Betsey, if I mistake not, has much observation for her Years, and would soon from the liveliness of her apprehension become a Proficient in all those Flirtations & Flippancies so commonly found in Women Girls—I think, my dear, I cannot consent to her being a Parlour Boarder; the increase of Expence would weigh nothing with me, If I thought it would be for her advantage, but as I do not it certainly has some weight in the Scale of Objection—I shall not only write to M<sup>rs</sup> Whitehill about the Chamber arrangement, but to M<sup>rs</sup> Terry, enclosing it to M<sup>rs</sup> Whitehill, and desiring her to deliver

## L E T T E R S

it or not as she thinks it will add force to her Directions.—I detest Boarding Schools, my James—I know, from having experienced in my own Case, how little of the Useful is to be acquired there & I am truely sensible of the risque a Child runs, of being ruined in Constitution, & forever Corrupted in her Morals in those Siminaries, for in order to secure both the one and the other, every Child it associates with, ought to be of as Amiable Propensities as itself—and can this be expected when there are fifty Children, all descended from different Parents, no one of which may be like the other, in either affections humour or Blood? And who of feeling can be satisfied to trust to Chance for that which is to constitute the Honor & Welfare, or disgrace & misery of a beloved Child? for 'tis Certain, that the Principles inculcated in Youth, and confirmed by Habit, more or less influence all our succeeding Actions—& creates the Portion of praise, or blame which fix's our Character in Life.—I have thought often, and very much on this matter, and the more I ponder it, the more I am convinced in my first

## L E T T E R S

particularly for an Home Education—and this is one of my grand Inducements for pining after a reunion to my Child, for I do think my James, that I am better qualified to be her Instructress than any other human Being—and this, because I am her Mother, and as such infinitely more Interested in her Welfare than any Friend, however cordial can be, for, on her Establishment in Life, do I think to found my own Prospects of a Mild quiet Evening, after a very boistrous Day—as such it must be, if my Autumn, partakes of my Spring, & Summers Nature—& I have no reason to expect otherwise—Miracles having long since ceased to Operate—Consequently, Policy, as well as Maternal Affection induces me to wish the Cultivation of this Plant under my own Eye, as so much, so very much depends on the flourishing of it—for I think James, if this poor Girl, was to prove unhappy, or worthless, that it would weigh me down much sooner than Loads of Accumulated Affliction reserved for myself alone—or Independed [sic] of her fate—for with that, is united the future Chart of mine—if she is deserving & Amiable, I cannot be wholly

## LETTERS

miserable—if the reverse—which, Heaven forbid! Not all the Blessings in Life—can be superior—to[o] Tasteless—to me—for my Ideas of Happiness are so Interwoven with those of her good Destiny, that in Fact, they are one & the same—and nothing more variable, than a Distinction in Terms —this known to M<sup>r</sup> Draper—and most assuredly felt by me with all the Agonies of Doubt and longing Expectation; I do & must wonder—that He refuses the request so often made, that of my going Home & fixing this Object under my own Protection —for Independant of my Health—which really is Very precarious—I live in a manner, so utterly irreconciliable to my own good opinion in the way of Delicacy and in the Public's favorable Eye—that I seriously should wish to leave India, if I had no other motive for it than wishing to change the scene—but when I take into consideration, Betseys Welfare, (w'ch I'm vain enough to think is suffering by my absence from her, tho' I've a high opinion of M<sup>rs</sup> Whitehill altogether)—my present situation—M<sup>r</sup> Drapers extreme Indifference about me—what I may lose as to my

## L E T T E R S

Childs Improvements by not visiting England—and the little use there can be to any Person my continuing Here—I must & do think I am very hardly dealt with—as it can only arise from a notion very Injurious to my Principles—and as such, I can and do feel the Indignity, with all the bitterness of a wounded Spirit—for I have not deserved to be thought ill of—nor am I treated, as if I was—when there's any occasion for the Exertions of my Epistolary talents, or Address—I only say this to you James—what my Thoughts are upon such occasions I will not say, tho' I am confident that no Husband acts the Politic, any more than the Generous part by a Woman—when He at times can descend to solicit her aid—and at others, use her with unmanly violence, lest a notion of her own superiority should induce her, to contemn his Authority—Contemptible Reasoning! I do my James detest those Maxims of Rule, which are founded on Sex alone—and can as heartily despise the Man who has recourse to Them, because He may, from the Accidental Circumstance of his Gender alone.—In Marriage, as, the most serious

## L E T T E R S

of all social Compacts—all people ought I think to determine on living well together, whether seduced into it by Love, or the Prospect of Convenience—at least, I'm moved to Wonder when sensible Individuals don't plan ingenuously & act conformably to it, in every Thing which regards their mutual Interest, for as to separate there's no such Thing between People of Morals & good Judgment, when they are once fated to pass their lives together.— Children—their mutual Interest in having a Home Comfortable, Affectionate, Orderly, a mind at Ease, and Respect abroad—are so many pleasing Links which depend entirely on their own Chain of good Conduct—and these must rivet those propensitys to well doing—w'ch the sensible Practise, when Prudence alone views the reverse of such Picture in a distressful Light—I yesterday heard a story of a married pair, which pleased me greatly, from the sensible singularity of it—tho' I avoided making any comments at the time—A Gentleman in the North of very large fortune—and indolent turn of mind, was extremely desirous of marrying a Woman of such sprightly

## LETTERS

talents, and good Disposition as might rouse his mind from it's usual state of Inactivity, and at the same time, Induce her to be grateful for his preference, and never think of taking advantage of his Supine Humour—this you'll say, might be difficult to accomplish, however as he was perfectly Indifferent as to Money Matters—Very Young & rather Handsome — Many Necessitous Girls endeavor'd to Captivate His Notice—but all in Vain— till a Very smart spirited one, in the Person of a Toad Eater threw out a Bait for Him at a Water drinking Place. He was attracted by her appearance, and had singularity enough to admire her courage, in thinking of a Man worth three thousand a year. They married, and the generality of People Propheciey that Misery wou'd be the Portion of each, as Interest on one side, and Caprice on the other was only supposed to have cemented their union—but the man had great good Judgment, as well as generosity, under the appearance of Much Phlegm, & Indolence—and the Girl, Sense and Gratitude, as well as Wit & Vivacity at will—and they proved a very

## LETTERS

Happy and respectable Couple, without other aides than such as Moderate Affections, and reasonable Dictates, usually supply—but their Sensible Plan of Acting, was in a great measure ascribed to a very serious conversation he had with her the Day after Marriage.—After shewing her his House, his Gardens, making his House-keeper explain to her the different Departments of Servants &c. &c. Economicks—He desired she would oblige Him with her Company in his Library, tête a tête, for a couple of Hours—the Girl was all Amazement—and well she might—for He had never been known to harangue for a Quarter of an hour together in his Life—but she submitted of course & you are to supposed them seated in his Study, each side of a Pembroke Table, if you will, his Hand extended over it to receive Hers—and He Declaiming Thus — “ My Dear Lydia I  
“ observed your su[r]prize, and I wonder not  
“ at it, when I proposed a Conference with  
“ you—You must think it strange—that I,  
“ who never sought to engage your atten-  
“ tion for more than ten minutes together  
“ before, should now solicit it for Hours,

## LETTERS

“ when I’ve a Prospect of engaging it as  
“ often as I choose—but my dear Girl—  
“ lend me your serious attention at present,  
“ & I flatter myself that I never shall be  
“ desirous of it again on the same subject—  
“ as I cannot think my Inclinations once  
“ known, that you will ever act in opposi-  
“ tion to them—You are not to suppose  
“ Lydia, from my Character as to Indo-  
“ lence & Singularity, that I have not the  
“ same Discernment and in many Respects  
“ the same Passions as other men and you  
“ will find perhaps, under this Apparent  
“ Nonchalance one of the steadiest Tem-  
“ pers and most quick sighted observers—  
“ you ever met with in the most brilliant  
“ of your acquaintance—but the Truth is,  
“ my Dear, that I’m of a Very speculative  
“ if not Philosophic Humour—I have in  
“ my heart—a most thorough Contempt for  
“ Pageantry and Ceremony, in almost all  
“ it’s Forms—but I have never yet loved  
“ an human Being well enough to tell  
“ them so—I am satisfied with the recti-  
“ tude of my own Heart, and desire no  
“ other Praises than what results from the  
“ Consciousness of Deserving all good Peo-

## L E T T E R S

“ ples, if the string of my Actions was once  
“ discover’d—but I speak not of this Pecu-  
“ liarity, as any Excellence in my Nature—  
“ it is perhaps the Contrary—as most Good  
“ Persons are taught to admire the Opinions  
“ & Practises of the Public, and they may  
“ be right in doing so—if either the one  
“ or the other are effectual in stimulating  
“ to good Examples—with me they do not  
“ operate in this way—I have no pleasure  
“ in any thing, however well appearing, if  
“ I cannot trace it to the source of good  
“ Moral Principles—I love the study of the  
“ human Kind above all sciences—and in  
“ order to accomplish this, I must have my  
“ own at perfect ease—this an Indifferent  
“ Spectator would imagine no difficult mat-  
“ ter surrounded with affluence, bless’d with  
“ Health and equal Spirits as I am—but  
“ my Dear Girl—in spite of these Advan-  
“ tages—I have not tasted any Permanent  
“ Happiness—My Domesticks leave me,  
“ without intending it, I believe—My  
“ Recreations have pall’d, in spite of my  
“ Philosophy—and Serious Inclinations to  
“ continue them without satiety—for they  
“ have always been such, as my Reason

## L E T T E R S

“ approved—Friendships, I have had, but  
“ they have only been transient ones, owing  
“ to the want of congeniality in my asso-  
“ ciations [and] Feelings, which is requisite  
“ to gratify a taste like mine—the World  
“ mixed too much, in their Regards of  
“ the tenderest sort for me to expect to  
“ keep my Hold, if any Matter of Interest  
“ intervened, and therefore I have been  
“ content, to bear the reproach of fickle-  
“ ness (tho’ a Vice I abhor’d) by relaxing  
“ in my attentions, and by that means fur-  
“ nishing them with an excuse to break off  
“ a Commerce which had nothing better  
“ than Convenience or Love of Dissipation  
“ for its Basis.—Marriage I have ever  
“ thought, the union of all others, best  
“ calculated to promote the Happiness of  
“ a Heart like mine—but I despair’d I  
“ own to you—of meeting with an object  
“ capable of fulfilling her share of it’s  
“ Duties, Agreeable to my sense of the  
“ matter—Address, I’d none—and my for-  
“ tune I rather thought a snare to me, as  
“ I never made a secret of my being indif-  
“ ferent as to that article, if I could but  
“ secure the Woman of my choice—her

## L E T T E R S

“ affections I mean Lydia—that is, that  
“ preference in them, which every man is  
“ entitled to expect, who marries a Woman  
“ of principle unattached to any other man,  
“ and while he preserves his right to them,  
“ by such a portion of kindness and Confi-  
“ dence as assures her, of the same Place  
“ in His—This my dear Girl, I have yet  
“ my Doubts of—as to you—Your Dissi-  
“ pated tho’ Mortifying Manner of Life—  
“ induces me to think, you may have seen  
“ the man you could have prefer’d to my-  
“ self, if you had been at liberty to bestow  
“ your hand where you had chose. (I hope  
“ Lydia shed tears at this place) Your  
“ Embarrassments as to Situation—Your  
“ indifferent Prospects, naturally accounted  
“ for your wishing to attract any Man,  
“ whose Honorable Protection, could insure  
“ you a tolerable Establishment in Life—  
“ Fortune threw me in your way—I saw  
“ your Design and assisted you in it, as I  
“ flattered myself, that I distinguished in  
“ you a disposition to be grateful for any  
“ pecuniary Advantages I could bestow—  
“ this was all I expected, it was almost  
“ all I wished till I could have time &

## L E T T E R S

“ opportunities to convince you, that I  
“ deserved, all that a Woman so circum-  
“ stanced has to give.—And now my  
“ dearest Girl, I will deal very ingenu-  
“ ously with you—I really like you at  
“ present, as much as many women would  
“ wish to be liked—but my affections are  
“ so much controul'd by my Reason—that  
“ I believe I could withdraw them without  
“ any Material Prejudice to my Peace if  
“ you disgusted me by Indifference in your  
“ Carriage towards myself, or the least spe-  
“ cies of Coquetry towards any other Man  
“ whatever—for I think myself entitled to  
“ Mild obligingness at all times, however  
“ singular my Humour, and I would as  
“ soon, my Wife gave her Person to an-  
“ other Man, as her little finger, with the  
“ Idea of a Momentary Preference to my-  
“ self—start not Lydia—nor think yourself  
“ subject to a Jealous Husband—for such I  
“ neither am, or ever can be—but I *am*  
“ Nice—so nice, that I could much sooner  
“ forgive your want of love for me, than  
“ your want of Delicacy, in any of the  
“ Punctilio's, which are not only peculiar  
“ to the Femenine Character, but highly

## L E T T E R S

“ graceful in it when properly maintain’d.  
“ My dear Girl—I mean to deal quite upon  
“ the Square with you, My Prudence will  
“ occasionally restrain your lively Powers—  
“ and those will constitute my Happiness,  
“ judiciously exerted—for nothing but your-  
“ self that I know of—has a chance of the  
“ Power, to make me animated or even  
“ visibly chearful — We shall be mut[u]ally  
“ assisting & obliged to each other—I wish  
“ to banish the Word Obedience from our  
“ Compact—and to substitute that of *We*  
“ for the letter *I* & *Word You*—I will  
“ never arrogate on the score of Masculine  
“ Prerogative—I am ashamed of those Men,  
“ who have recourse to it, when they have  
“ a sensible mild companion to deal with,  
“ & do not you my Lydia, ever mistake,  
“ your real Interest so much as to be in-  
“ duced to take advantages of the Easiness  
“ of my nature. You may, I tell you, you  
“ may, succeed in many Points by attempt-  
“ ing it, for I cannot contend with those  
“ who are even Indifferent to me, but my  
“ Dear, you would by such means injure  
“ my opinion of your Generosity—& this  
“ would pave the way to various uneasi-

## L E T T E R S

“ ness’s with the Woman I loved—We  
“ must in that case part, for I would owe  
“ nothing, but to her Love, Gratitude, or  
“ kindness—the Tye of Duty without these  
“ —is to me, a mere cobweb—tell me your  
“ Thoughts, on every subject, as they arise  
“ my Lydia—& I will either conform to  
“ them, or satisfy your reason by giving  
“ the preference to my Own; our joint  
“ Stock of Wisdom is the Property of one  
“ or both as one or both as either may  
“ happen to have occasion for more than  
“ their immediate supplies—let us use it as  
“ such, my Lydia—and never think of valu-  
“ ing ourselves occasionally, more than each  
“ other, for this, or that advantage—when  
“ all our good Qualities ought to be in  
“ common to both, and so they must, if  
“ we mean to promote each others Happi-  
“ ness, on a principle of Love, Wisdom, or  
“ mere Policy for there’s no such Thing, in  
“ Fact, as a separate Interest in Marriage,  
“ between Persons of Reflection—or good  
“ Morals—they must each, occasionally,  
“ advance their whole Quota of Worth, in  
“ order to please or assist the other, if they  
“ wish to live Peaceably or be Respected—

## L E T T E R S

“ and this every thinking Man & Woman  
“ must wish—My dearest Lydia, would you  
“ gain my soul, & reign for ever the Mis-  
“ tress of it, do not tease me with Menial  
“ Adventures—never let me hear your voice  
“ rais’d or see a frown lowering on your  
“ Brow—these requests complied with on  
“ your Part—I will engage to second all  
“ your Wishes, while you seem desirous of  
“ promoting mine—and I doubt not but we  
“ may years hence be cited as Examples of  
“ Conjugal Felicity, when those whose Union  
“ commenced in Transport, have long, ex-  
“ hausted, all their stock of Tenderness—  
“ for you my dear, have Wit, Spirit, sense  
“ enough; and a Devotion to Elegant Clean-  
“ liness—I, prudence, tenderness, and easy  
“ Temper to please—and a real Inclination  
“ to love you better, than I now do, every  
“ Day of my Life—perfect this wish my  
“ Lydia—it is in your Power to do it—as  
“ I doubt your Capacity in Nothing which  
“ is congenial to your Will.”—Was not  
this a sensible Harangue my dear James?  
I swear to you, that to see a Plan of this  
sort seems a thousand times better calcu-  
lated to promote Harmony in Life, than all

## L E T T E R S

the Reserves, Distances, and Authorities, which men of noted Pride or Wisdom can have recourse to; for there is that, in the Mind of a Principled Woman, which makes her fond of unlimited confidences, it speaks to her affections, and I verily believe there never yet, was that good Character, who abused them; Men of sense, should never insinuate to a Wife, that they have not a very high opinion of her Generosity—as it is the first step, to a good Minds being careless and a degenerate One's throwing off the Mask—for many a Woman has been complimented into good Behaviour, upon trying occasions when Temptations foible—and many a one, lost to a sense of greatness, from depriving her of the Rewards due to Worth, and by that means destroying the Principle of Self Complacency, which in Some Minds, must be encouraged to be durable—for such is our Machinery, my dear James, that we are all actuated by Praise, more or less, consequently more Mechanical in our Thoughts & Actions than Pride or Knowledge, will sometimes admit of from not being conscious perhaps of the necessity of that

## LETTERS

stimulus in their own Case, which is absolutely requisite to some natures, to impel them to any thing of the Noble, and good Kind.—After telling you that Mr & Mrs Fenton, experienced the good effects of coming to an Ecclaircissement, and having a real dependance on the Generosity & good sense of each other, it may be unnecessary to add perhaps, that they became the esteem, & admiration of their neighbourhood; still I tell you of it, because it's pleasant to dwell on such subjects, & not to leave a doubt on the mind of those who contemplate them with satisfaction, as every judge of real merit must, from their own fund of Natural Benevolence—Mr Fenton, from a Man distinguished for his Indifference and Taciturnity—became as remarkable for his Even Clearfulness, and social Humour — Lydia lost nothing of her Sprightly Talents, by making many of his Maxims, her own—and added to the reputation of being a most agreeable Woman, that of being as respectable, as lively. A numerous offspring, together with the Habit of acting in Concert upon all occasions, has so rivited their affections, & Principles, that

## L E T T E R S

a description of their manners has rather the air of a romantic Fiction, than any thing which exists in real Life—consequently the truest reflection, and at the same time the bitterest satyr, which can be made on the present system of Wedlock is, that to think & act as they do, will be the ready means, of making a Couple pass for Romantic.—Sincerity, Constancy, Generosity, and tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that People of Mode imagine them to be out of Nature. I borrow this Thought from a letter in Swifts Collection—it is, There applied to Friendship, I remember, and as the Passage struck me, I will endeavor to give you the whole of it, I quote from Memory. “We meet, with few Friends: the greatest part of those, who, pass for such, are properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintances; and no Wonder, since Tully’s Maxim is certainly true, that Friendship can subsist non nisi inter bonus [*sic*], at that age of Life, when there is balm in the Blood, and that Confidence in the Mind, which the innocence of our own heart inspires, and the Experience of other People’s destroys. I

## L E T T E R S

was apt to confound my Acquaintance & my friends together. I never doubted but I had a numerous Cohort of the Latter.—but the fire of Adversity has purged the mass of my Acquaintances, and the separation made, I discover on one side, a handful of friends; but on the other, a Legion of Enemies, at least of strangers.—Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me some amends. I have found less Resource in other People, and more in myself, than I expected.” Have you formed an Acquaintance with my dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Stratton, James? I hope you have, because I think her Mind of that Cast, which must inevitably please you when once known—her reserve is imputed to be as a foible in this part of the world, by superficial observers—but to me, it speaks an Additional Charm in her Character—As I love those Dispositions, which do not unfold themselves to all alike, but reserve for a few, a distinguished Few! their Ingenuousness and pleasing Powers—Such Persons, never attract the Notice of the World in a great Measure, but they generally make the steadiest Friends and kindest support in

## L E T T E R S

every serious relation of Life.—and this once known, We must feel a Superior degree of esteem for Them—As the very Indifference which displeases mere Acquaintance, is a tacit acknowledgement of their sincerity when they profess to like any Individual; and in fact, a very high Compliment to the Person so noticed; as We may observe, that Reserve and, Indifference immediately give Place, to Ingenuous Communications, and a desire to please, when once they profess to regard any body with real affection—I own to you, I greatly admire those Characters, who can hold general applause so cheap, as never to think of trying for it—a wariness to prevent Censure, every delicate mind must practise—but any thing farther from the World than mere Indifference or silence, seems not to be the aim, of these rightly formed Creatures, and truely, when one sees the Scandal, Malice, & Detraction, which Vivacity Address—and the Desire of pleasing, Subjects People of Brilliant Talents to—there's nothing methinks very enviable, in their Powers—especially if they are not (as I've heard is the case) so well qualified to discharge the softer Engagements of

## L E T T E R S

Society, as the undisplaying Tempers of a sombre hue.—If you observe, throughout your whole acquaintance my dear James—I dare say you'll find—that the most serious, & quiet natures, attach Husbands, Lovers, friends, & children to them much more strongly than the Gay Agreeables do—and this might be easily accounted for.—I dare say too—that Minds of such a Cast are much more capable of any thing Great, and worthy of Record, than the Vivacious fair ones—for it is the Curse of these to fail in exciting esteem—tho' they often Charm—and seldom fail to amuse—but such is the degeneracy of the Times, that a Woman must have deep Reflection indeed, who, unassisted by Excellent Advisers can rise superior to the Amiable Triflers Character—As Men of almost all Denominations prefer it to that of any other species—and no Wonder—for where Marriage is made subservient to a wretch'd plan'd system of Convenience, Men Doubtless, will often find their Home a seat of Irksomeness; and fly to any thing, or any body, who can divest them of Thinking—'tis then, that the agreeable Trifler, feels her

## LETTERS

own Importance—and judges, that it ought to be, the summit of female Perfection, because it often pleases when Sense, Birth & Prudence, fail to attach or Amuse; not considering, poor Thing, that it's Merit, is principally founded, on the Defects of the other Sex—for if Men were Wise, at all times they would always Act from Principle—consequently only be amused by the Trifling, and give their serious attachments to the seriously Deserving—but this can never be till Marriage becomes an affair of the Heart, as till then, Men never can be satisfied to ponder & reflect on the spring of their own actions with impartiality, that is if they have any remain of sensibility in them—for so true a reverence has every one for himself, when He comes clearly to appear before his Close Companion Conscience; that He had rather profess the Vilest Things of himself in Company, than hear his Character privately from his own mouth. So that we may from hence conclude, That the chief Interest of Ambition, Avarice, Corruption, and every sly, insinuating Vice, is to prevent this Intimacy, and familiarity of Discourse which is consequent

## L E T T E R S

upon close Retirement, and inward Recess.—and to avoid it—the Man, or Woman, of frailty, will ever seek Dissipation in all its forms, till that even becomes toilsome as the severest Manuel Labour—I never had so high an Idea of the Recluse Character as I have at Present, nor so contemptable a one of the frivolous—as I cannot help thinking that the former must be conscious of his own superiority in every thing which regards the Heart, or He never could submit to live without those aids which society furnishes—and as to the latter, He could not be insensible enough, to make a toil of Diversion (the Wise intention of which was to unbend the Mind only) if He had that Credit with himself which enables a Man to question his own Heart, without any fear of it's Reproofs on the score of Vice—Here's—Morality for you my dear James—but I hope it will not displease you—as I cannot help thinking it confirms my own good Resolutions, when I thus, give forth—a voice to it's Dictates either in writing or Discourse——I shall strenuously urge Mr Draper to let me return to England next year—that is about January next at farthest

## LETTERS

—As he always promised—that I should be with my Girl, by the time she was twelve years old, whether He was desirous, or ready to quit India, by that time, or not—in October next, she will be eleven—& I hope—I hope! Mr Draper will not forfeit his Word to me—his Prospects, as to the Broach Affair will be then settled—and his fortune is so easy, that He may without prejudice to it, allow me four or five hundred a year, I desire no more—my Residence of Choice, would be in some one of the Villages near Town, as I mean to have Eliza entirely with me—& must be near the Metropolis on account of the necessary Masters for her Instruction—otherwise I should have to fix at some distance from London—as I know, the Self Denial requisite to avoid Participation in Gay Scenes, is by no means a pleasing Sensation, tho' a very necessary one, to Persons of greater taste than affluence—and I would at any time rather avoid Temptation, than be obliged to resist it (which I must do—if seated in the midst of it)—as I have no Idea that my Philosophy is of that Invulnerable sort, that may safely defye all out-

## L E T T E R S

ward attacks, without the least risk of endangering it. The Parthian Discipline, to fight Flying is the properst Method of Defence a Woman can make when Danger or Temptations assail her Courage—but to guard against their approaches is still better Policy, as well as more Amiable—because it evinces Wisdom & Modesty too—both highly praiseworthy in the Female Character—and reflective of Light upon each other—when gracefully exerted—I am as sensible, as yourself, my dear, of the necessity there may be for my being in England before Betsey is much older—I can, and will speak plainer than you have done—as a proof of which I now tell you, that I do not think M<sup>r</sup>s Whitehills at all a proper Protection for Betsey—in the first Place, because she has never been a Parent herself—in the next, because Misfortunes in the Early part of her Life, when her Affections were warm, and Expectations high, have given, to a mind naturally active & Chearful—both an Indolent, & reserved Cast—the former disqualifies her, for attending to the Minutiæ in a Childs Education, and the latter for encouraging, that

## L E T T E R S

species of Communicativeness, which is the Cement of Affection between a Child and it's Monitress—I have another objection to Mr<sup>s</sup> Whitehills Patronage—which may seem at first, to have an ungenerous sound—but I mean nothing illiteral by it—and that is, her narrow Circumstances — — Betsey has a chance for living Elegantly, and I am afraid from the natural bent of her mind that if she is suddenly translated from one extreme of Life to another, she may be apt to forget her obligations to Mr<sup>s</sup> Whitehill, and regulate her opinion of her, by her situation—this is but too natural, to Girls of lively Propensities, especially if they are taught to look forward to the luxuries, as to a real Good—and all Preceptors, & Preceptress's teach this, more or less, for what else can be implied, by their servile Attention to Parents and Persons of Wealth—however Denominated, as to Character. A conduct of the above sort, in Betsey, to Mr<sup>s</sup> Whitehill, would indeed distress me exceedingly; & well I know, it would to the Soul, mortify that sensible Woman—for she has all those finer Sensibilities, w'ch Affliction & Pecuniary Embarrassments,

## L E T T E R S

rather gives a sharper edge to, than blunts by the trial of perverse Accidents—and for this reason—Independent of my Wishes on her own Account, I do most seriously wish, that her situation in Life had been perfectly easy—Children, in general—have amazing Powers as to observation & memory—Betsey, I am confident, possesses these—& they may enable her to retain as to matters in which I had rather she was perfectly ignorant. Had Mrs Whitehill been a Mother—had her fortune been affluent, and her tenderness of Heart a little more Conspicuous—I know not the Woman who could have been more capable of forming the Minds of Young People, for she has great Good Sense, Generosity of Temper, a Mind Naturally Clearful, & prone to make every thing it's own with the assistance of very little Application, then she reads, writes, speakes, not only correctly but gracefully, these are all Important Advantages. I can & do feel the weight of them, & shall for ever think my self obliged for Her—unsolicited offer to take Charge of the Children—I should have loved her better perhaps, if I had thought it proceeded from a Principle of

## L E T T E R S

Affection to myself rather than Generosity—but this is foolish to say—or think—as We certainly can rely more securely on those Qualities which are implanted in the breast by nature herself & confirmed by Choice & Habit, than on those partial Affections, which Caprice, Absence, Time, or Chance Eradicate. 'Tis certain that I in my Life, could never be induced to Unbend my whole soul in the Presence of Mr<sup>s</sup> Whitehill—there was a consent of Minds, a something wanting, which enables the playful sincere Heart, to disclose it's follies, it's Wishes, with the genuine warmth of kind Simplicity, and without the suspicion of being any way a sufferer, by the frank disclosure. Betsey's Temper, partakes much of the nature of my own, & if her observation is of the same stamp—she will have her Reserves to Mr<sup>s</sup> Whitehill, & this will inculcate an artifice which is at all times hateful, and more particularly so in the Girlish Character—which ought to be composed of frankness, Generosity, and all the mild Attributes, suitable to the Age of Innocence.—Oh my dear James! what an important Task is it to train a young mind

## L E T T E R S

properly to all the Duties of Society! and yet how shamefully is it neglected by Guardians—Teachers, and even by Parents themselves! and for what is it too often Neglected? even for some sorry purpose of dirty interest—or more contemptible one, of Thoughtless Dissipation—the first ought ever to be subservient to our childrens Welfare—instead of taking place of it—as a primary Consideration, and the last can only amuse for a While, at best, and yet to pursue these Ideal Satisfactions—we too, too often, neglect a permanent Good—in leaving to the blind guidance of Chance, a study, which if properly cultivated, might be the source of all our Pleasures—when Age & Decency urges the Propriety of making way for Younger Actors in the busy Scenes of Life's Stage.—I know not a more disgraceful Picture of human nature—than that of Old People frequenting the paths assigned to Youth—& folly—or a more delightful survey to the Intelligent Mind, than that of Age, retiring to the Sequester'd Valley, beloved by it's Offspring, Honor'd by it's Dependants—and Reverenced by All—But this can only, with

## LETTERS

reason be expected, when in Youth—We give up something to the Claims of our Children. Our *Time*, I must ever think of as their lawful Property—this once Devoted to them, & judiciously arranged for the Purpose of Solid Improvements — They must be a Blessing to us—if Nature has not forgot indeed or much erred, in the Execution of her part.—I do declare to you my friend, that when I am once settled in England — Betsey shall be as inseparable from me, as my Right Hand is from my left.—I am astonished at the Reasoning of those Parents, who can imagine that a Venal person will do justice to their Children for the sake of a Pecuniary Reward; when they themselves, betray an unwillingness to forming their Principles, and Manners by the resignation of Time, or the sacrifice of what's call'd Diversions. I have no Idea, but a Girl must improve a thousand times more, under the Tutorage of a Prudent Mother, than from the Documents of the most sensible & accomplished Governess whatever.—A Boarding School, may be a very proper seminary for an Actress—as there she may learn to lisp

## L E T T E R S

before a numerous audience—and to lose that Bashfulness so prejudicial to the Cares of Fame, in the way of Public Excellence—but for a Child, who is to aspire no higher, than to the Character of a private Gentle Woman, it is I think, the very worst Nursery she can possibly be fixed in—so thinking, do you not pity me James, when you connect the Idea of Betseys situation with this plain assurance? take into the account too, my Dear, that all my Prospects of Worldly Happiness are dependant on the Rectitude, Manners & Establishment of this beloved Child—Think of my being obliged to submit all these Important Concerns to Chance, and that for no better Reason, than to remain an useless Spectator in a detestable Country, where my Health is declining, my Mind tortured by the Sacrifice of my own just Wishes—to a most illiberal species of Reasoning, founded on Caprice—and then my Dear Woman, You will but do justice to my sorrow—if you think, and pronounce—that of all Beings the most worthy your Compassion at present is your unfortunate Friend—your almost, broken Hearted Eliza.——————

## L E T T E R S

I am indeed—Unhappy! I think, superlatively so!—but I will try to divest myself of this Notion,—as, with Nerves like Mine, it might accelerate a Fate, I wish to avoid, for the sake of my Dearer self—for Betsey, would never get such another Monitress—as I am Qualified to be to her—My Disappointments—real Afflictions, & Natural turn of Mind—all have added to a tenderness for her, which ever, I think, was fondly maternal—and encouraged me, to stake my last Chance for Happiness on her Head—May Heaven crown my pleased Hopes with Success, and I think I shall not repine at whatever else, it's Providence imposes.—I am going to some Warm Springs of the same quality nearly, as the Bath Waters—a Bilious Complaint, obliges me to this Expedition—I wish it did not—for a change of scene here, is attended with great fatigue, as well as an immoderate Expence—owing to the necessity of our carrying, Tents, Equipage, and every Household Convenience along with us—I shall be absent only a Month—and yet my Expences in that time, in spite of economy, will amount to as great a sum, as would defray the

## L E T T E R S

Charges of a Voyage to England. Would to God! the money was to be so appropriated in preference to my Laving, and Commencing “Phthisical Nymph of the Fountain.”—but it will not be—and I must endeavor to rest satisfied, till next year—I sometimes think, my dear James—that our present Differences Here, may induce the Directors to send us a Governor from England, in preference to appointing any of the Gentlemen Here to succeed—in which Case, your Commodore I suppose has a Chance of succeeding to the Chair, if he chooses to Exert his Interest, to obtain it—I own to you, in that Case my dear, that my wishes for seeing you accompany Him are not very sanguine—the Climate—the Society—are dreadful Taxations, on the Mind as well as Body’s Health—and I wish you to preserve yours, serene, and Clearful, as long as you live, and to a good old age, without any of those Rubs of Disturbances—ill Health, & worse spirits usually Creates.—Your little Maiden too—how would you dispose of her? I like not your bringing her with you, nor yet the Idea of your seperating from her for years

## L E T T E R S

together—James, I think, is rather attached to this Country, see, an Instance, of the force of Habit, in this—for absolutely, it is not, not otherwise to be justified on any one Principle of Sound Reasoning—or Agreeable Caprice for there never was a greater Dearth, of every thing which could charm the Heart—please the Fancy, or speak to the Judgment, than what reigns in Bombay, nor Wit, Beauty, Sense, Merit, have We—nor yet Taste—Humour, Amusements—Social Converse—and as to Worth in it's different Species; of Honor, Character—benevolence, Industry—and what is Emphatically meant, by Superior Abilities—We either are too ignorant to know the real Estimation of Them—or so far degenerate, as to laugh at their ascribed Powers, when any selfish Purpose can be gratified, by the Derision of Them—Such are the People I associate with, & such must be your Fate, my dear Woman, if you visit this Country—Happy for you—that your Mind is formed, & has that natural Biass to Goodness, which cannot now be perverted, by the Maxims, & Examples of a wretched Community—I wish you my dear

## L E T T E R S

Friend, all the Happiness, you can possibly wish yourself, and therefore I never wish to see you in India.—Indeed you do me but justice in thinking that my Regard for your little Treasure must equal the tenderness you shew towards mine, for 'tis certain that I am just as sincere in wishing her Welfare, as I am in wishing that of Betseys—and I flatter myself, dear James, that these Young Plants of ours will not Emulate us more in anything else, than they will in the affection they bear to each other—for it would be a source of joy to me, to see them capable of a lively friendship, and each considering the other as a second self—for which purpose, I would endeavor to instill into the mind of Eliza, how very superior the pleasure of obliging is, to that of gratifying any Inclination which has self, only, or even principally, for it's object.—as I'm confident such a mode of thinking must lead to the attainment of every social Virtue, and diffuse a Complacency throughout the whole manner which would please every Sensible Observer, and insure heartfelt peace to the Possesser of it—if any Acquisition in nature can effect so desired a Purpose. I

## L E T T E R S

could wish my dear—when your little Maiden begins to handle the Pen, that a Correspondence might be commenced between her and Betsey, as an Intercourse of this kind between young People is often promotive of the most endearing offices, & might be made highly conducive to their reciprocal Improvement in various ways, as well as lead to Perfection in an Art, which certainly is a valuable accomplishment in Young Women—for nothing expands the Mind, and gives advantages to style, more, than the early Practise of familiar letter writing—for which Purpose, I would endeavor to make it agreeable to them, by suffering them to carry it on without the least Restraint—as it is not to be imagined how quick the Progress of Improvement frequently is in such Cases—both our Girls, seem to have lively Talents—here's a fine field for the Display of them—and their Ignorance, their Innocense rather, renders it impossible that they should be the means of Injuring each other—no matter if they spell incorrectly and scribble nothing but nonsense—their doing even this, will pave the way to their acquitting themselves better—

## L E T T E R S

and there is to young as well as old, a joy in giving way to the dictates of fancy only, when they imagine that none superior to themselves will pass judgment on the Performance, and for this Reason my James—I would not attempt, or wish to make them think that I had any desire to view their Epistles.—but this my Friend, I submit entirely to you—What a letter have I wrote, and how I have wrote it, but no matter, if you can but read it, for it is too long to write over again—and indeed if it was not, I am not fond of the practise of copying—it looks as if we wrote for applause, or were afraid to entrust our friends with our first Thoughts, which certainly, are in general the best Picture of our Minds—for tho' after Reflection, may enable us to improve the Drapery by heightening the Colouring, it's a great Doubt with me if we ever improve the likeness by attempting to give grace to the Features, and quere whether we can be satisfied to embellish some parts of a Portrait, without endeavoring to do as much by the whole, when the Pencil is once in our hands, and the fancy of improving very strong upon us—therefore I

## L E T T E R S

deem it more fair to give the first sketch, whether of the rude or elegant sort, when we mean to convey an Idea of Truth, to our Friends, or People of real Taste—For such will always make kinder allowances for an Artist, than He in Modesty could make for Himself. Adieu! my beloved Friend! I wish you Health, and a large Portion of everything that's desirable—Remember me most kindly to your Husband. I will write to him by this opportunity if I have time—I now enclose you a Duplicate & Triplicate, of Bills I have sent you before for the use of the Sternes—by Capt<sup>t</sup> Taylor you would receive some Trifles from me. Adieu! Adieu! I ever am most sincerely Yours—with the tenderest affection.

E. DRAPER.

## LETTERS

TO MRS. ELIZA MIHILL.

Bombay. Marine House,  
January 14, 1773.

MY DEAR BETTY.—

THIS may be the last hour I may have it in my power to write or do anything of use for the benefit of you my faithful servant and dear friend ; for in the latter capacity, indeed, I've rather wished ever to consider you, therefore let me dedicate it as properly as the peculiarity of my situation will admit. When Mr. Horsley went to England I consigned some few jewels to him, the amount of which would be about £500 or £600, and which I ever intended for you in case I could not induce Mr. Draper to make you a present exceeding it, and more suited to my wishes. Accept it, my dear woman, as the best token in my power, expressive of my good-will to you. Do not hesitate from any point of delicacy or principle to Mr. Draper :—I am as inca-

## LETTERS

pable of taking mean pecuniary advantages, as the most moral persons breathing can be. This little fund, by right, is my due; it is what results from the sale of my ornaments, little perquisites due to me as a woman, and which he never would have possessed had I not received them; nor will they be *his* if you decline having them—that is the worth of them. Take it then, Betty, without any scruple of conscience. The enclosed is an order on Mr. Horsley for the delivery of it to you. You will, perhaps, see England before me. God bless you, my dear woman! Visit my child sometimes, and speak kindly to her of her mother. My heart is full. The next twenty-four hours will, in all probability, either destine me to the grave or a life of reproach,—shocking alternative, but I will endeavour to bear my fate, so as to assure my own heart. I had deserved a better, if chance had not counteracted the good propensities assigned me by nature. God give you health and a peaceable establishment in England, my dear woman.

Adieu,

ELIZA DRAPER.

## LETTERS

TO GEO. HORSLEY ESQ.

January 14, 1773.

DEAR HORSLEY,—

IF you knew the misery and compunction with which I addressed this note to you, you would, in spite of reason and justice, think me entitled to some degree of pity, though I am lost, for ever lost, to every claim which could entitle me to your esteem. This hour is my own, but whether the next may produce my death or destruction, or whatever else, heaven only knows. I dedicate it as one act of just benevolence, by requesting you to pay to Betty Mihill, or her order, the sum of money which may have resulted from the sale of my diamond rings, be it what it will. Adieu Horsley! God restore you to health, and the enjoyment of yourself.

ELIZA DRAPER.

## L E T T E R S

### TO DANIEL DRAPER.

[January 14, 1773.]

IF you knew, Draper, with what anguish I accosted you at present, I think, and cannot help thinking it, that the severity of justice should give place to the sentiment of compassion, in a farewell letter—I will not recriminate—I would even be all in fault, if that might serve to alleviate the disgrace inflicted on my husband, by my elopement from him, but, Draper, be candid, I beseech you, as you sometimes can be, when it makes against yourself to be so, and then think, if you have not a great deal to reproach yourself for, in this late affair—if you can say you have not, I must, I fear, be miserable, as my sole prospect of happiness is derived from the idea that your own consciousness will befriend me in this particular instance, and if it does, let it operate so as to prevent your pursuing me in a vindictive manner. I speak in the

## L E T T E R S

singular number, because I would not wound you by the mention of a name that I know must be displeasing to you; but, Draper, believe me for once, when I solemnly assure you, that it is you only who have driven me to serious Extremities. But from the conversation on Monday last he had nothing to hope, or you to fear. Lost to reputation, and all hopes of living with my dearest girl on peaceable or creditable terms, urged by a despair of gaining any one point with you, and resenting, strongly resenting, I own it your avowed preference of Leeds to myself, I *myself* Proposed the scheme of leaving you thus abruptly. Forgive me, Draper, if its accomplishment has excited anguish; but if pride is only wounded by the measure, sacrifice that I beseech you to the sentiment of humanity, as indeed you may, and may be amply revenged in the compunction I shall feel to the hour of my death, for a conduct that will so utterly disgrace me with all I love, and do not let this confirm the prejudice imbibed by Leeds's tale, as I swear to you *that was false*, though my present mode of acting may rather seem the consequence

## L E T T E R S

of it than of a more recent event. Oh! that prejudice had not been deaf to the reasonable requests of a wounded spirit, or that you, Draper could have read my very soul, as undisguisedly, as sensibility and innocence must ever wish to be read! But this is, too, like recrimination which I would wish to avoid. I can only say in my justification, Draper, that if you imagine I plume myself on the Success of my scheme, you do me a great wrong. My heart bleeds for what I suppose may possibly be the sufferings of yours, though too surely had you loved, all this could never have been. My head is too much disturbed to write with any degree of connection. No matter, for if your own mind does not suggest palliatives, all I can say will be of little avail. I go, I know not whither, but I will never be a tax on you, Draper. Indeed, I will not, and do not suspect me of being capable of adding to my portion of infamy. I am not a hardened or depraved creature—I never will be so. The enclosed are the only bills owing that I know of, except about six rupees to Doojee, the shoemaker. I have never meant to load myself with many

## L E T T E R S

spoils to your prejudice, but a moderate provision of linen has obliged me to secure part of what was mine, to obviate some very mortifying difficulties. The pearls and silk cloathes are not in the least diminished. Betty's picture, of all the ornaments, is the only one I have ventured to make mine. I presume not to recommend any of the persons to you who were immediately officiating about me; but this I conjure you to believe as strictly true, that not one of them or any living soul in the Marine House or Mazagon, was at all privy to my scheme, either directly or indirectly, nor do I believe that any one of them had the smallest suspicion of the matter; unless the too evident Concern occasioned by my present conflict induced them to think Something extraordinary was in agitation. O! Draper! a word, a look, sympathetick of regret on Tuesday or Wednesday would have saved me the perilous adventure, and such a portion of remorse as would be sufficient to fill up the longer life. I reiterate my request that vindictive measures may not be pursued. Leave me to my fate I conjure you, Draper, and in doing this you

## L E T T E R S

will leave me to misery inexpressible, for you are not to think, that I am either satisfied with myself or my prospects, though the latter are entirely my own seeking. God bless you, may health and prosperity be yours, and happiness too, as I doubt not but it will, if you suffer your resentments to be subdued by the aid of true and reasonable reflections. Do not let that false idea of my triumphing induce you to acts of vengeance I implore you, Draper, for indeed that can never be, nor am I capable of bearing you the least ill-will; or treating your name or memory with irreverence, now that I have released myself from your dominion. Suffer me but to be unmolested, and I will engage to steer through life with some degree of approbation, if not respect. Adieu! again Mr. Draper, and be assured I have told you nothing but the truth, however it may clash with yours and the general opinion.

ELIZA DRAPER.

## L E T T E R S

### TO MR. WILKES.

Sunday Afternoon, Mar. 22, [1775?]

I THANK you for the French volume, Mr. Wilkes, and I really feel myself obliged for the English pages; tho' the Eulogium which accompanied them makes me half afraid of indulging in something which I presume to call taste for the pleasure of wit and conversation, as there is nothing which I ought to be more apprehensive of than Praise from distinguished persons because it ever has had too powerful an effect on my imagination to render me capable of aspiring to merit in capital instances. I say not this with a view to disqualify and extort refinements in flattery, but from such a consciousness of my own imbecility as makes me very serious when reduced to the necessity of self-examination. If, therefore, you have the generosity which I take you to have, you

## L E T T E R S

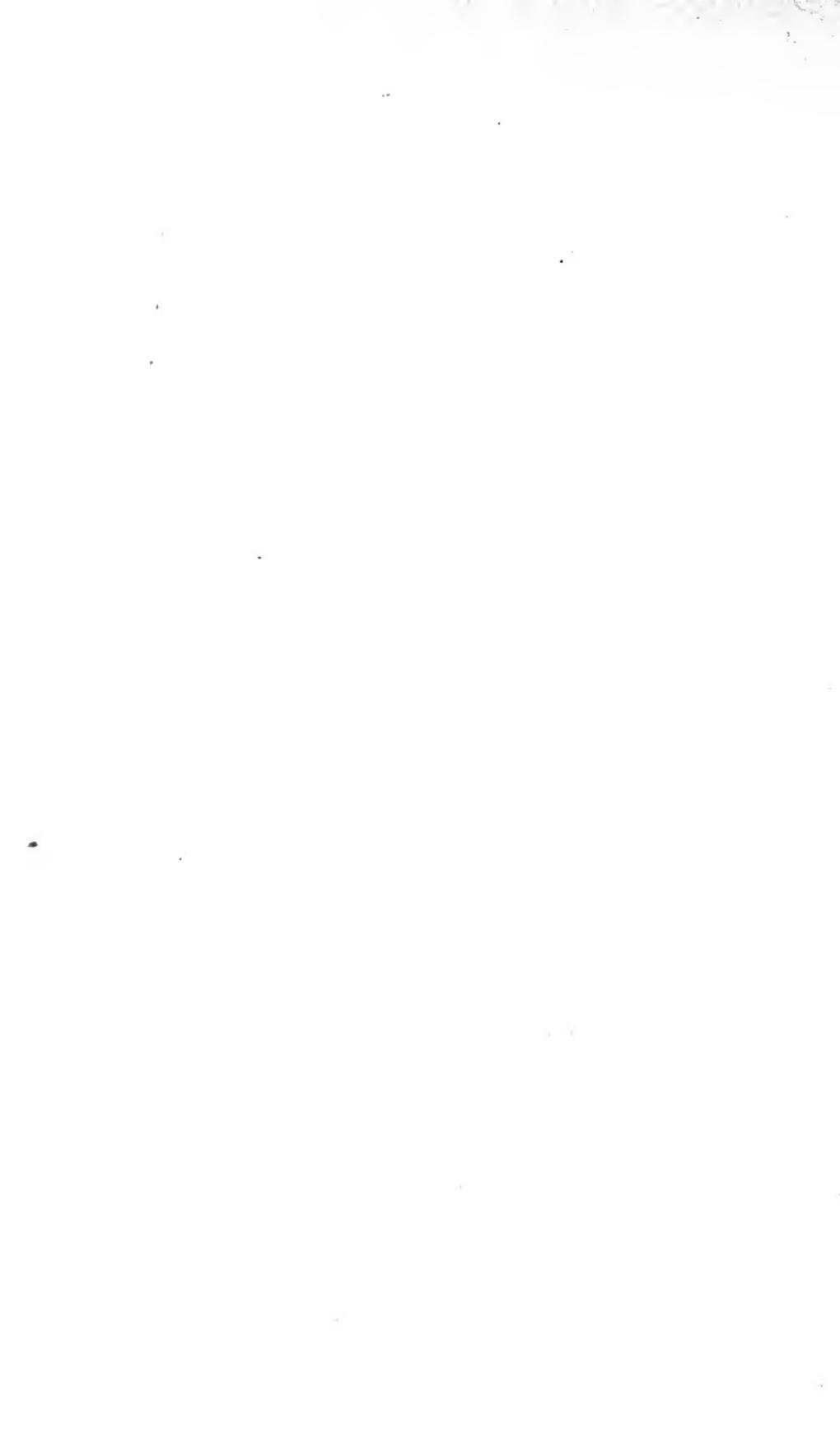
will rather endeavour to correct my *foiblesse* than to add to it by your encomiums. I request my compliments, if you please, to Miss Wilkes, and am your much obliged and most obedient,

ELIZA DRAPER.

A N E U L O G Y

BY THE

ABBÉ RAYNAL



## A N E U L O G Y

BY THE

ABBÉ RAYNAL

(From the *European Magazine* for March,  
1784)

MRS. DRAPER, the Lady who has been so celebrated as the Correspondent of Mr. STERNE under the name of ELIZA, will naturally attract the notice of the Publick. That she was deserving of the encomiums bestowed upon her by that admirable writer will appear from the following eulogium written by the excellent Abbé RAYNAL, which I transmit to you for publication in your next Magazine.

I am, yours, &c.

A. T.

## A N E U L O G Y

Territory of Anjengo, thou art nothing; but thou hast given birth to Eliza. A day will come, when these staples of commerce, founded by the Europeans on the coasts of Asia, will exist no more. Before a few centuries are elapsed, the grass will cover them, or the Indians, avenged, will have built upon their ruins. But if my works be destined to have any duration, the name of Anjengo will not be obliterated from the memory of man. Those who shall read my works, or those whom the winds shall drive towards these shores, will say : There it is that Eliza Draper was born; and if there be a Briton among them, he will immediately add, with the spirit of conscious pride, And there it was that she was born of English parents.

Let me be permitted to indulge my grief, and to give a free course to my tears! Eliza was my friend. Reader, who-so'er thou art, forgive me this involuntary emotion. Let my mind dwell upon Eliza. If I have sometimes moved thee to compassionate the calamities of the human race, let me now prevail upon thee to commiserate my own misfortune. I was thy friend

## A N E U L O G Y

without knowing thee; be for a moment mine. Thy gentle pity shall be my reward.

Eliza ended her days in the land of her forefathers, at the age of three-and-thirty. A celestial soul was separated from a heavenly body. Ye who visit the spot on which her sacred ashes rest, write upon the marble that covers them: In such a year, in such a month, on such a day, at such an hour, God withdrew his spirit, and Eliza died.

And thou, original writer, her admirer and her friend, it was Eliza who inspired thy works, and dictated to thee the most affecting pages of them. Fortunate Sterne, thou art no more, and I am left behind. I wept over thee with Eliza; thou wouldest weep over her with me; and had it been the will of Heaven, that you had both survived me, your tears would have fallen together upon my grave.

The men were used to say, that no woman had so many graces as Eliza: the women said so too. They all praised her candour; they all extolled her sensibility; they were all ambitious of the honour of her acquaintance. The stings of envy were never pointed against unconscious merit.

## A N E U L O G Y

Anjengo, it is to the influence of thy happy climate that she certainly was indebted for that almost incompatible harmony of voluptuousness and decency, which diffused itself over all her person, and accompanied all her motions. A statuary who would have wished to represent Voluptuousness, would have taken her for his model; and she would equally have served for him who might have had a figure of Modesty to display. Even the gloomy and clouded sky of England had not been able to obscure the brightness of that aerial kind of soul, unknown in our climates. In every thing that Eliza did, an irresistible charm was diffused around her. Desire, but of a timid and bashful cast, followed her steps in silence. Any man of courteousness alone must have loved her, but would not have dared to own his passion.

I search for Eliza every where: I discover, I discern some of her features, some of her charms, scattered among those women whose figure is most interesting. But what is become of her who united them all? Nature, who hast exhausted thy gifts to form an Eliza, didst thou create her only for one

## A N E U L O G Y

moment? Didst thou make her to be admired for one instant, and to be for ever regretted?

All who have seen Eliza, regret her. As for myself, my tears will never cease to flow for her all the time I have to live. But is this sufficient? Those who have known her tenderness for me, the confidence she had bestowed upon me, will they not say to me, She is no more, and yet thou livest.

Eliza intended to quit her country, her relations, her friends, to take up her residence along with me, and spend her days in the midst of mine. What happiness had I not promised to myself? What joy did I not expect, from seeing her sought after by men of genius; and beloved by women of the nicest taste? I said to myself, Eliza is young, and thou art near thy latter end. It is she who will close thine eyes. Vain hope! Fatal reverse of all human probabilities! My old age has been prolonged beyond the days of her youth. There is now no person in the world existing for me. Fate has condemned me to live, and die alone.

## A N E U L O G Y

Eliza's mind was cultivated, but the effects of this art were never perceived. It had done nothing more than embellish nature; it served in her, only to make the charm more lasting. Every instant increased the delight she inspired; every instant rendered her more interesting. Such is the impression she made in Europe. Eliza then was very beautiful? No, she was simply beautiful:<sup>\*</sup> but there was no beauty she did not eclipse, because she was the only one that was like herself.

Eliza has written; and the men of her nation, whose works have been the most abounding in elegance and taste, would not have disavowed the small number of pages she has left behind her.

When I saw Eliza, I experienced a sensation unknown to me. It was too warm to be no more than friendship; it was too pure to be love. Had it been a passion, Eliza would have pitied me; she would have endeavoured to bring me back to my reason, and I should have completely lost it.

Eliza used frequently to say, that she had

\* Eliza étoit donc très-belle? Non, elle n'étoit que belle.

## A N E U L O G Y

a greater esteem for me than for any one else. At present I may believe it.

In her last moments, Eliza's thoughts were fixed upon her friend; and I cannot write a line without having before me the monument she has left me. Oh! that she could also have endowed my pen with her graces and her virtue! Methinks, at least, I hear her say, “That stern muse that looks at you, is History, whose awful duty it is to determine the opinion of posterity. That fickle deity that hovers o'er the globe, is Fame, who condescended to entertain us a moment about you; she brought me thy works, and paved the way for our connection [*liaison*] by esteem. Behold that phœnix immortal amidst the flames: it is the symbol of Genius, which never dies. Let these emblems perpetually incite thee to shew thyself the defender of HUMANITY, of TRUTH, and of LIBERTY.”

Eliza, from the highest Heaven, thy first and last country, receive my oath: I SWEAR NOT TO WRITE ONE LINE IN WHICH THY FRIEND MAY NOT BE RECOGNISED.\*

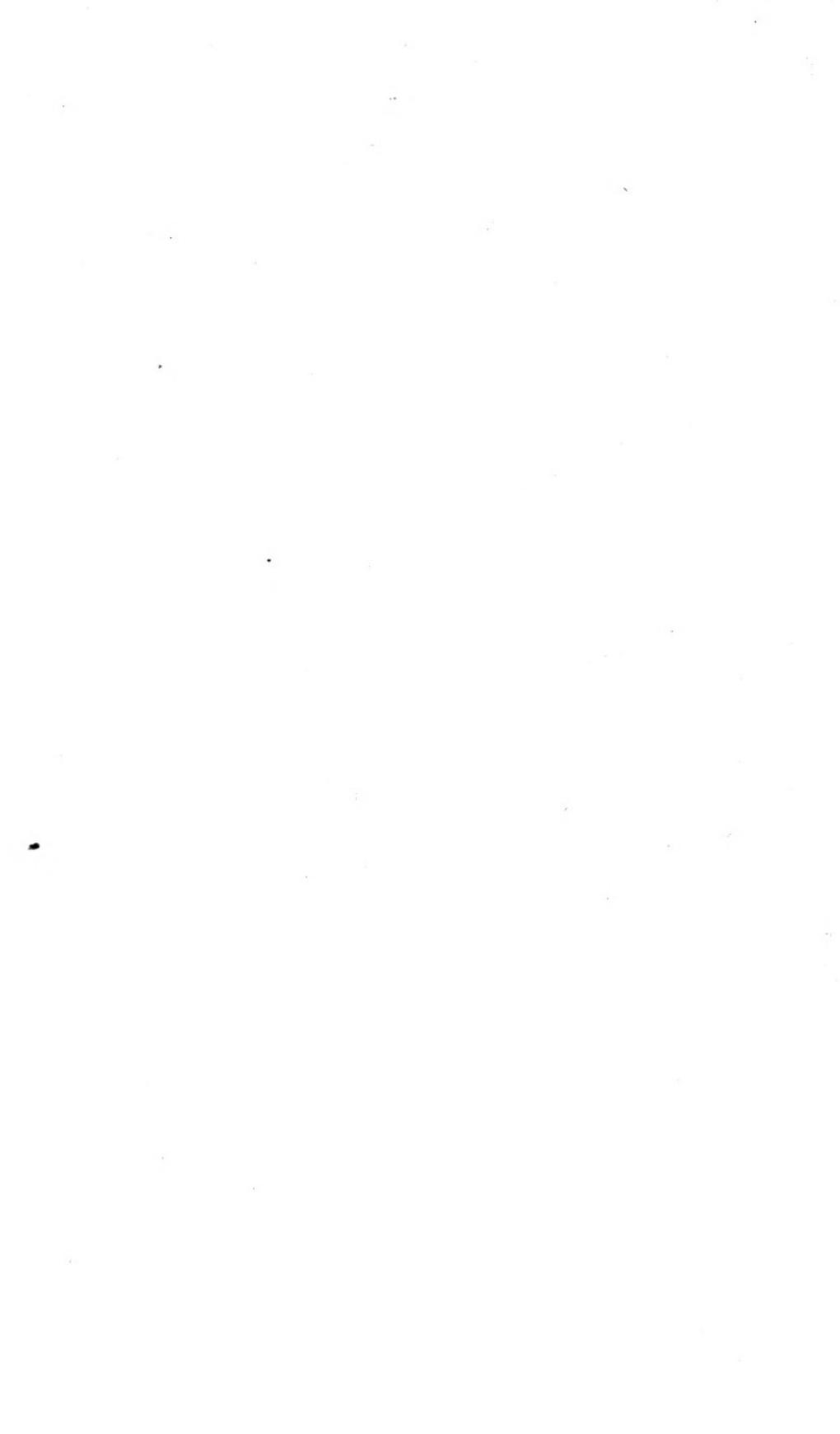
\* For the original French, see the *Histoire Philosophique et Politique* (new edition, Vol. II., Bk. III., 1780).















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